OCT 2 8 '58

The Saturday Evening
POST
November 1, 1958 – 15¢

THE CALAMITY OF DIVORCE

A Case-History Report

By John Bartlow Martin

ADVENTURES OF THE MIND: **The Decline of Greatness** By Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.

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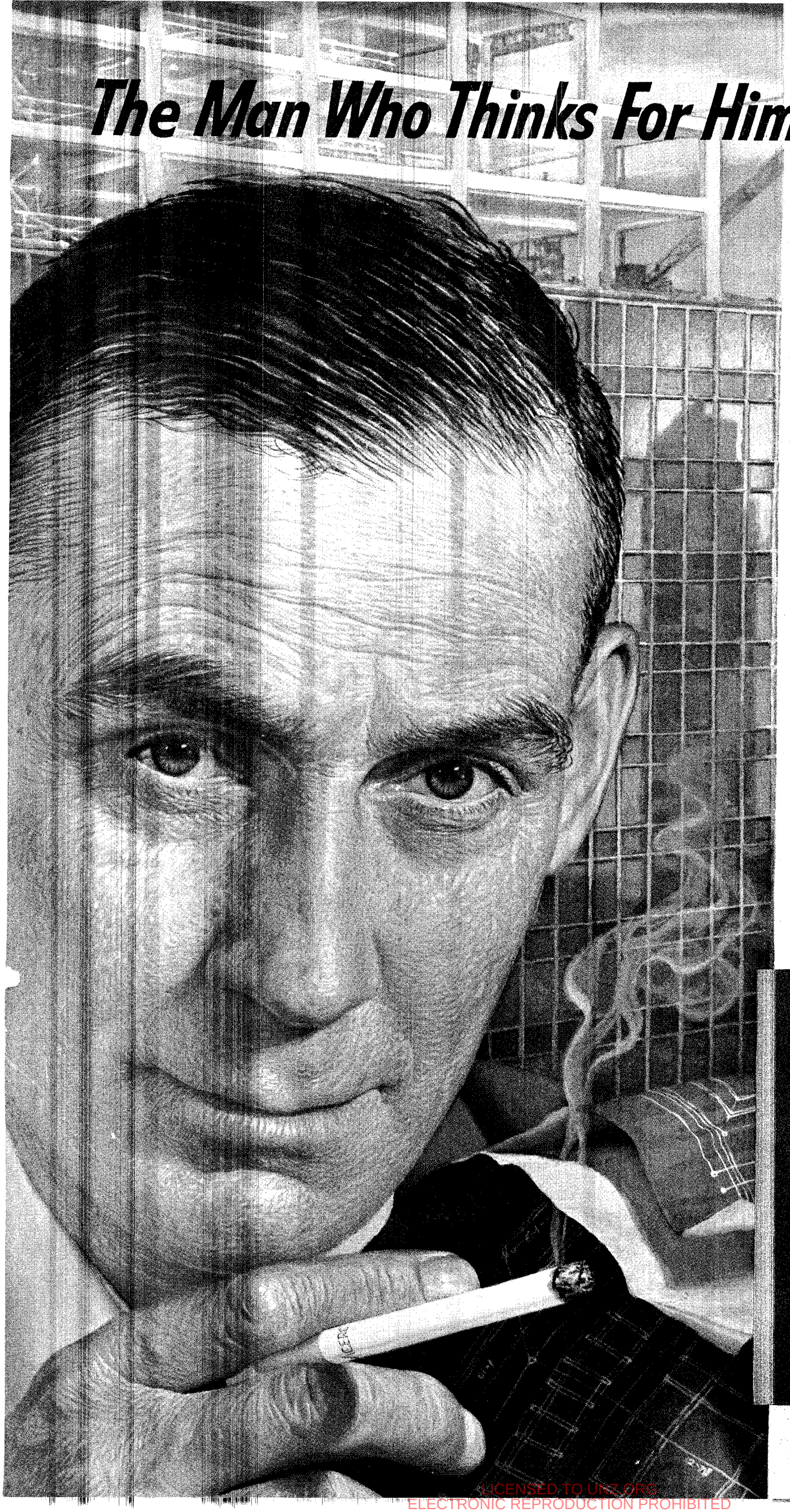
The Man Who Thinks For Himself Knows...



ONLY VICEROY HAS A THINKING MAN'S FILTER... A SMOKING MAN'S TASTE!

This man thinks for himself.
Knows the difference
between fact and fancy.
Trusts judgment, not opinion.

Such a man usually smokes VICEROY
His reason? Best in the world.
He knows for a fact that only
VICEROY has *a thinking man's filter*
and a smoking man's taste.

Familiar pack or crush-proof box.

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Now, Bufferin® will give you....

TWICE AS FAST PAIN RELIEF OR TWICE YOUR MONEY BACK!

Clinical tests prove that for pain of headaches, neuralgia, cold miseries and muscular aches . . . Bufferin gives you . . .

FAST RELIEF! Bufferin acts twice as fast as aspirin for millions of people, *even faster* for many others. For Bufferin contains Di-Alminate*, an exclusive combination of anti-acids. Added to the world's finest aspirin, these anti-acids literally rush the pain reliever into the *blood stream where it must go to relieve pain.*

LONG-LASTING RELIEF! And with Di-Alminate, Bufferin's pain relief is long-lasting, too. Even an hour after dosage, Bufferin still has more pain reliever at work in the blood stream than has aspirin!

SAFE RELIEF! All aspirin is acid. Chemically it is known as acetylsalicylic acid and can upset your stomach. But Bufferin's Di-Alminate is anti-acid. It counteracts acid; prevents aspirin irritation of the stomach. And unlike many remedies, Bufferin contains no nerve-jangling, sleep-disturbing caffeine.

And—Bufferin won't upset your stomach as aspirin often does!

YES—TWICE AS FAST OR TWICE YOUR MONEY BACK

Buy Bufferin. Test its amazing speed and effectiveness for headaches, cold miseries, muscular aches and pains. If you aren't satisfied that it acts at least twice as fast as aspirin for you, return the unused portion of the bottle with your name and address to Bristol-Myers Products Division, P.O. Box 77, Elizabeth, N. J., before January 15, 1959 and you'll receive *twice* your money back!

*Bristol-Myers' brand of aluminum glycinate and magnesium carbonate

Another fine product of Bristol-Myers.

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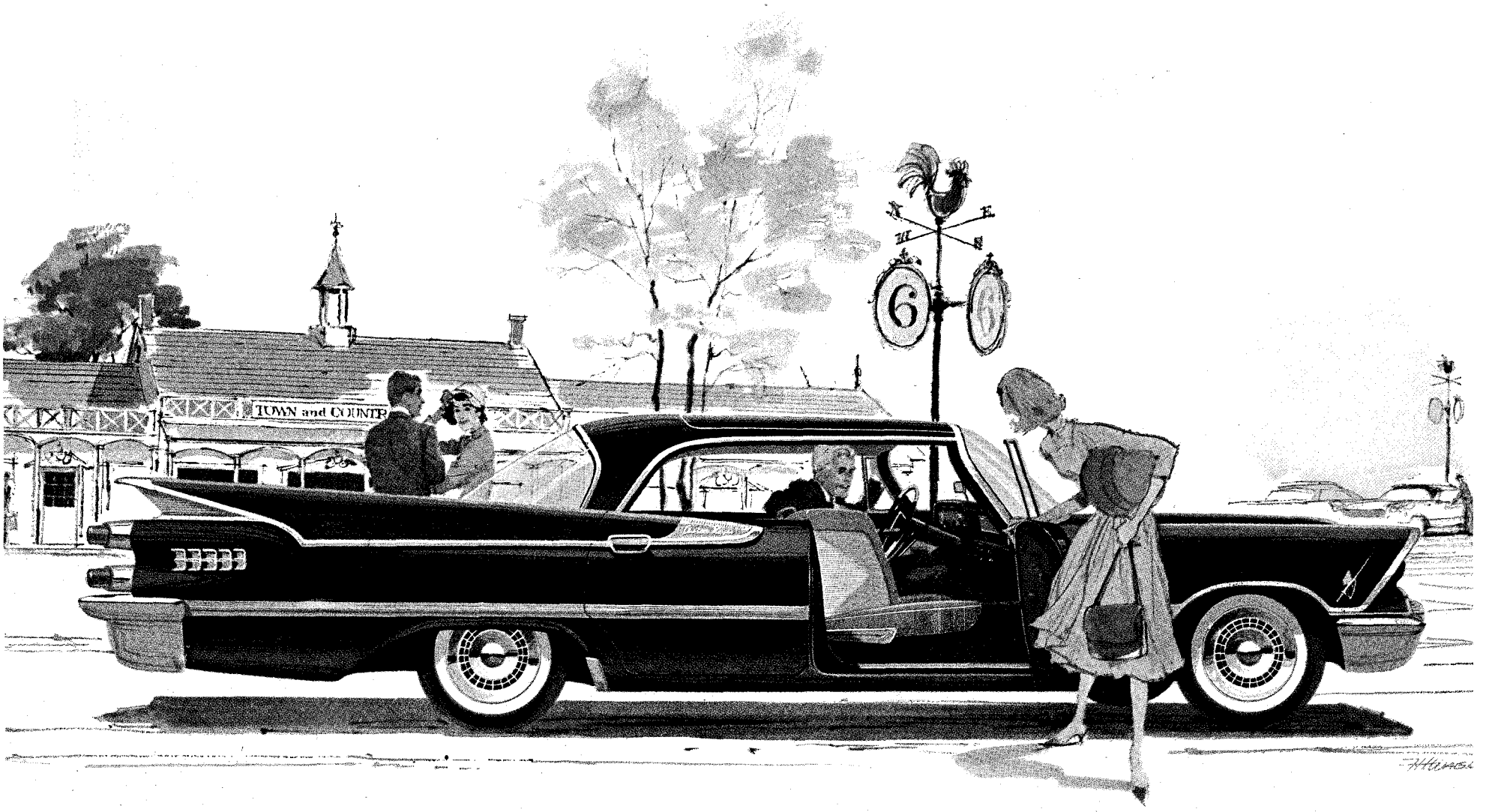
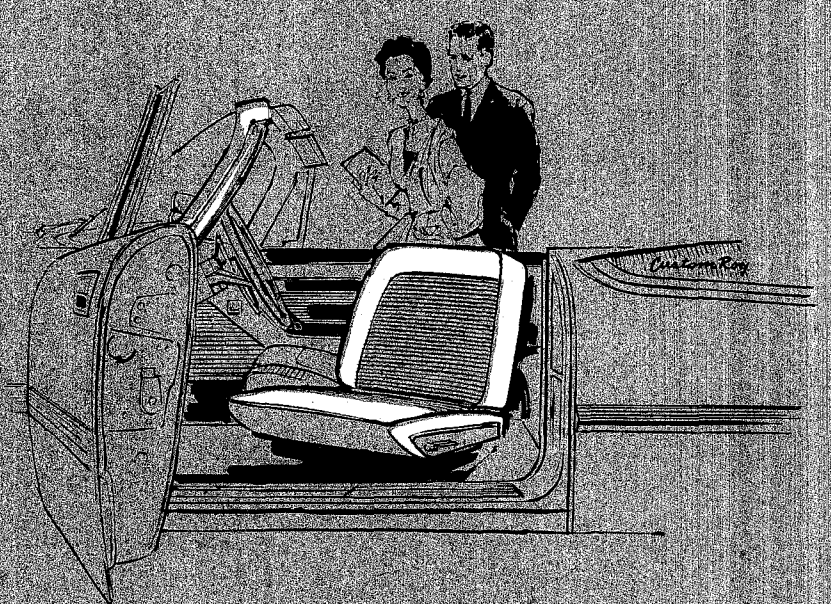
The Newest of Everything Great! — *The Greatest of Everything New!*



The Swing-Out Seat that says..."Please Come In"



Look on this hospitable Swing-Out Swivel Seat as your invitation to experience the new things, the great things Dodge has planned for you.

The seat itself swings you into a position of unusual comfort and support, with a center arm rest that folds up or down as you want it.

Before you, through a new elliptical steering wheel, you survey a gleaming instrument panel. It marks this '59 Dodge as the first all-pushbutton car—with push-button control of driving and weather.

Beneath you, a new kind of suspension. Level-Flite Torsion-Aire introduces the first "three dimensional" driving—ride control, road control, load control.

Under the hood, a new HC-HE engine—high compression and high economy—delivers great rear-wheel thrust at substantial savings in gas.

There's a great deal more to see and discover. But most rewarding of all is the deep-down greatness built into this '59 Dodge. It lives up, in every respect, to the promise of its fine, clean looks.

'59 DODGE

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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IN THIS ISSUE

November 1, 1958 *Vol. 231, No. 18*

4 Short Stories

Executive's Wife . . . . . *Williams Forrest* 22
The Deal is Mother's . . . . . *Warren Luce* 26
The Immovable Man . . . . . *Gerald Kersh* 30
Take a Chance on a Stranger . . . . . *William Heuman* 37

8 Articles

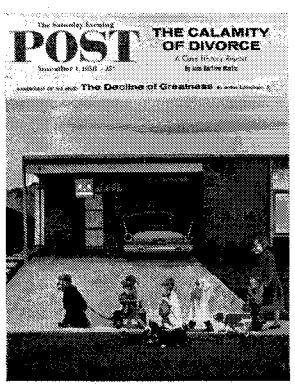
Divorce, Part I: A Day in Court . . . . . *John Bartlow Martin* 19
Adventures of the Mind, 13: The Decline of Greatness . . . . . *Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr.* 24
Almost Everybody Hates Br'er Crow . . . . . *Rufus Jarman* 28
They've Been Fighting 173 Years . . . . . *John Kobler* 31
Hong Kong Defies Oblivion . . . . . *Harold H. Martin* 32
The Face of America: Flip . . . . . *Photograph by James H. Yeager* 34
The Passer Nobody Wanted . . . . . *Jimmy Breslin* 36
Crazy Over Pretzels . . . . . *Richard Gehman* 40

2 Serials

The Case of the Greedy Grandpa (Second of eight parts) *Erle Stanley Gardner* 38
The Ugly American, Part V: The Swami From Savannah *William J. Lederer and Eugene Burdick* 47

Other Features

Letters 4
Editorials 10
Post Scripts 42
Verse . . . 62, 71, 74, 82, 96, 102
Hazel 106
Keeping Posted 108



THE COVER

It's Halloween again—batten down the hatches and everything else, folks. In artist John Falter's dreadful scene, Mrs. Oldwitch and five little creeps are out on a shakedown cruise. Tricks or treats!—so householders stock up on candy, and expeditions that get around early before the supplies peter out amass enough loot to do their stomachs no good at all. In the bad old days, Halloweening was a livelier art: do you recall, grandpa, the night you rigged up lawyer Grump's garden hose so it was aimed at his front door, rang his bell, turned on the water, and he got it right in the beezer? Do you recall that when you returned to swipe his gate, he ran out and began flailing around recklessly with a buggy whip? The good new days inflict less pain on all concerned.

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PICTURE
Of The Month

If ever a picture earned the praise "it'll keep you on the edge of your seat", it's M-G-M's "Party Girl" and that's just about where everyone sat at the preview we watched.

The producers of "Party Girl" have combined an absorbing story of Chicago's terrifying gang days with a nightlife background of dancing and singing talents, embellished by gorgeous girls, to make a whale of an entertainment.

Two people find each other in that brawling, gilded underworld, a lawyer who sold himself to the mob and a beautiful night club star.

Robert Taylor as Tom Farrell, clever mouthpiece, and Cyd Charisse as Vicki Gaye, the cynical "party girl," give these roles brilliance and romantic reality.

When Vicki and Tommy meet at a party staged by mob boss Lee J. Cobb, life changes for both. The drama of their struggle to escape the sudden dangers of their sudden love propels us through Chicago's fabulous days with tenderness and violence.

Machine guns and police sirens intermingle with torch songs and provocative dances in the savage symphony of "Party Girl". And, in the title role, Cyd Charisse is at the top of her form both as actress and as igniter of the musical beat.

In two spectacular numbers, "The Blues" and "The Drum Dance", the svelte star really rocks the big screen with sensuous rhythm. Also there's a torrid title song "Party Girl" by Nicholas Brodsky and Sammy Cahn.

The masterfully plotted screen play by Academy Award writer George Wells is based on a story by Leo Katcher. In the gallery of glowing support are John Ireland, Kent Smith, Claire Kelly, Corey Allen, Barbara Lang and Myrna Hansen, plus 25 of Hollywood's most shapely showgirls.

M-G-M's Euterpe Production has been filmed in CinemaScope and Metrocolor by director Nicholas Ray and producer Joe Pasternak (famed for another hit about this era, "Love Me Or Leave Me.")

Film forecast: The life of the movie party in coming months is going to be "Party Girl."

P.S. Another forecast: M-G-M's "Tom Thumb" will add the merry to Merry Christmas —Happy New Year.

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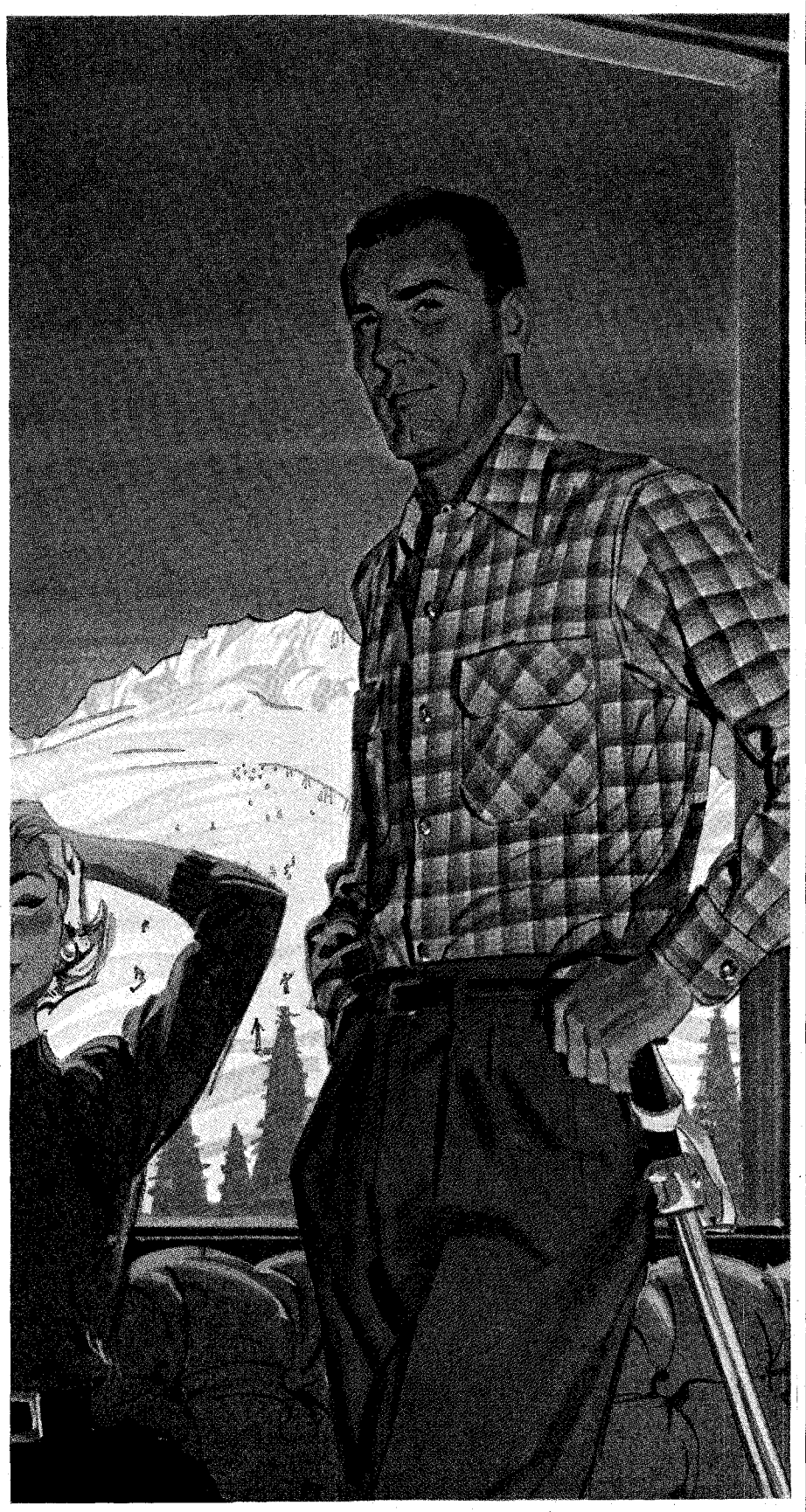
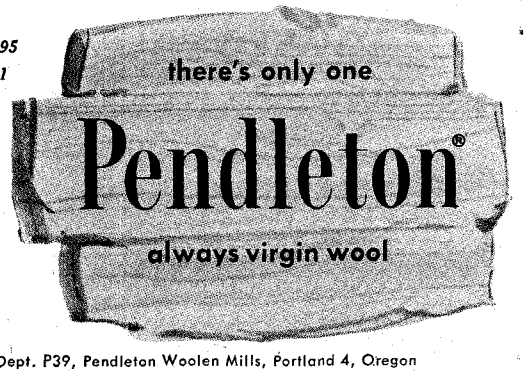


The shirt that invites adventure

Track! Schussing down "Old Suicide" or lodge-skiing in front of the fire, your Pendleton shirt is the most appreciated, the most admired wool shirt on the winter scene. Here's a rugged softness and a feeling of fit you'll enjoy—*with pride*—for years. Every Pendleton is pure virgin wool—dyed, spun and woven to an Oregon tradition that's over 90 years old. Plan right now to include a new Pendleton in *your* winter wardrobe.

Sport Shirt, $13.95
Pendleton flannel slacks, $22.95



For additional information write Dept. P39, Pendleton Woolen Mills, Portland 4, Oregon

Letters

The Ever-Present Past

Dear Sirs:

Edith Hamilton's article, THE LESSONS OF THE PAST [Adventures of the Mind, Sept. 27] is the most important piece that has ever appeared in your pages.

DANIEL WALDRON
Berkley, Mich.

Dear Sirs:

Thank you! Thank you for Edith Hamilton in this week's issue! If only this article would bring more Americans to read her books on Rome and Ancient Greece. . . . A great big credit also, to Ollie Atkins for capturing that sparkling

Edith Hamilton.

gleam of intelligence and understanding in a face more lovely at 91 than any of the glamour queens of our day [see cut].

THELMA BUTLER
Auburn, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

I write in appreciation of the fine series, Adventures of the Mind, especially of the latest, by Edith Hamilton. I can now realize the meaning of words by another great teacher, Anna Boynton Thompson, which I heard without comprehension over sixty years ago when I was studying "the Classics" as a school girl in Boston. She said, "I am a part of Greece; Greece is a part of me."

MRS. J. C. SHERER
Glendale, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

Edith Hamilton has spoken for all of us Classicists in "The Lessons of the Past," and especially for us few surviving students of Professor Basil L. Gildersleeve. We should remember, however, that if the ancient Greeks had not been so intense and narrow in their love of freedom, and in their local patriotism, they might have been able to establish a strong Pan-Hellenic state, so long and so vainly advocated by their great orator Isocrates. Had they done this they might have been able to thwart the ambitious schemes of Philip of Macedon and his son Alexander.

THOMAS W. DICKSON
Emeritus Professor of Classics
Syracuse University
Syracuse, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

"The Lessons of the Past" by Edith Hamilton was still fresh in my mind when my high school age daughter stated that she hated history and didn't see what difference it made what people did years ago. I am grateful to say I was well supplied with answers.

MRS. MARYANNA MILLER
Columbus, Ohio

"So Love Returns"

Dear Sirs:

I cannot delay writing to thank you for the delightful privilege you have given us with Robert Nathan's SO LOVE RETURNS [Sept. 13–27].

Even without Mr. Nathan's famous by-line, I would have known this to be the work of a poet by its exquisite, poignant style. It is utterly lovely.

BETTY ISLER
Santa Ana, Calif.

● *For some of reader Isler's own poetry, see page 74.* —ED.

Dear Sirs:

A pleasing, dreamy idyl.

EUGENE J. BUIE
Dillon, Mont.

Dear Sirs:

I am refreshed by its enchantment.

ALLAN PERLMAN
Miami Beach, Fla.

Dear Sirs:

For sheer poetry, for vivid word painting, for gentle romance, for so many wonderful and beautiful qualities, it is unsurpassed. The most amazing thing is that a man wrote it.

SONIA JASON
Woodland Hills, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

I was greatly displeased at your accepting the story "So Love Returns" and at my being stupid enough to waste time on it. It was not even a story fit for children because it was written for adults and was sheer nonsense.

MRS. MARY C. HUMPHREY
New York, N.Y.

Our Readers Rebut

Dear Sirs:

In your September 27 issue you have two Letters to the Editors [about Althea Gibson and Roy Campanella] that should never have seen print—those by Rev. George E. Blanchard and Mrs. Wayne B. Vinson. Mr. Blanchard has lowered the standards of the Methodist Church, of which I am a member, and Mrs. Vinson has made me ashamed to say that I am a white man.

PAUL W. MARVIN, JR.
Coronado, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

I read the vituperative, degrading letter of Blanchard of Chattanooga—a Man of God?

T. J. O'LEARY
San Anselmo, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

I am a sophomore in high school and I firmly believe that if parents wouldn't feed the kids so much filthy trash, that there would be no race problem.

LARRY L. MAIN
St. Louis, Mich.

(Continued on Page 6)

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Buy new BATH SIZE DIAL in colors

WIN YOUR WEIGHT IN GOLD!

GRAND PRIZE

Cash equivalent of your weight in gold—*no matter how much you weigh!* Check the chart and see what you're worth in solid 10 kt. gold. This is the amount you can win in cold cash. Get bath-size Dial in colors and enter now—enter often!

SEE WHAT YOU'RE WORTH AT $246.50 A POUND!

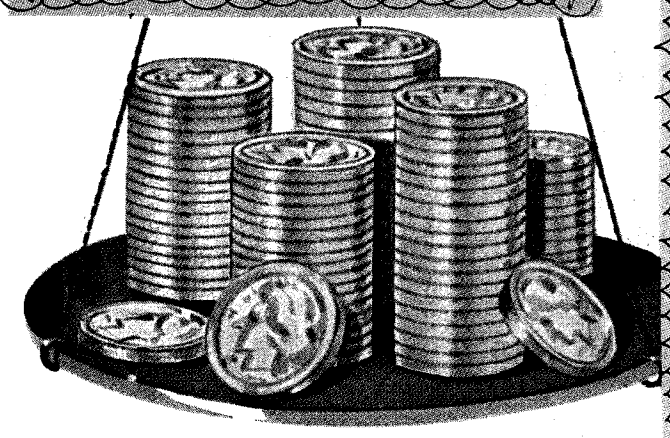
IF YOU WEIGH	YOU CAN WIN
100 POUNDS	$24,650
110 POUNDS	$27,115
120 POUNDS	$29,580
130 POUNDS	$32,045
140 POUNDS	$34,510
150 POUNDS	$36,975
160 POUNDS	$39,440

PLUS 206 CASH PRIZES

SECOND PRIZE
$5,000.00 CASH

5 THIRD PRIZES EACH
$500.00 CASH

200 FOURTH PRIZES EACH
$50.00 CASH



★ IT'S EASY TO ENTER ★

Now you can match your tile with bath-size Dial and have an opportunity to win a fortune, too! Just buy Dial Soap's special, money-saving "Win Your Weight In Gold" bath-size pack. It's now available at your favorite store in your favorite colors—pink, gold and lovely new aqua. Read the rules on the entry blank that comes with every pack. Complete the easy 2-line jingle in accordance with the rules and mail it in. You save money—and have an opportunity to win your weight in gold! Hurry! Contest ends Dec. 24, 1958

HINTS TO HELP YOU WIN

Wonderful Dial Soap makes you look fresh, feel fresh, stay fresh. All day long. Dial is mild. Dial smells good. And Dial destroys bacteria that make perspiration offensive. Removes blemish-spreading bacteria that often spoil your complexion, too. Choose your favorite bath-size color—pink, gold or lovely new aqua—and enter Dial's exciting contest today. You may win your weight in gold!

Dial Soap in colors now available in Canada

Get Official Entry Blank

ONLY IN THESE SPECIAL BATH-SIZE DIAL PACKS

See how easy it is to complete this 2-line jingle:

"Dial is wonderful.....

.....

(Make last word in both lines rhyme)

and save 6¢

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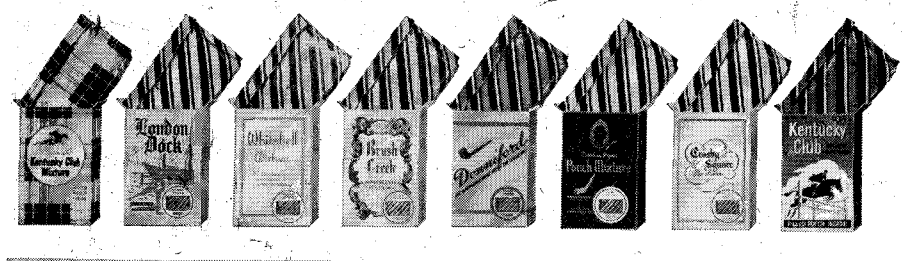
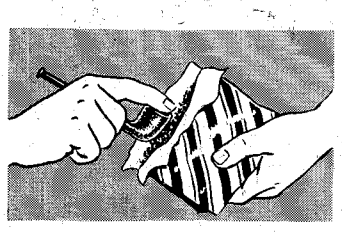
Never miss a chance to smoke Kentucky Club tobacco

8 QUALITY BLENDS





IN KENSEAL POUCH • GUARANTEED FRESH

STATISTICS PROVE IT! More and more men are switching to a pipe. And more and more are switching to Kentucky Club's famous quality blends. It's the easy way to find your *personal* tobacco. All brands *guaranteed fresh*. All packaged in moisture-proof Kenseal Pouch that keeps your tobacco fresh, mellow and cool-smoking to the last pipeful. Kentucky Club, Wheeling, West Virginia.

AROMATIC KENTUCKY CLUB MIXTURE—Blended for modern tastes from six choice imported and domestic tobaccos. Cool-burning, mild, refreshingly aromatic.

LONDON DOCK—A superb blend of five world-famous tobaccos make this time-honored mixture a connoisseur's delight.

WHITEHALL—Especially popular with active men and those who like aromatic mixtures. Blended from six different imported and domestic tobaccos. Easy to pack in pipe . . . never burns hot.

BRUSH CREEK—About the most expensive tobacco on the market—and worth it. Made from the top-quality leaves of the finest imported and domestic tobaccos—all magnificently blended.

DONNIFORD—A mixture on the English side, blended from five great tobaccos . . . cut five different ways. Exceptionally smooth and cool-burning, with a distinctive and delightful aroma.

PEPER'S POUCH MIXTURE—Mildly aromatic and smooth on the tongue. A little Latakia and a little Perique blended with three top-quality domestic tobaccos.

CROSBY SQUARE—A mixture of 100% domestic tobaccos expertly blended for smokers who like a natural taste and aroma, but shy away from any trace of imported tobaccos.

KENTUCKY CLUB WHITE BURLEY—An honest blend of choice leaves. Famous for its smooth, mild flavor and grand aroma. Never tires taste.

KENTUCKY CLUB

A BLEND FOR EVERY TASTE

Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

Dear Sirs:

How could any human being think such a horrible thought—to say nothing of voicing it—about another human being, regardless of race or color as Mrs. Wayne B. Vinson of New Orleans did! . . .

I am one of your "white southern readers" and I never was so shocked as by her remarks.

MRS. MARGARET GHELFI
Calico Rock, Ark.

Dear Sirs:

It seems almost impossible to comprehend that there are persons in this great nation of ours who find no place in their hearts for those in need of our love and concern, regardless of their color. Surely, the good God, who made us all, is just as concerned about Roy Campanella as he is about Mrs. Vinson or myself. For if I call God my Father, then all men are my brothers, regardless of their race, or color, or language, and their concern and need is also mine.

Lord, have mercy upon us, and Father forgive her, for she knoweth not what she saith.

REV. CLARENCE RUSSELL FUNK
The Church of The Trinity
Kleinfeltersville, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

Do your "Southern White Readers" like Mrs. Vinson have a solution for Heaven? Will they refuse to enter if it's integrated?

NORMA ZARRELLO
Stratford, N.J.

Dear Sirs:

Since we Americans tolerate the bigots among us, why should the bigots not endure the rest of us?

Reader Vinson should realize that she, and her element, constitute a minority. The majority is sympathetic and ethical.

MRS. JOHN M. RIELLY
Fresh Meadows, N.Y.

● *Altogether, five readers agreed with Mr. Blanchard and Mrs. Vinson; 163 disagreed.* ED.

Gangsters Glorified?

Dear Sirs:

I was extremely shocked and dismayed to find the first article in the Post of September 20 dealing with the life of Mickey Cohen [MICKEY COHEN: THE PRIVATE LIFE OF A HOOD, by Dean Jennings, Sept. 20–Oct. 11].

You may justify this series on the grounds that your motive is to expose "a shameful paradox"—but the effect is nonetheless tragic and unfortunate. By publishing an article of this type, and particularly by surrounding the criminal with pictures of glamorous figures like Lana Turner and other beautiful women, you only succeed in glorifying the gangster and shedding lustre on his way of life. Our young people are impressed, not by your pious editorial comments, but by the prominence and glitter with which these hoodlums are invested.

LILLIAN HUSS
Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

An effrontery to everything that is decent.

B. G. BLANCHARD
Maywood, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

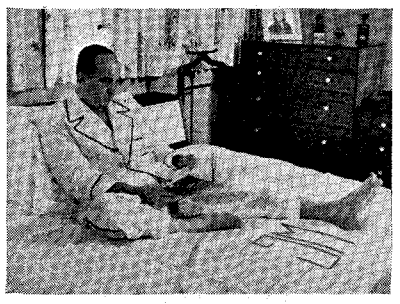
The average law-abiding citizen will get a slight case of nausea when he learns that Cohen . . . can ride around in a $15,000 car when not paid up in taxes!

W. H. ARPE
Coopersburg, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

Does Mickey Cohen save on his laundry bill by turning his bed-spread over when it gets soiled? I refer to the reversed initials in the picture of your Sept. 27 issue. [See cut.]

H. J. LILLY
Canastota, N.Y.



Cohen and upside-down bedspread.

Dear Sirs:

In reading about Mickey Cohen, what will high school students and college graduates think? Does it pay to be legitimate? Mickey Cohen, a graduate of Ohio State Prison and Federal Prison at McNeill's Island, has more money, more luxury and more women than most college graduates and church-goers. It shows that crime really does pay.

OLLIE RICHARDS
West Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

Are Mr. Jennings and the editors really, really serious when they put down in irrevocable print in an international magazine of high prestige that a man gets up at five o'clock in the morning, washes and disinfects walls, floor and plumbing of a bathroom—then proceeds to stand under a shower for an hour and a half—an hour and a half, gentlemen. Then gets out, dries, and walks around with a ten gallon hat on. . . .

I maintain you are poking fun at Mickey Cohen.

REV. JAMES E. COLEY
Holy Angels' Rectory
Trenton, N.J.

Dear Sirs:

I see that . . . you are having an article concerning the private life of a hood.

I am a Hood.

My husband is a Hood.

Even my four small children are Hoods.

MRS. HERB HOOD
Anderson, Ind.

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

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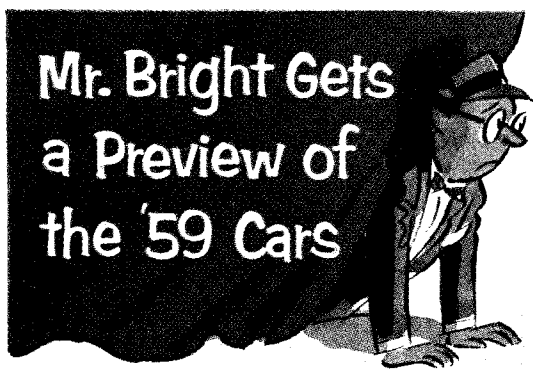
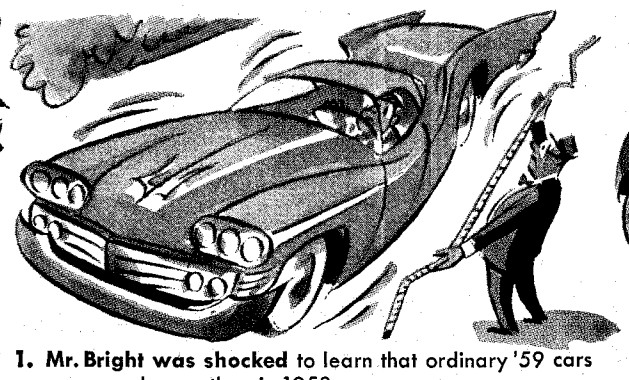
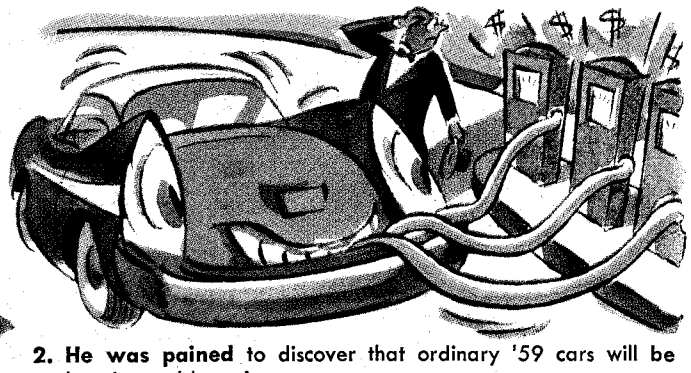
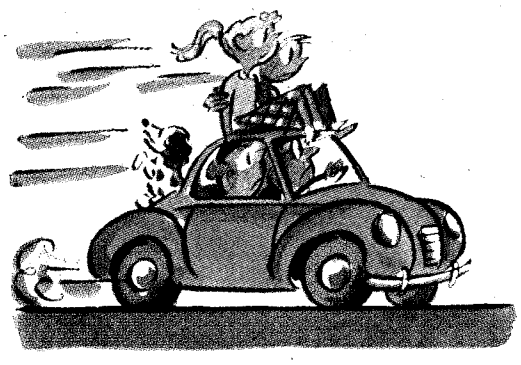




1. Mr. Bright was shocked to learn that ordinary '59 cars are even longer than in 1958.

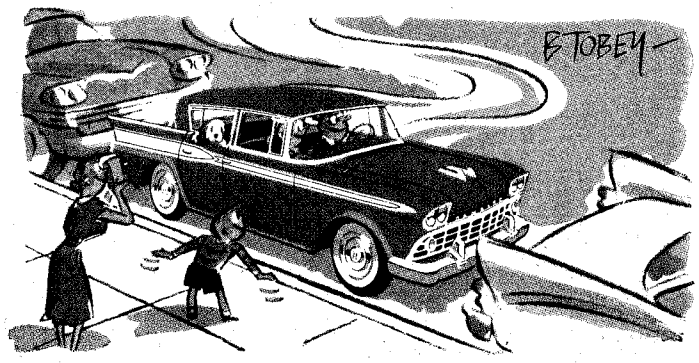


2. He was pained to discover that ordinary '59 cars will be heavier and hungrier.



3. He was disappointed to see that little foreign cars, while thrifty, are still too short on room.

4. Then he discovered the '59 Rambler—and found The Best of Both: big car room and small car economy!

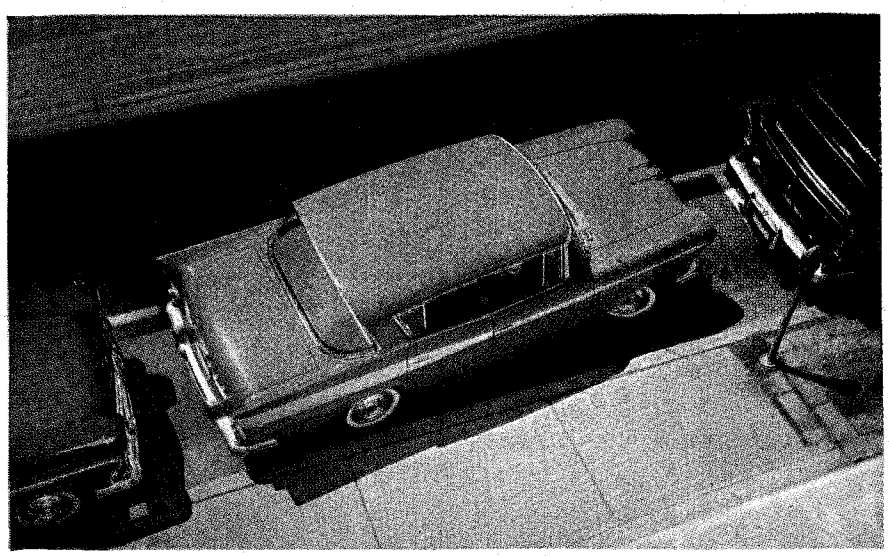


5. He was delighted with Rambler's easy driving, turning and parking. He was sold. So will you be—with Rambler.

ANNOUNCING
RAMBLER FOR '59
THE COMPACT CAR WITH THE BEST OF BOTH

1. BIG CAR ROOM AND COMFORT

Spacious interiors for six big passengers—more shoulder room, hip room, legroom than the average of all low-priced cars.



2. SMALL CAR ECONOMY AND HANDLING

America's acknowledged economy leader travels farther on a gallon of gas, is easiest to park, handle and garage.

Meet the smart new 1959 models of America's Number One sales success car!

Rambler—with distinctive new styling . . . new Personalized Comfort . . . *and even greater economy!*

Rambler has smashed all sales records because it is the one car that has what most Americans want—*big car room and small car economy.*

While other new models grow longer, heavier, wider, and hungrier for gas, Rambler continues to lead the industry with smart *compact* cars.

The announcement of the 1959 Ramblers reveals sleek new styling, new models. Yet Rambler has kept its trim figure and tiny appetite for gas.

You will want to see the world's first cars offering *Personalized Comfort:* front seats are sectional sofas that glide forward and backward independently, with reclining backs and adjustable headrests.

The new 1959 Ramblers are at your Rambler dealer's now. Featured is the newest, smartest small station wagon—the new Rambler American Station Wagon with 100-inch wheelbase—like all Rambler models, it offers fully automatic, standard or overdrive transmissions. See it and all the new 1959 Ramblers today.

MORE NEWS ABOUT THE NEW RAMBLER—SUCCESS CAR OF '59—ON THE NEXT PAGES

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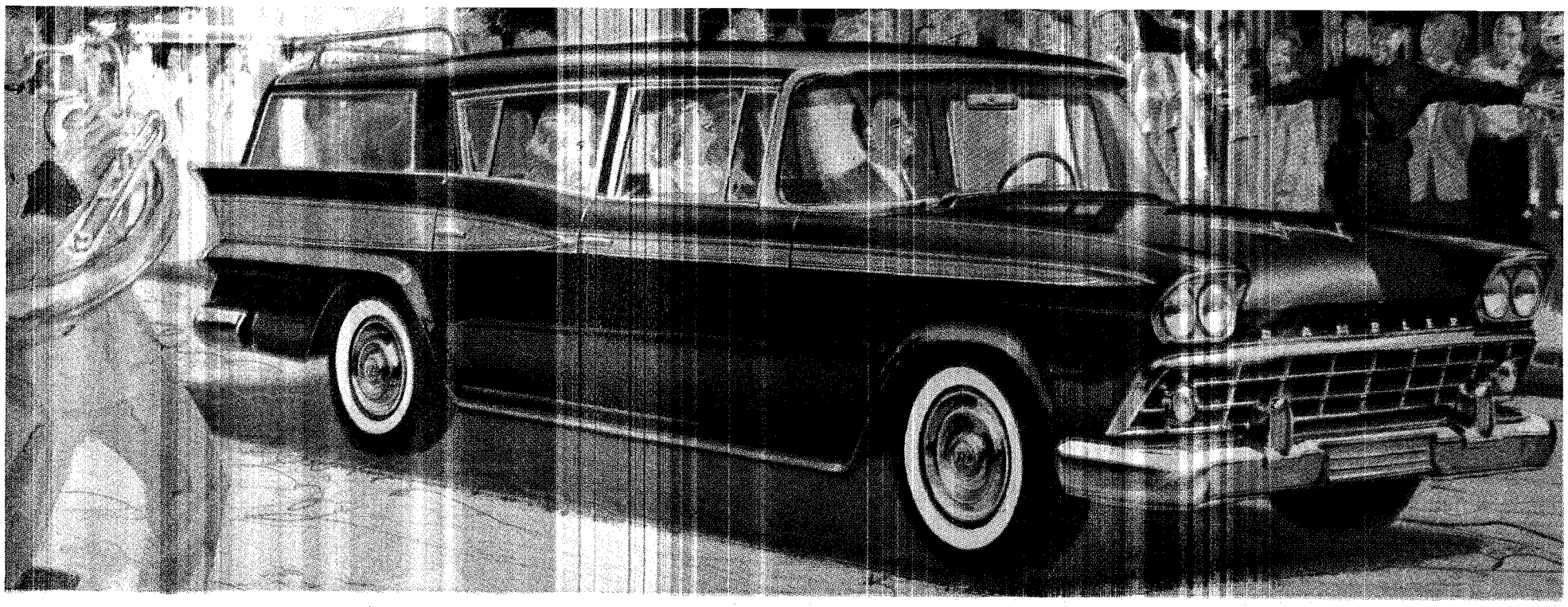

NEW ECONOMY IN WORLD-FAMOUS RAMBLER SIX — America's acknowledged economy leader, with new carburetion, now gives even more miles per gallon for '59. The compact 108-inch wheelbase beauty that is smashing all sales records. Available in the Cross Country Station Wagon, above, Hardtop and Sedan models.

JOIN THE SUCCESS PARADE TO

WORLD'S ONLY CARS WITH PERSONALIZED COMFORT

SECTIONAL SOFA FRONT SEATS glide forward or backward independently so driver and front seat passenger enjoy exactly the right legroom. With seats side by side, three abreast ride comfortably.

TOP COMFORT! ADJUSTABLE HEADRESTS and Airliner Reclining Seats that recline individually to any of five relaxing positions—even make a chaise longue. Headrests are important safety features, too.

EXCLUSIVE NAP COUCH is but one of many adaptations of Rambler Reclining Seats. Wonderful for napping children on long trips. Ideal rest couch for adults. Makes up into Twin Travel Beds, too!

NEW LUXURY IN 270-H.P. AMBASSADOR V-8—America's only luxury compact car, outstanding V-8 performance and maneuverability unrivaled in the low-medium price field. Distinguished 4-Door Country Club Hardtop Sedan shown below. Also available in 4-Door Sedan and 4-Door Cross Country Station Wagon models.

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NEW 1959 RAMBLER REBEL V-8. Get sparkling V-8 performance with top economy, easiest handling, easiest parking of any V-8. Try it with Self-Adjusting Brakes, Anti-Slip Powr-Lok Differential, available on all Rambler V-8s. Choice of Four-Door Sedan (illustrated), Cross Country Station Wagon or Four-Door Hardtop models.

RAMBLER...THE COMPACT CAR

With other 1959 cars ballooning in length and width, the new 1959 Ramblers stand out more than ever as the choice for smart car buyers.

For America's top motorcar success—while brand-new in styling, in models and features—has held the line on size. Drive the new Ramblers today for an eye-opening revelation of exclusive differences offered by no other car.

Only the new Ramblers give you the best of both: Big car room with small car economy and handling ease. See the new Ramblers today. Join the success parade to Rambler. Save every mile you drive.

FAMOUS SINGLE UNIT CONSTRUCTION. American Motors pioneered it. Only Rambler—of all low-priced cars—has it. All-welded body-and-frame—more room, more safety, no body squeaks or rattles. Exclusive Deep Dip rustproofing.

GET THE BEST OF BOTH

- **BIG CAR ROOM**
- **SMALL CAR ECONOMY**

GO RAMBLER FOR '59

***Here By Popular Demand*—RAMBLER AMERICAN 100-INCH WHEELBASE STATION WAGON**—Peppy 90 HP six. Offers you a choice of fully automatic, standard or overdrive transmissions. The American-built car tens of thousands of motorists demanded. Rambler American is also available in 5-passenger club sedans.

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Editorials

Let's Not Forget That There are Some Real Issues in This Campaign

Congressional elections lack the excitement, mass hysteria and emotional fervor of presidential plebiscites, but they are probably more accurate as indices of popular feeling on the issues of the day. The selection of senators and representatives is more nearly a dispassionate verdict by the people on the performance of the party in power and an expression of their hopes for the future. Furthermore, individual members of Congress are likely to be more closely scrutinized than when the nation is involved in a sort of popularity contest between the national candidates.

This year the experts figure the Republican candidates as underdogs for a variety of reasons, ranging from Mr. Sherman Adams and his vicuña coat to the alleged "indecisiveness" of President Eisenhower in his administration of the executive branch of the Government. Many rank-and-file workers in the G.O.P. have felt let down because of the disposition of the Administration to ignore the boys with the velours hats and big cigars in favor of "Citizens for Eisenhower," many of whom have long since disappeared.

Nevertheless, it is probable that, despite all the talk of "disillusion," there is still a pretty solid backlog of recognition that by and large the Eisenhower Administration has done a better than respectable job. Despite the moaning of the opposition, the pint-sized depression is on the wane; we're still holding the line against Communist aggression; and we would have had a pretty good labor law if the Democrats in Congress had accepted necessary amendments. The haymakers which the President and Vice President Nixon have been throwing at Democrats who tremble with fear whenever the Chinese Communists take a beating should help the G.O.P. cause considerably.

The Democrats, nevertheless, are supremely confident. They talk of gaining from seven to fourteen seats in the Senate and as many as ninety in the House. At Democratic headquarters there are those who predict that the party may have enough votes in the Senate to "outvote the coalition of Republicans and Southern Democrats." This suggests an admission of intra-party dissension far more serious than the strain that exists between "modern" and not-so-modern Republicans.

Some embarrassment to responsible Democrats must have been created by members of the party like Senator Wayne Morse, of Oregon, who urged that Secretary of State Dulles should be impeached for defending American and free-world security in the Formosa straits. That kind of demagoguery would be hard to live down should the party take over in 1960. So would the extraordinary letter which Senator Green, of Rhode Island, sent to the President, suggesting that the American people might refuse to support a war against the Communists! Republican politicians might well have hit this defeatist propaganda harder than they did.

There are all sorts of guesses on the issues which will influence the voters this year. Will they be more concerned by Good Time Bernard Goldfine and his gifts to politicians than they are in the security of the United States? One guess on that is as good as another. However, there are a few primary issues upon which the voters ought to scrutinize the statements and records of the candidates.

First, surely, is the security of the nation. Candidates who impede our efforts to hold the line against the Communist conspiracy, or who flinch from the task of defending the right and duty of Congress to investigate internal subversion, should be left at home.

Second, or perhaps in a tie for first, is the need to curtail government spending on illusory "welfare state" schemes, which will eventually give us a disastrously inflated dollar. The dominant wing of the Democratic Party, aided and abetted by the various "educational" organizations set up by AFL-CIO, lists as "bad" the voting records of members of Congress who have resisted dubious and expensive schemes with high-sounding titles. The "good" voting records, in the opinion of liberal-left-wing groups, were made by senators and representatives who favor spending more money regardless of the national deficit. It will be interesting to learn next Tuesday night the extent to which the voters have turned aside from such tempting but indigestible bait.

A third issue is the need to clip the wings of the labor bosses, not merely the corrupt ones who are interested in power and pelf but also the allegedly "idealistic" ones who aim to socialize the American economy by the simple device of bleeding it to death. Unfortunately, the humanitarian instinct persuades many people, whose interest is in the survival of free enterprise, to vote for "welfare-state" candidates in the supposition, despite the evidence to the contrary, that this is helping the underdog rather than the oligarchy exposed by the McClellan committee. Members of Congress will show determination on this issue only to the extent that they get support at the polls.

Whichever way the ball bounces, this will be a free election, the consequences of which must be borne by all the people, whatever their reaction to persuaders, hidden and overt. If we discover later that we were fooled or misled, we asked for it!

Ottawa's 70,000-Acre "Green Belt" Looks Like a Good Idea for the U.S.A.

For some years now, city planners have been sounding warnings about the dangers of "urban sprawl." This blight-like spreading of new homes and subdivisions across the green fields that used to surround our fair cities is changing the face of America—and not for the better, unfortunately. It has been estimated that the busy bulldozers gouge into 3000 fresh acres of the United States daily, some of it the best farmland in the country.

This has the experts worried, not only because it greatly complicates problems of schools, sewers, highways and government but also because it is deplorably wasteful of land and services. Cities in which 30 or 40 per cent of the land is in vacant lots already equipped with sewer, water and power facilities are being by-passed for the greener and supposedly lower-taxed suburbs.

The first North American city to meet this problem head on is probably Ottawa, the capital of Canada. Disturbed by the planless, creeping suburbs springing up on all sides of Ottawa, the Dominion Government recently passed an act to buy up a 37,000-acre "Green Belt" on the outskirts of the city. When this is added to property already under the control of the Ottawa municipal government, some 70,000 acres of unspoiled countryside will surround the city forever.

By ringing its urban area with a publicly owned belt of undeveloped land, Ottawa has set limits on its outward growth. It will never become a monstrous sprawl, like Los Angeles or Greater New York. In addition, the outlying farmland will be protected forever from subdivision encroachment. Farmers who now operate farms in the Green Belt are being encouraged to stay there on a low-rent lease basis.

Thus the lucky citizenry of Ottawa, for all time to come, will be assured of nearby green fields and woods which can be driven to in a few minutes. By contrast, according to estimates, the whole upper half of our East Coast will soon become one gigantic megalopolis. There will be no open spaces between Philadelphia and New York and Hartford. On the West Coast, the suburbs of San Bernardino are already meeting the suburbs of Los Angeles, and many of the orange groves soon will be only a memory.

Planning to save open spaces does cost money. The Ottawa venture will run to around $20,000,000. But against this must be balanced the cold fact that, when the countryside is gone, not even $20,000,000 can bring it back.

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Your Watch

IT RULES YOUR LIFE

MOST INTIMATE of personal possessions, *your watch* portions out each precious hour, keeps you *in time* with your busy private world. Yet, less than 10 per cent of us own, or plan to buy, a truly first class watch. The reason—most people do not know the difference between a poor watch, a fair watch and a truly fine watch.

The fact is that the ownership of a first class watch, a Longines for instance, costs less—rather than more—than cheaper watches. Most watches under $20 have what is called a "pin-lever" escapement. Better watches have "jewelled-lever" escapements. Since the escapement is the beating heart of your watch and functions more than 157,000,000 times a year, this difference in construction is obviously vital.

But even among jewelled-lever watches, there is a tremendous range in quality. Truly perfect performance comes only from perfect manufacture, through and through. In a Longines, for instance, many parts are fashioned to a microscopic 1/100,000ths of an inch. Equally important, in a Longines wear and friction are reduced to the vanishing point, assuring endless years of life.

* * * *

In every field of human endeavor, one product and one name stands out as pre-eminent. Among watches, throughout the world, that name is Longines. During almost a century of achievement, Longines has continuously led in quality and true worth; in open competition with the finest of the world's watches, Longines has won highest honors for excellence and elegance.

For a little more than the cost of a medium-quality jewelled-lever watch, you may purchase a Longines, rated by experts as the world's finest*. With reasonable care, a Longines watch will last an adult lifetime. More important, it actually improves with use, running better than new after 10 or even 20 years!

Longines makes highest quality watches in the largest variety of styles and types of any watchmaker in the world. The illustrations are representative of the outstanding models in the new 1959 collection.

Longines watches are not sold in every jewelry store. *To buy a Longines,* you must go to an authorized Longines-Wittnauer Jeweler. The cost can be as little as $71.50. With the few dollars that you would pay for a pin-lever watch, you can make the down payment on a Longines on an easy payment plan. Your old watch will be accepted in trade at fair value.

Visit your Longines-Wittnauer Jeweler soon. For an informative booklet, write Longines-Wittnauer Watch Company, Longines-Wittnauer Building, New York 36, N. Y.

* * * *

*Except for certain hand-made watches, such as Vacheron & Constantin, which sell at approximately three times Longines' prices.

LONGINES

Ten World's Fair Grand Prizes · 28 Gold Medal Awards

HIGHEST HONORS FOR ACCURACY FROM GOVERNMENT OBSERVATORIES

Official Watch For Championship Sports The World Over Including

OLYMPIC WINTER GAMES
CALIFORNIA 1960

PAN AMERICAN GAMES
CHICAGO 1959

THE WORLD'S *Most Honored* WATCH

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As modern as a new kitchen — milk in Pure-Pak!

Suddenly, as you use the convenient Pure-Pak carton, **all other methods of milk packaging are outdated.** Pure-Pak's the modern milk container that is so convenient, sanitary and safe—*easy as a pitcher to use.* Because so many of you have asked for it, dairies nearly everywhere offer this improved service.

Have you asked your milkman for milk in Pure-Pak?

Pure-Pak
YOUR PERSONAL MILK CONTAINER

25 MILLION TIMES A DAY, SOMEONE BREAKS THE SEAL ON A FRESH PURE-PAK CARTON

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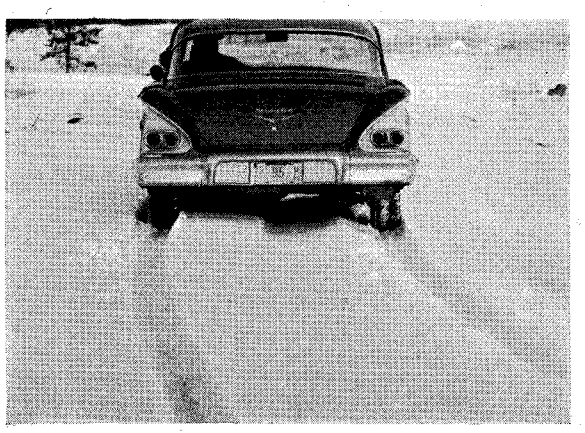
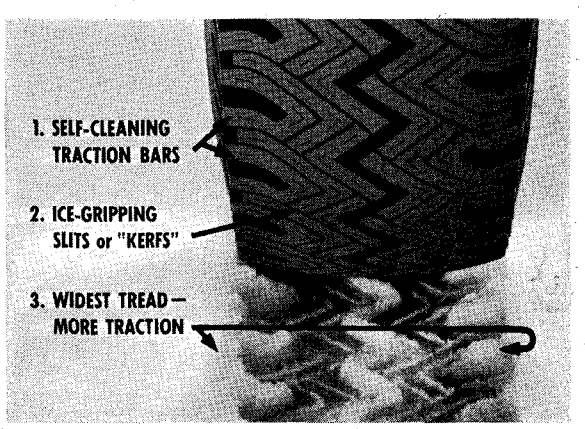
...with B.F.Goodrich Trailmakers!
More traction...widest snow tread ever

NO SMILEAGE? NOT ON THESE ORDINARY TIRES! To save you from getting stuck like this, B.F.Goodrich developed the new 14-inch Nylon Trailmaker Silvertown. Trailmakers out-pulled and out-started all other snow tires over thousands of miles of winter road tests because their wider tread puts more gripping edges on snow and ice.



SNOW SMILEAGE WITH B.F.GOODRICH TRAILMAKERS! Don't wait for the first blizzard! Get a pair of new B.F.Goodrich Trailmaker Silvertowns *now* to carry you safer over snow and ice. You get a quieter ride over bare pavement. Exclusive B.F.Goodrich Trailmaker tread design comes in popular sizes and on low-cost Trailmaker Retreads!



EXCLUSIVE TRAILMAKER TREAD DESIGN! Years-ahead tread has (1) deep, flexible traction bars to pull through snow, (2) hundreds of gripping "kerfs" for sure stops and starts on icy roads, (3) biggest "footprint" for more traction. 2 for $2 down at your B.F.Goodrich dealer's. *B.F.Goodrich Tire Co., A Division of The B.F.Goodrich Company.*

Winter Traction Tires available for all popular makes of imported cars.

B.F.Goodrich *Trailmaker tires*

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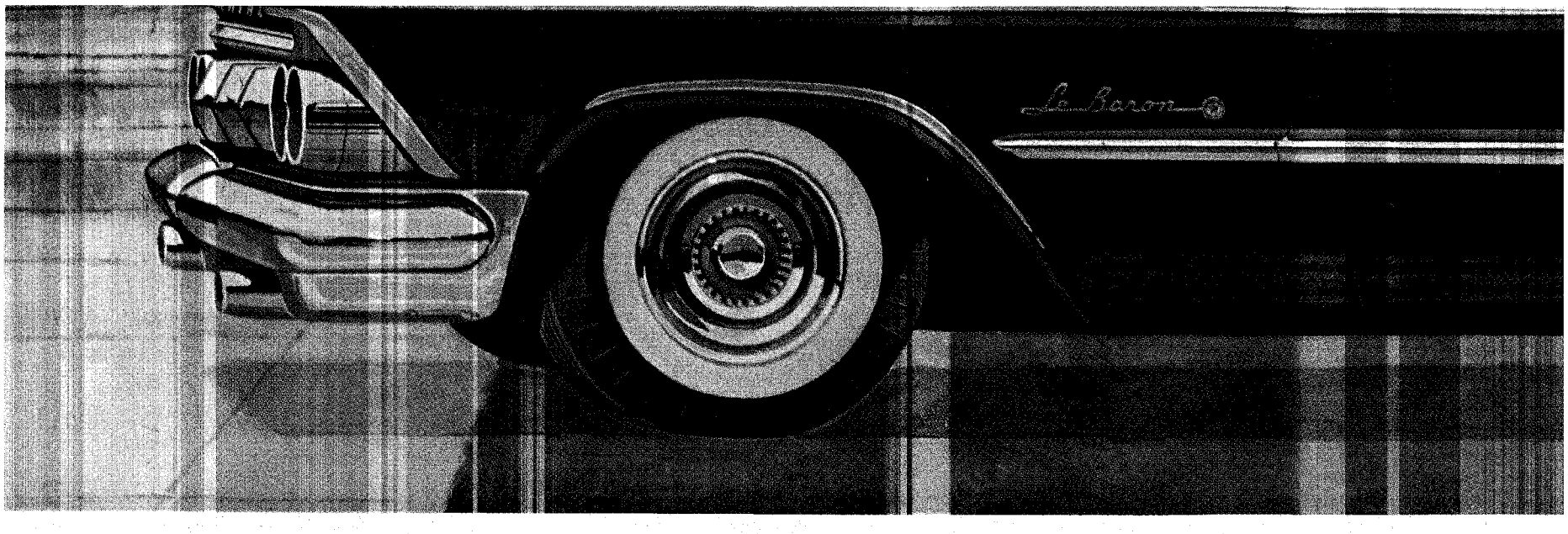

Presenting . . . the NEW 1959

IMPERIAL

. . . excellence without equal

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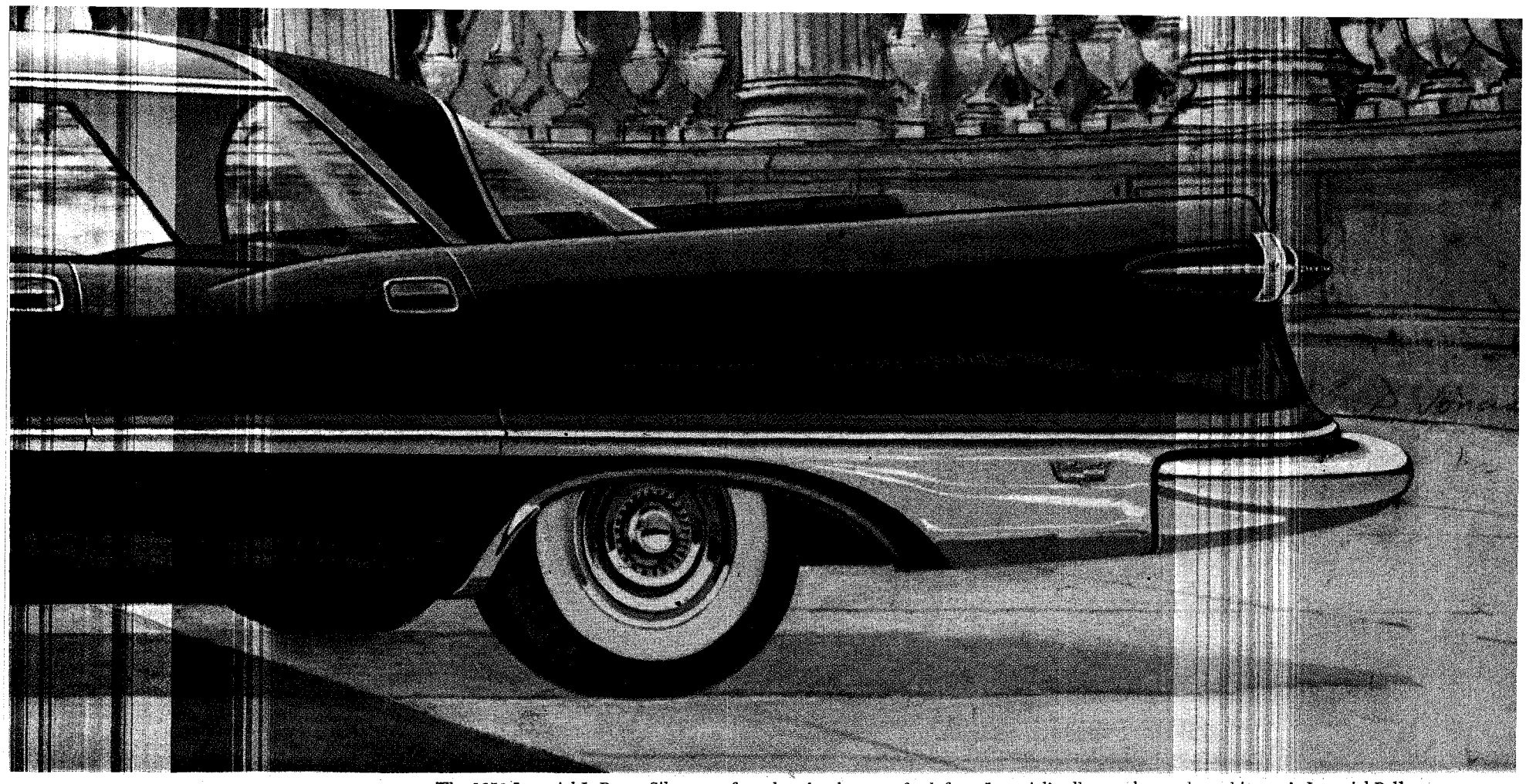

The 1959 Imperial LeBaron Silvercrest four door hardtop . . . fresh from Imperial's all-new plant to host this year's Imperial Ball

Today, America has a new measurement for excellence in motoring.

IMPERIAL FOR 1959 . . . a car whose great dignity is matched by an eagerness of spirit . . . whose luxury and elegance are made richer by a gracious practicality.

A car in which careful interior redesign has provided more space for passengers . . . a car which makes available for the first time front seats that swivel doorward to make entry and exit easy.

IMPERIAL FOR 1959 . . . a car whose farsighted engineering concepts combine spectacular handling ease with a firm sense of absolute control . . . whose newly designed engine develops enormous power with fewer engine revolutions . . . so it need never race or strain or raise its voice.

A car which can be equipped with Auto-Pilot to remind you gently of the speed limit, and to maintain a steady turnpike pace, hour on hour, up hill and down, without so much as a touch of the accelerator.

IMPERIAL FOR 1959 . . . whose spacious Royal Coach Body gives you new dimensions of comfort and enjoyment. A car that comes to you in all its carefully crafted excellence from America's finest automotive plant . . . designed for the utmost in quality control.

IMPERIAL FOR 1959 . . . excellence without equal. A boastful statement? The car is ready for your inspection at Imperial showrooms. See it. Drive it. And then decide.

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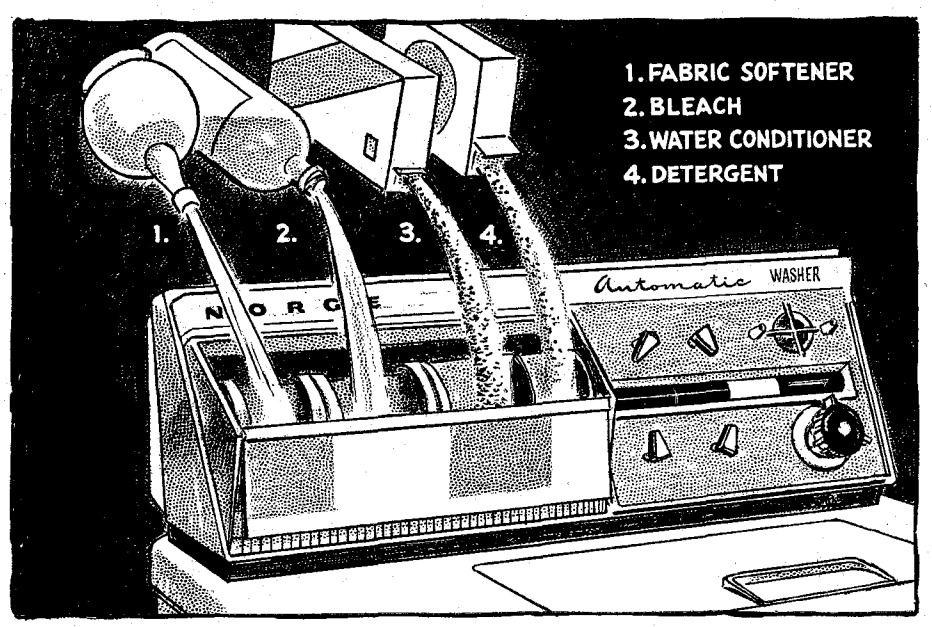
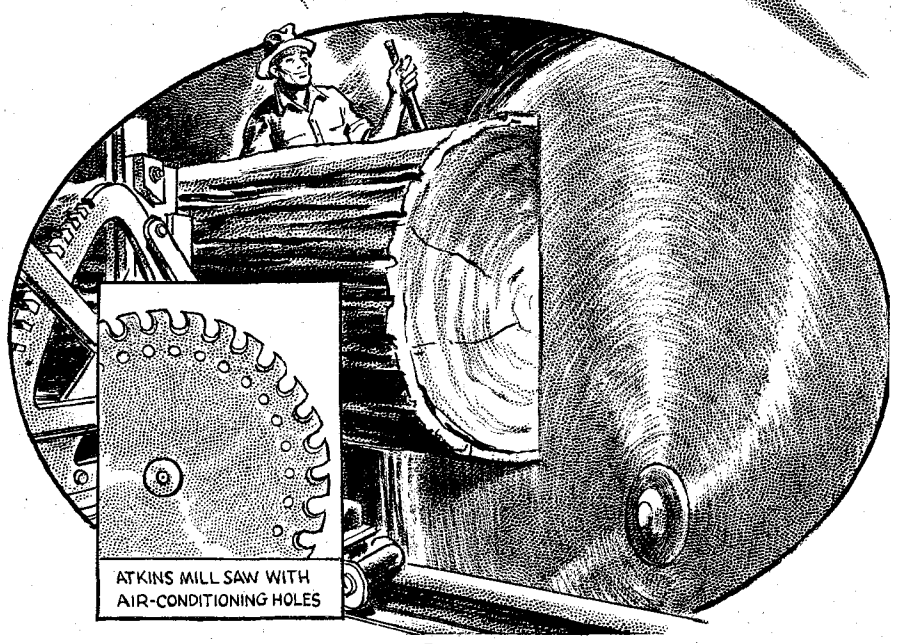
RIPLEY'S—

FLAME-SQUEEZER THAT PUTS MORE POWER IN A MISSILE'S FLIGHT!

FIERY GASES, ROARING OUT THE TAILPIPE, GIVE A GUIDED MISSILE ITS TREMENDOUS THRUST. BUT THESE GASES MUST FIRST BE COMPRESSED BY SPECIAL EXHAUST NOZZLES, "SQUEEZED", SO THEY'LL EXPAND WITH PROPER FORCE. NOZZLES OF THIS TYPE ARE MADE BY **B-W'S INGERSOLL-KALAMAZOO** IN AN UNUSUAL WAY. A CYLINDER OF HIGH-STRENGTH STEEL IS SPUN ON POWERFUL FORMING EQUIPMENT TO THE RIGHT SHAPE. THIS NEW B-W TECHNIQUE SPEEDS UP PRODUCTION WHILE MAINTAINING THE CLOSE TOLERANCES REQUIRED FOR HIGH PERFORMANCE MISSILES.



LATEST WASHER ADDS 4 "BEAUTY AIDS" TO CLOTHES—AUTOMATICALLY! JUST MEASURE DETERGENT, AND OTHER ADDITIVES, INTO 4 "BINS"—AND THE NEW **B-W NORGE** DISPENSOMAT* WASHER DOES THE REST. IT ADDS EACH INTO WASH OR RINSE WATER EXACTLY AT THE RIGHT MOMENT. THERE'S NO GUESSING, NO SPILLOVER, NO STOPPING THE MACHINE. CLOTHES GET AN AUTOMATIC BEAUTY BATH TO MAKE THEM CLEANER, FLUFFIER, BRIGHTER THAN EVER.



AIR-CONDITIONED SAW BREEZES THROUGH HEAVY TIMBER! SAWDUST IS THE ENEMY OF HIGH-SPEED LOG CUTTING IN THE MILLS. IT MAKES THE SAW BIND IN THE CUT, HEATS IT UP AND DULLS THE TEETH. SO **B-W'S ATKINS SAW** DESIGNED THIS BLADE WITH SPECIAL "AIR CONDITIONING" HOLES. THEY BLOW AWAY SAWDUST, COOL THE BLADE. CUTTING BECOMES FAST AND CLEAN... TEETH STAY SHARP UP TO 6 TIMES LONGER.

DESIGN IT BETTER
...MAKE IT BETTER

Borg-Warner®

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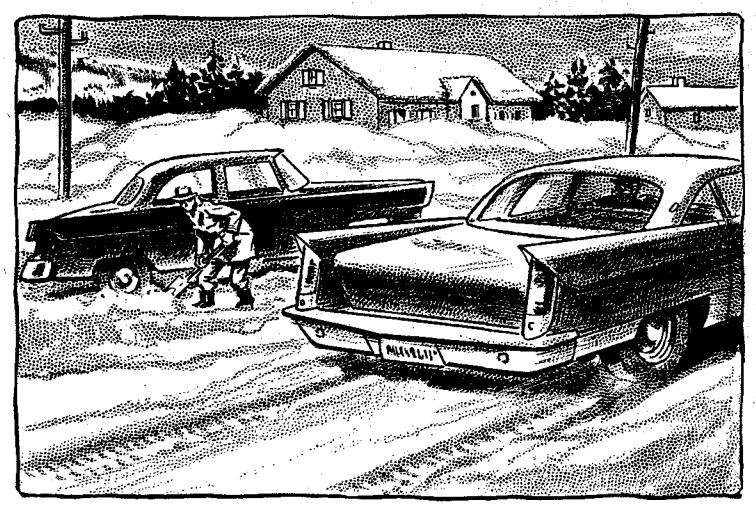
Believe It or Not!

ENGINEERING B-W PRODUCTION T.M.

NEW SAFETY DIFFERENTIAL IS ANTI-SPIN...GIVES NEEDED TRACTION ON SNOW, ICE, MUD

A WHEEL NORMALLY TENDS TO LOSE TRACTION AND SPIN ON A SLICK SURFACE. THE NEW DIFFERENTIAL DESIGNED BY **B-W'S WARNER AUTOMOTIVE** HELPS PREVENT THIS. THIS UNIQUE MECHANISM CONSTANTLY ADJUSTS THE POWER BETWEEN THE TWO REAR WHEELS, SO THAT EACH GETS ALL THE DRIVE IT CAN HANDLE - BUT NEVER TOO MUCH. WHEELS GRIP THE ROAD, RESIST SPINNING, SKIDDING AND SWERVING.



THE QUEEN WHO SOLD HER CROWN TO HELP THE POOR!

IN THE 13th CENTURY, QUEEN MARGARITA OF GERMANY SOLD HER MOST VALUABLE POSSESSION, HER CROWN, TO RAISE MONEY FOR THE POOR. IN MODERN AMERICA, NO ONE IS ASKED TO SACRIFICE SO MUCH. JUST GIVE WHAT YOU CAN TO YOUR **UNITED FUND OR COMMUNITY CHEST.** YOUR CONTRIBUTION ASSISTS OVER 27,000 AGENCIES IN CARRYING ON THEIR VITAL WORK OF HELPING YOUR NEEDY NEIGHBORS.

Borg-Warner for over 30 years has been serving America's farmers with vital equipment, including:

Plow discs
Harrow discs
Coulter blades
Irrigation pumps
Power take-offs
Steel fence posts

Clutches, universal joints, timing chains, gears, axles, carburetors, radiators...for tractors and other farm machinery.

Borg-Warner skill and ingenuity also benefit almost every American every day through many other fields, including:

Aviation. Every type of military and commercial aircraft contains B-W parts.

Nucleonics. B-W designed parts are at work in almost every U.S. reactor.

Automotive. 19 out of the 20 makes of cars contain essential B-W operating parts.

Oil. Every oil field has B-W equipment.

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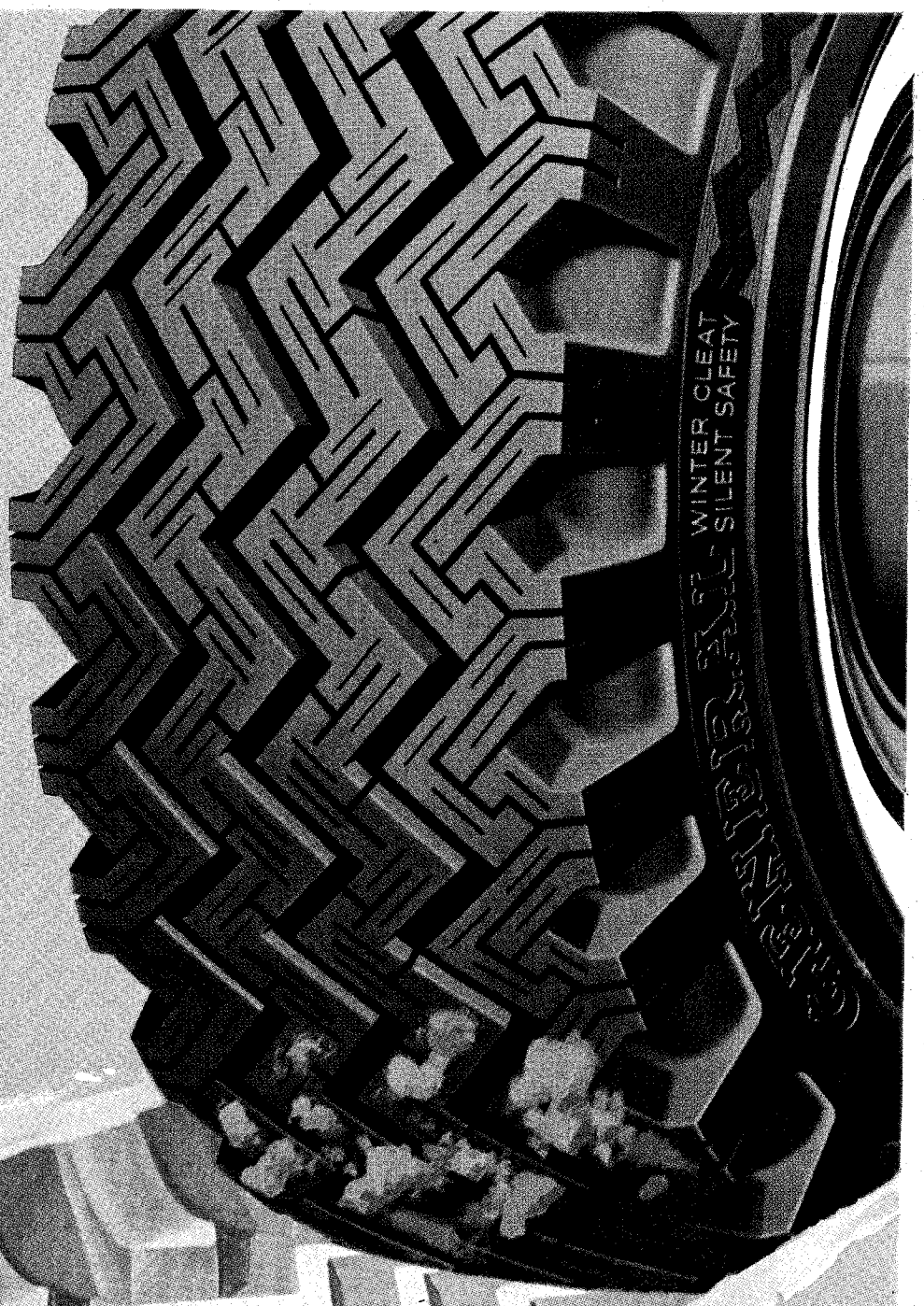

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The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY Benj. Franklin

DIVORCE

A famous reporter's study of a social calamity; of the lawyers who pocket the fees; the judges who face disillusioned couples; and the tragic victims: the children.

The First of Four Articles by JOHN BARTLOW MARTIN

PART ONE

A DAY IN COURT

At 9:15 A.M. a lawyer in a blue suit led his client, who was a young pretty wife in a trench coat, and her two witnesses out of the elevator on the eighth floor of the ancient, cavernous County Building in Chicago, down the marble corridor, and up to the door of Divorce Court. The door was locked. "We'll have to wait a minute," the lawyer said. Other lawyers and their clients arrived to stand in little knots in the hall, and a haze of cigar smoke arose.

The lawyer in the blue suit turned to his client's mother and said, his voice detached, "She didn't have any children by him, did she?"

"No; thank God for that," her mother said. The wife, a slender dark-haired girl, paid no heed. She was staring silently out the window, her face sad.

At 9:20 the court clerk, Vic Laz, a thin young man, arrived and unlocked the door. The high-ceilinged courtroom looked old, bare and rather somber. Sunlight slanted in thinly. A lawyer in a seedy brown suit was strolling about the courtroom, gazing speculatively at the Venetian blinds. From outside came the honk of auto horns. Other lawyers were sitting around the battered counsel table, writing out court orders in longhand on small yellow sheets of paper—orders they hoped the judge would sign after court convened at ten A.M.

Now, at 9:30, Judge Thaddeus V. Adesko arrived. He slipped in through a private door and entered his chambers. A moment later Vic, the clerk, loudly called the name of the first default-divorce case of the day. The dignified lawyer in the blue suit waved toward the back of the room, and his client and her mother and girl friend arose, and Vic showed them into the judge's private chambers, and the door closed behind them.

This year the courts will declare a legal end to some 380,000 American marriages. Let us inquire into the laws that govern divorce, the judges who decree it, the lawyers who procure it, the people who go through it. Almost nobody is satisfied with the divorce laws; let us examine proposed reforms. Let us explore such diverse matters as the easy divorce of Nevada

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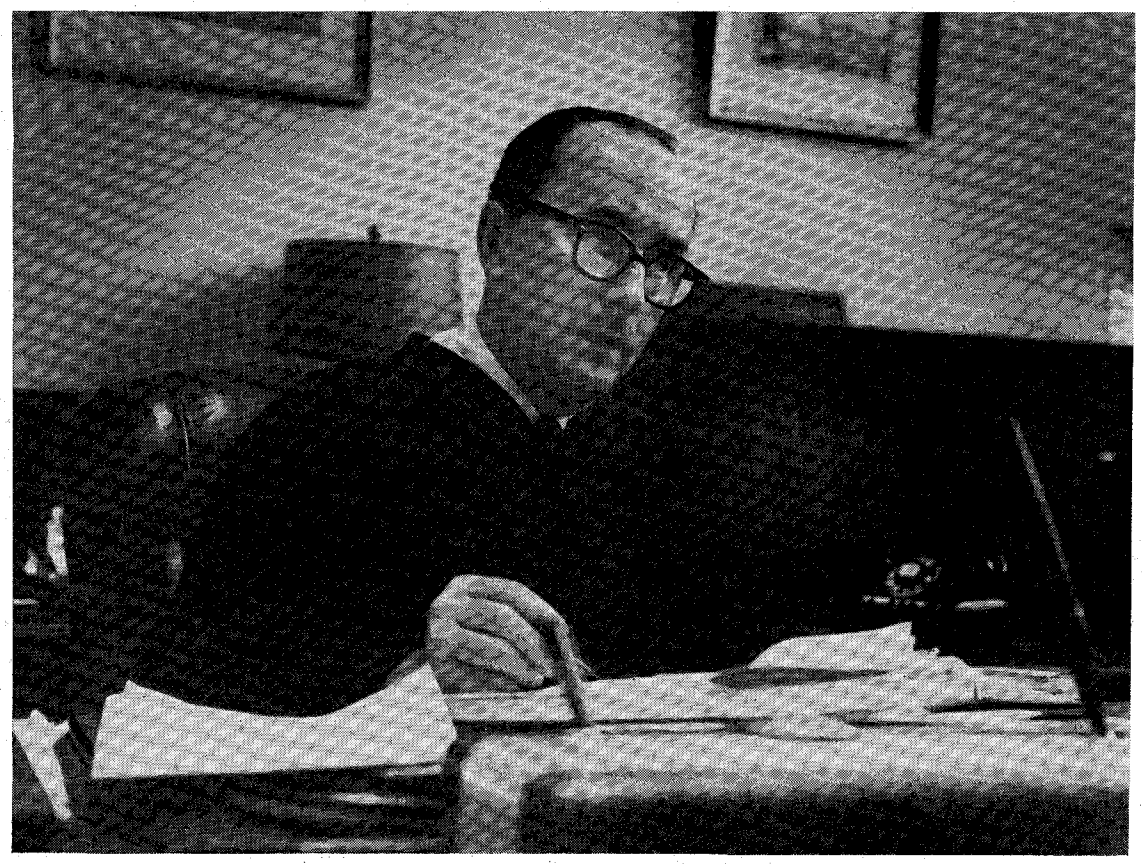

Judge Thaddeus V. Adesko, of the Chicago divorce court. Although he is considered one of the most conscientious judges in the city, he knows that he can rarely inquire thoroughly into a case.

and the difficult divorce of New York; divorce in Hollywood and divorce in rural Indiana. Let us investigate the "grounds" for divorce and the real causes of divorce. First, let us see what goes on in an ordinary day in the Chicago divorce court.

First thing in the morning Judge Adesko took his defaults—uncontested divorce cases—into his chambers where he could hear them quietly. Seated behind his desk, he was a rather small man with a clipped mustache, his dark hair receding from his forehead. His clerk swore the wife in the trench coat and her witnesses and they sat in upholstered chairs ringing his desk, stiffly upright. Illinois has nine grounds for divorce, and she was using the one most commonly used, cruelty. Cruelty in Illinois must be physical, and her attorney led her briskly through its proof, while the reporter he had brought took down the testimony.

"Please tell the court your name and address," her lawyer said, and she did.

"How long have you been a resident of Cook County, state of Illinois?" All her life, she said. (One year's residence is required.)

He established her husband's name, the date of their marriage, and that no children had been born or adopted. He asked, "During

In Chicago, divorce lawyers await their turns to file motions with Judge Adesko.

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the time of your marriage, how did you treat your husband?"

"Good."

"How did he treat you?"

"Bad."

"Calling your attention to September 30, 1957, what, if anything, occurred?"

"He struck me."

"Calling your attention to October 15, 1957, what, if anything, occurred?"

The same thing, she said; the law requires two or more incidents of cruelty.

"Did you give him any provocation or reason for striking you?"—for he must be wholly at fault in the eyes of the law.

"No."

"Did this leave any marks or bruises?"

"Yes."

"Cause you pain and suffering?"—for by law it must.

"Yes."

"Now since that time have you been living separate and apart through no fault of your own as a single woman?"

"Yes."

"You have signed a stipulation regarding the division of certain property?"

"Yes."

"I show you a document purporting to be that stipulation—is this your signature?" It was. The lawyer went on, "You are waiving alimony?" . . . "You are asking your husband to pay two hundred and fifty dollars attorney's fees?" . . . "You are asking the court to restore your maiden name?" To all she answered yes.

Judge Adesko, without looking up from the file—he was making sure that the absent husband had been properly served with legal papers—said, "Call the next witness," and the lawyer led her mother and then her girl friend through brief corroboration. Adesko put the file aside. The lawyer got up and told his client and witnesses, "That's all—come on," and, looking uncertain, they followed him out.

In a few days the lawyer would give the judge a transcript of the testimony and a decree incorporating the property settlement; the judge would sign them. It had taken eight minutes. Not a word had been said about why this young couple, after three years of marriage, had torn up their life together.

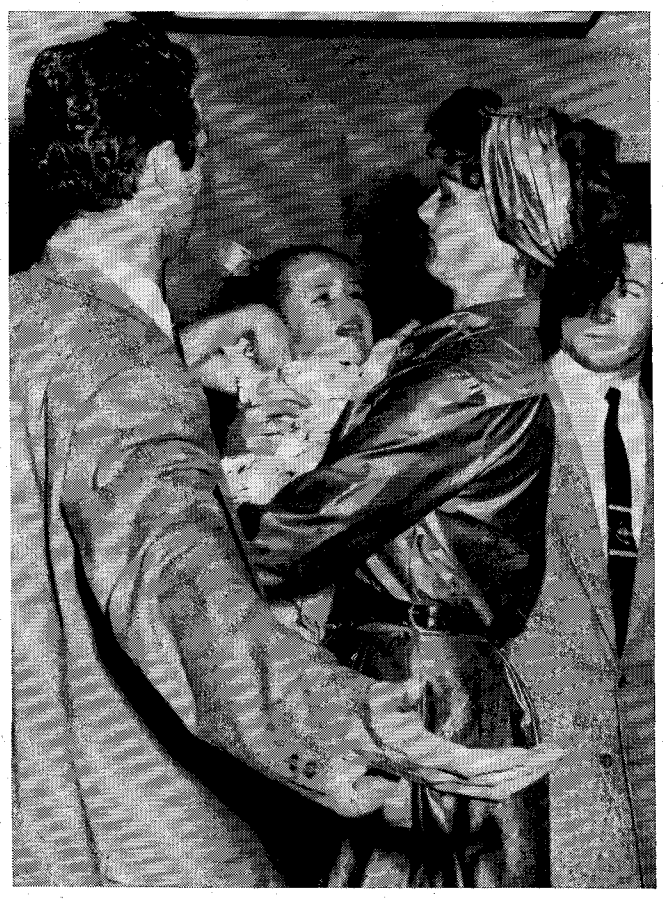
After hearing two more default cases, Judge Adesko took off his suit coat, put on his black robe and went into his courtroom. It was filled. The space before his bench was crowded with lawyers. On jammed benches at the rear sat the litigants and witnesses.

As the judge mounted the bench, all rose, while the bailiff announced, "Hear ye, hear ye ——" A dozen attorneys stepped to the bar of justice and handed up orders upon which they had agreed with opposing counsel. Then the court went on to contested motions.

Even in uncontested divorces there are many bitter preliminary battles over motions for temporary alimony, child support and custody while the divorce is pending, and it was these motions that took up most of Adesko's time. (In ruling on them he entered about 20,000 orders last year.) His clerk loudly called the first name in his big book, and a wife and husband and their lawyers stepped up to the bar, the lawyers spreading their papers on it. The wife was tall, slender, about thirty-five, pretty in a wan way. Her husband wore an expensive jacket and (Continued on Page 64)

The victims of embattled marriages: children

He lost the case, and his child. The father above, head sunk in despair, was on the wrong end of a Solomon's decision; a San Francisco court awarded custody of his 16-month-old daughter to her mother (clutching child at right).



"I'm not going to live with you," cried this 4-year-old as her father (left) surrendered her to his former wife at the direction of a Los Angeles court, pending a further hearing in the custody battle.

The bewildered-looking girl above is Rebecca Welles, actress Rita Hayworth's eldest daughter, after a White Plains, N. Y., court ordered her returned to custody of her mother in 1954.

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Executive's Wife

By WILLIAMS FORREST

The company expected his wife to conform to a pattern. But she wouldn't.

Miss Coburn looked anxiously down upon the dark tousled head bent over the desk. She had a withered prettiness, but she also possessed the honed efficiency of the enduring secretary. The young man whose arm she touched made her think of Gregory Peck, but she assured herself that he burned with a darker, quicker flame than the movie actor.

Cord Walker's head came erect on his straight shoulders. He stretched his arms outward and made a face. "You have the noontime look, Miss Coburn. The 'feed the boy' look." He grinned; he enjoyed the proprietary manner Miss Coburn held toward him.

"I'm going to ask a favor, Mr. Walker," she said. "I'd like you to take me to lunch."

"I'd love to. Except that I have umpteen jillion things to do. Can we make it Monday?"

"No," said Miss Coburn solidly. Then nervously, "Today."

"Hey," he said, "you look pretty serious about something."

"I am," said Miss Coburn. "I want to talk to you, away from the office."

"Let's go," he said gently. "If anything's the matter, we'll do something about it."

He took her to a place that was swank but small and had tables that did not rub elbows with each other. Miss Coburn subsided gratefully into dimness and the courage of an authoritative cocktail.

Cord looked at her with appreciation; it had been a boon to him to inherit her from an executive who had retired. Her encyclopedic knowledge of the company had more than once aided him. And the stanch, knowing old gals of the organization had more power than their job categories would indicate.

Miss Coburn was also thinking appreciatively of him; in all her years with the company, he was the most promising young executive she had ever worked for. His ambition was tough and persevering, but, being of a literary turn of mind, she liked to think it was also artistic. Cord Walker did not merely work, he brought glowing emotion to it. After a brutal day over a problem, he could jump up and walk around the office with a dancing kind of step and cry, "I've got it, I've got it!"

That was why she thought that she would rather bite off her tongue than say what must be said. "I hope you won't be angry with me, Mr. Walker."

"Angry? Never."

She was not so sure of that. "You're going to Mr. Bannock's party tomorrow night?" She was speaking crisply, to protect herself and him.

He was puzzled. "Yes, of course." He knew that Miss Coburn was perfectly aware that he was going. The invitation was a command performance. Mr. Bannock was the president of the company, and gave a cocktail party and buffet at intervals for the rising young executives and their wives and for those who had already risen. The party was designed to bring the established and the ascending echelons together in a congenial atmosphere where they might learn more about each other.

"This is such a—a delicate matter ——" Miss Coburn began, struggling again.

Cord felt a vague alarm, and it was not connected with any fear that Miss Coburn was not in full possession of her wits. It was coming to him that the problem on this restaurant table somehow concerned him and not her.

He took her hand, holding it firmly and reassuringly. "If it has to be said, it would be better for both of us just to say it easily and quickly."

She was grateful, and her hand fluttered in his, but she (Continued on Page 92)

Illustrated by Joe Bowler

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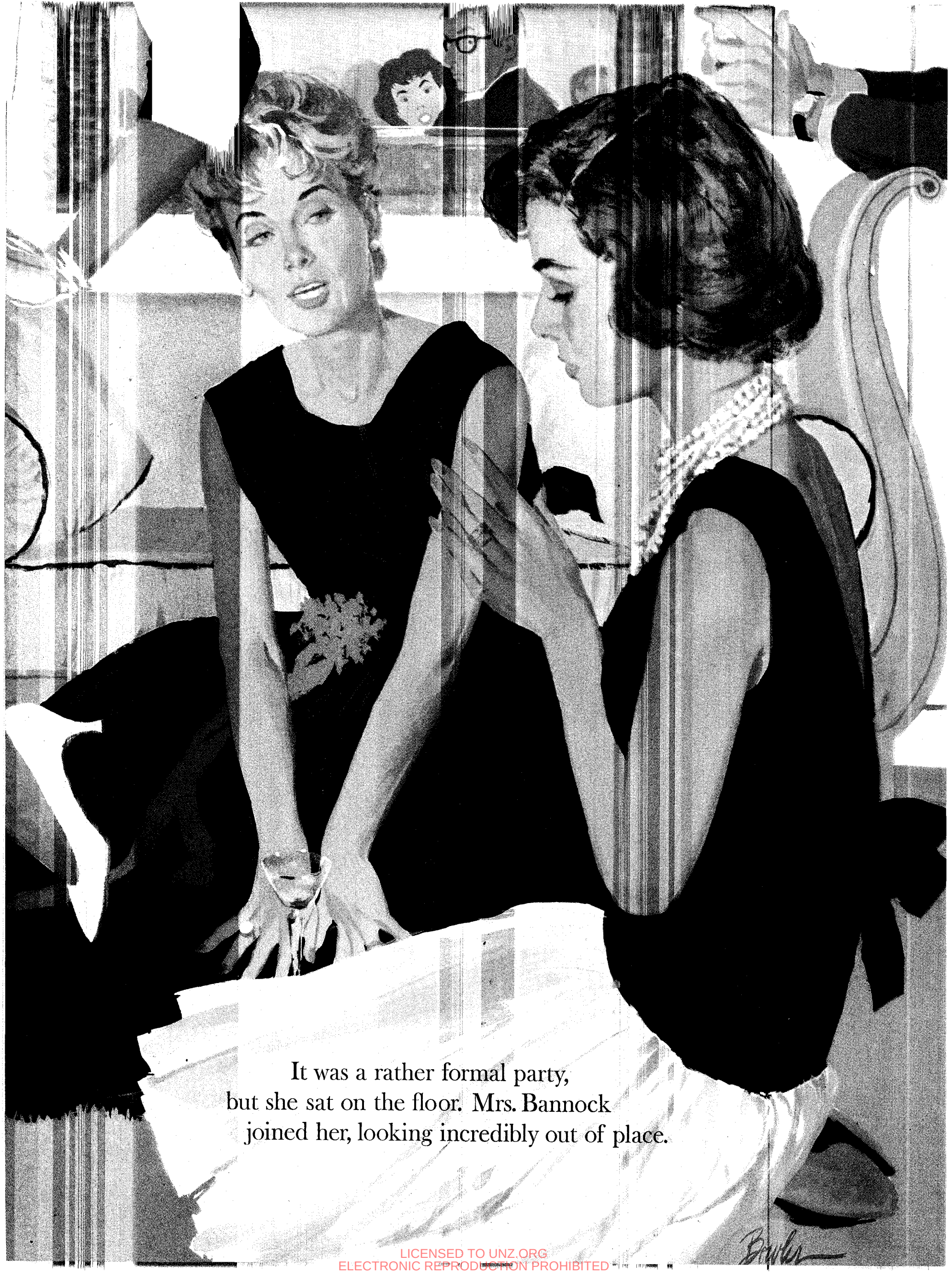

It was a rather formal party,
but she sat on the floor. Mrs. Bannock
joined her, looking incredibly out of place.

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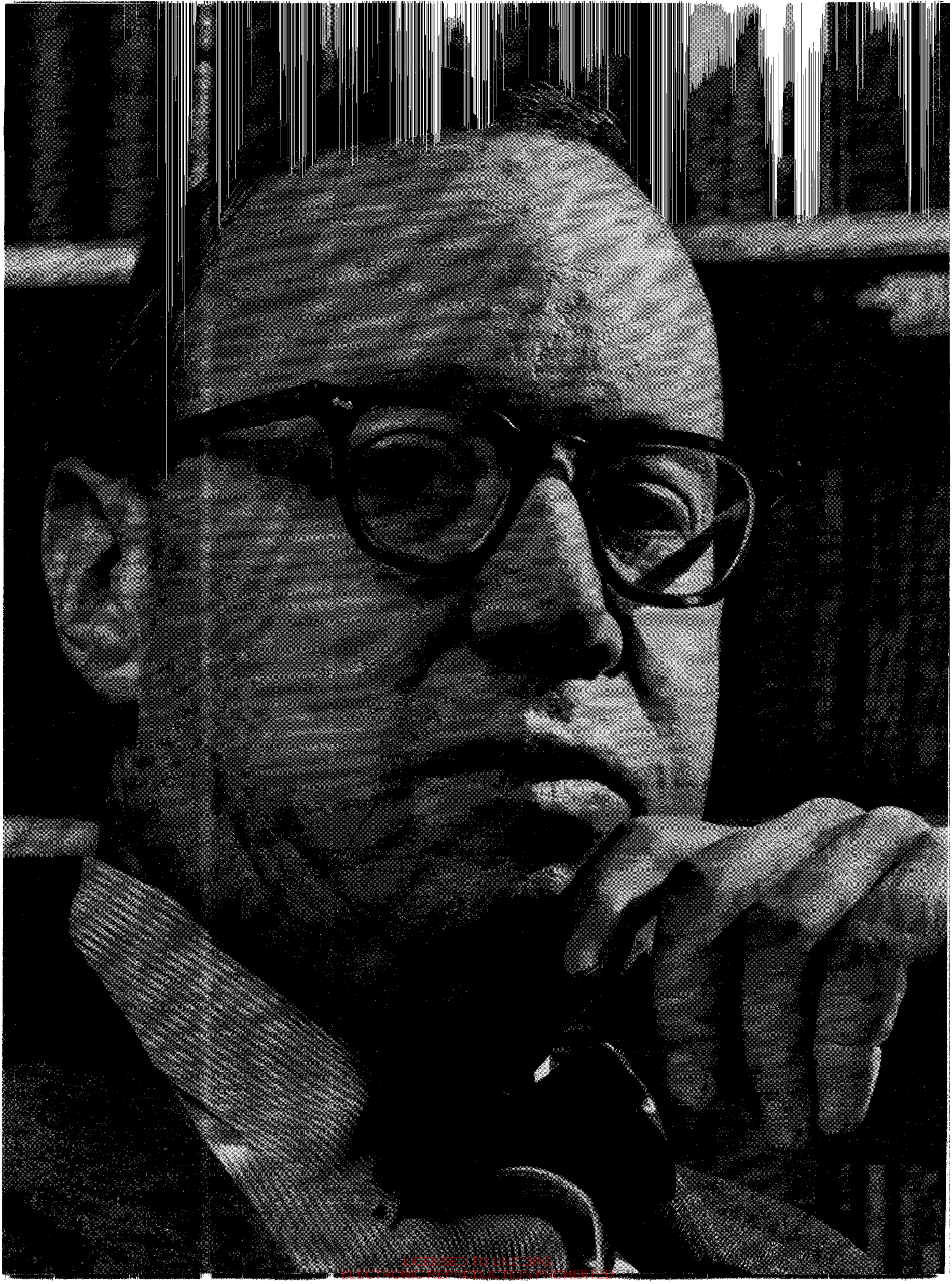

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The Decline of Greatness

By ARTHUR M. SCHLESINGER, JR.

Ours is an age without heroes—and, when we say this, we suddenly realize how spectacularly the world has changed in a generation. Most of us grew up in a time of towering personalities. For better or for worse, great men seemed to dominate our lives and shape our destiny. In the United States we had Theodore Roosevelt, Woodrow Wilson, Franklin Roosevelt. In Great Britain, there were Lloyd George and Winston Churchill. In other lands, there were Lenin, Stalin, Hitler, Mussolini, Clemenceau, Gandhi, Kemal, Sun Yat-sen. Outside of politics there were Einstein, Freud, Keynes. Some of these great men influenced the world for good, others for evil; but, whether for good or for evil, the fact that each had not died at birth made a difference, one believed, to everyone who lived after them.

Today no one bestrides our narrow world like a colossus; we have no giants who play roles which one can imagine no one else playing in their stead. There are a few figures on the margin of uniqueness, perhaps: Adenauer, Nehru, Tito, De Gaulle, Chiang Kai-shek, Mao Tse-tung. But there seem to be none in the epic style of those mighty figures of our recent past who seized history with both hands and gave it an imprint, even a direction, which it otherwise might not have had. As De Gaulle himself remarked on hearing of Stalin's death, "The age of giants is over." Whatever one thought, whether one admired or detested Roosevelt or Churchill, Stalin or Hitler, one nevertheless felt the sheer weight of such personalities on one's own existence. We feel no comparable pressures today. Our own President, with all his pleasant qualities, has more or less explicitly renounced any desire to impress his own views on history. The Macmillans, Khrushchevs and Gronchis have measurably less specific gravity than their predecessors. Other men could be in their *(CONTINUED ON PAGE 68)*

About the Author

For The Crisis of the Old Order, the first volume in his continuing study of the Rooseveltian era, Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., this year won the Society of American Historians' Francis Parkman Prize. His Age of Jackson, published in 1945, won the Pulitzer Prize. Like his father before him, who has written fifteen important social and historical studies, forty-one-year-old Schlesinger, Jr., is professor of history at Harvard University, he is married, with four children. Photograph by Arnold Newman

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By WARREN LUCE

THE DEAL IS MOTHER'S

The Pirate's Den seemed out of place for a Mother of the Month— until the card sharks dealt her in.

. . . Rejoining the Department of Anthropology is Associate Professor Paul Gilmour (Harvard '51; M.A., Westland '53), recently arrived from the West Indies and the study of the Carib-Arawak Indian. Mrs. Gilmour, a bride of less than a month, offered an interesting sidelight into the life of the research scholar by revealing that her husband, originally scheduled to return last fall, extended his university fellowship field trip almost half a year by serving as night manager of a Caribbean restaurant-café.—From the Westland University (Arizona) Warrior, February 15, 1958.

The bald-headed tourist, who'd joined us on Monday, had just run into a small straight with his three kings, losing an enormous pot. Unfortunately, this climaxed a long barren week for old Baldy, and, hurling the cards and his one remaining white chip across the room, he lurched off into the night, sobbing quietly to himself.

At which point, the woman made her move. She'd been standing behind the big Frenchman's chair for half an hour, a dumpy, moon-faced female, forty or fifty or sixty years old or so, one of the occasional kibitzers the game attracts; and now she minced over to the tourist's empty chair.

"I'm sure you gentlemen won't mind if I sit in for just a few hands." And before I had quite recovered from the shock of seeing this motherly soul parked between the ratty little wrist-watch smuggler from Cha Cha Town, and English Harry, his wattles scarlet with malice and Demarara rum, she was sliding a fifty-dollar traveler's check across the table.

For a moment there was only the murmur of conversation from the eaters' and drinkers' tables to mar the stunned silence. Finally Gene, the Miami bookmaker, who unfortunately lacked that respect for womanhood proper to followers of the turf, spoke up: "Look, old lady, this ain't no game of pushpenny. You better get back to your embroidery frame before you tap out your old-age pension."

"Yes, madam." Harry contributed his bit. "We do not cater to the overfed clubwoman here." But there was a distinct gleam of cupidity in his evil old eyes as they rested on the check.

The woman, meanwhile, only smiled pleasantly, and finally I picked up the check, noted the signature, "Florence Dabwoe," and shoved back my chair. "Get yourselves a house drink from Lazlo," I said, and, leaving the men slowly struggling to their feet, I walked over to the main bar, where Jimmy, from the St. Christopher Visitors' Service Bureau, was talking to the Pirate.

"All right, Jimmy," I said, "what about this Mrs. Dabwoe you brought in here? An aged relative maybe? Or are you trying to plant Flossie, the faro queen, on us?"

"She's a Mother of the Month, Professor." Jimmy lowered his glass to the bar. "They have this television contest thing in New York, and this lucky old bat won herself a West Indian cruise." He followed my gaze as I surveyed the smoke-laden room with its motley groups trading island talk over questionable sea food. "Yeah, I know this isn't exactly part of the Grand Tour, but I needed a drink after all the cueca dancing and quaint natives and all."

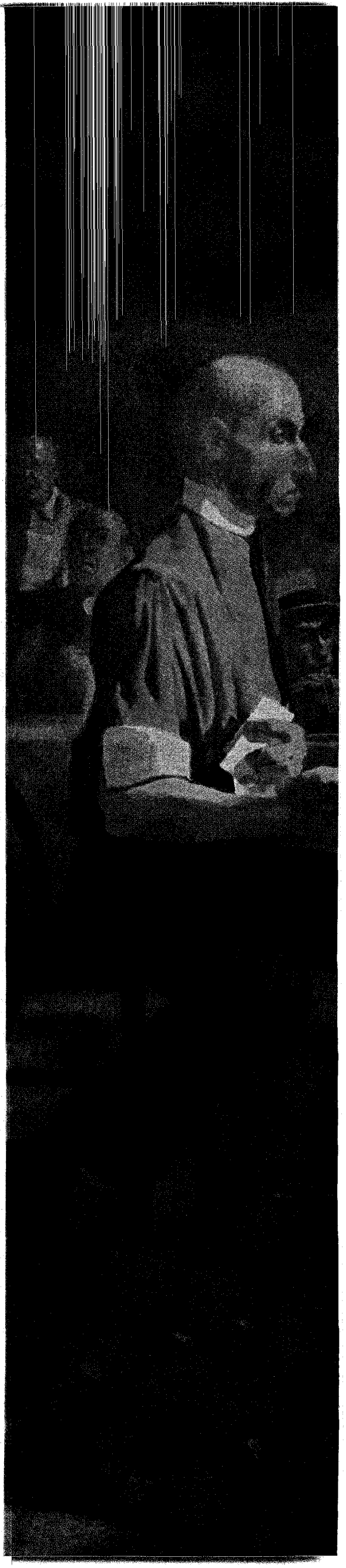
"So she's a Mother of the Month," I said musingly, while the Pirate, taking the hint, refilled his customer's glass.

Jimmy sighed. "For six hours now I've been hearing all about her eldest son, which he's a missile scientist; and her daughter, Dolly, who's the youngest fashion editor in New York, or some darned thing. And there's a Rhodes scholar in the family, too, and the Lord knows what else. All of which makes her Mother of the Month, and a kind of unavoidable headache for the tourist office."

"Well," I said, holding up the traveler's check, "mother wants to play a little poker."

He sipped his drink calmly, the foibles and madnesses of female tourists an old story. "Couldn't matter much. She's on all expenses plus, and it'll keep her out of my hair for a while." He laid a cautioning hand on my arm as I started to pick (Continued on Page 79)

Illustrated by Arthur Lidov



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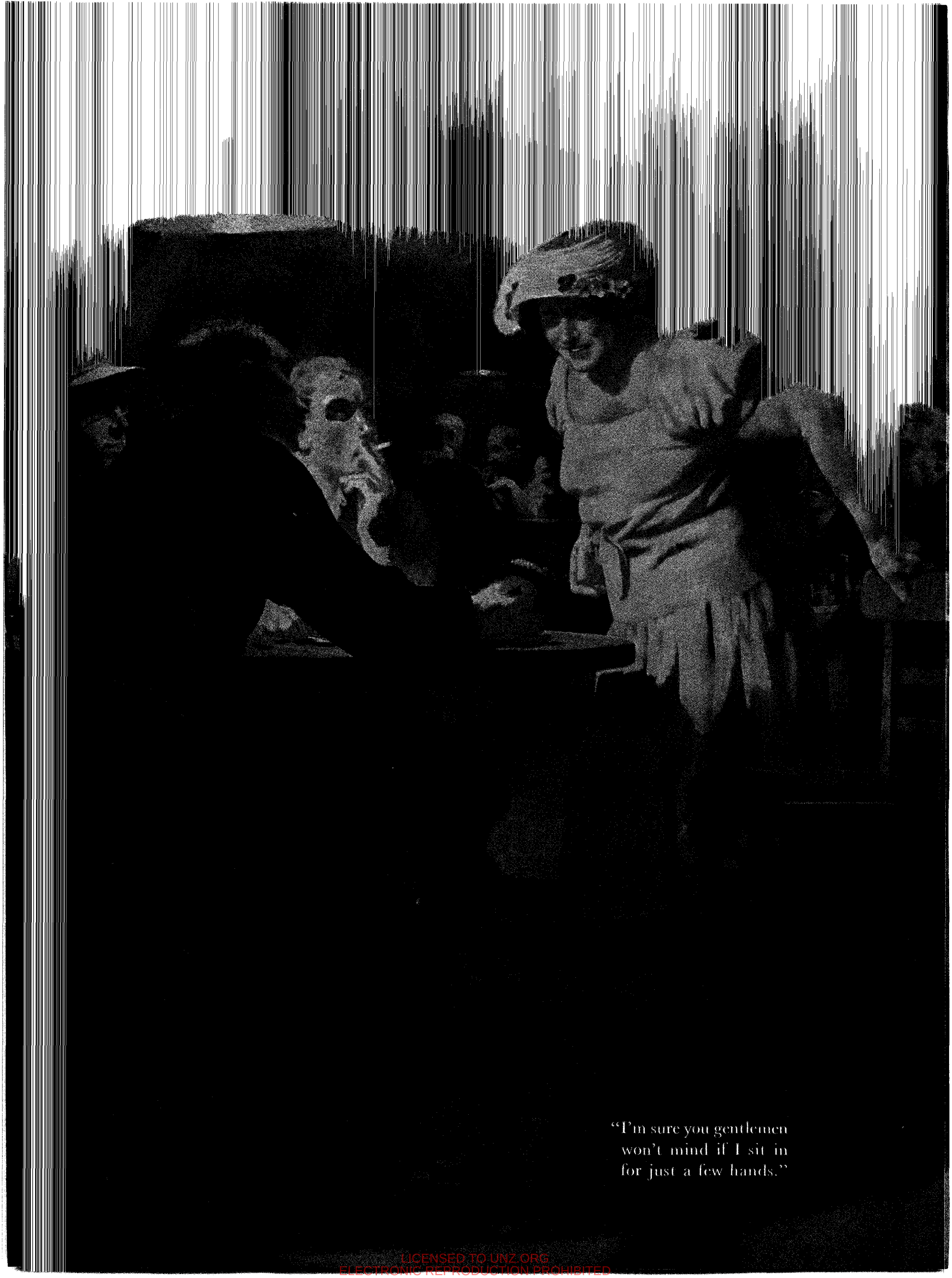

"I'm sure you gentlemen
won't mind if I sit in
for just a few hands."

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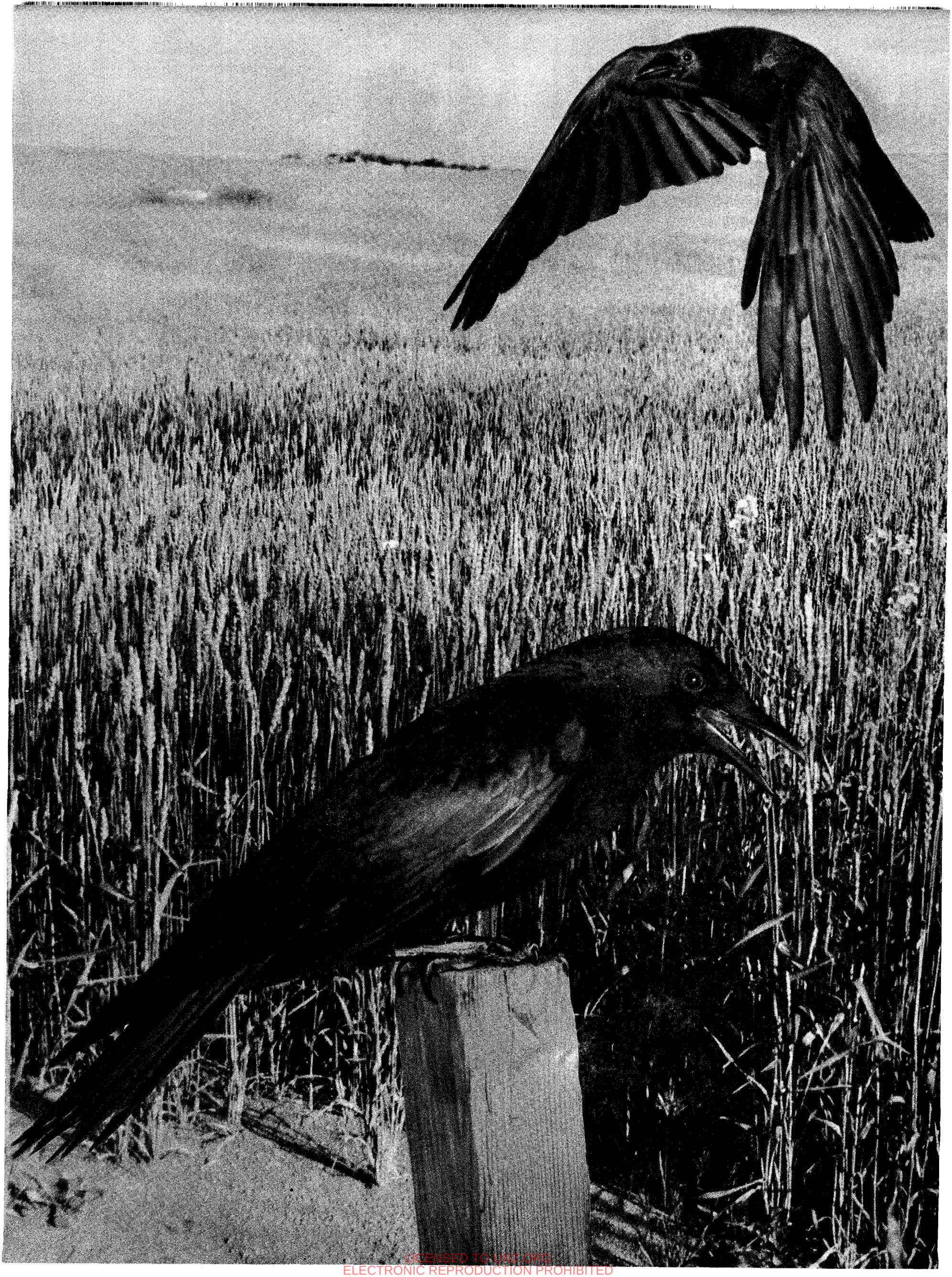

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Almost Everybody Hates BR'ER CROW

Hunters and farmers are forever plotting his extermination—thus far in vain. Here are the facts about one of the smartest, worst-mannered—and, some say, most maligned—of birds.

By RUFUS JARMAN

When early winter's snows have set in, and the autumn fields and woodlands, with their quail and grouse and ring-necked pheasant, are but a memory, hunters' thoughts turn to a bird of quite another feather. For this is the time of year when half a million sportsmen sally forth to train their guns on America's most widely known yet most controversial feathered inhabitant—that inky-black concentration of arrogant intelligence and abrasive personality, old Brother James Q. Crow.

The crow's somber plumage seems to typify the bleak season of his pursuit. But his personality, which is vigorous and emphatic, brings life and zest to an otherwise dead countryside, clothed in mud and ice and rotted snow. Congregations of crows, departing from their roosts by the thousands for a day's foraging, make the red mornings resound with their preparations. At noontide, a lonely black sentinel perched in a dead treetop, leaning against the biting wind under a leaden sky, is often the only sign of wildlife in the field. And late in the afternoon great flights of crows streaming homeward to roost, like wavering ribbons of black against the brilliant west, animate the cold sunsets.

Crows inhabit every state, from Washington to Florida, in numbers estimated to total nationally something between 50,000,000 and 3,000,000,000. They are practically the only game-type bird legal to shoot at this time of year, but that is only a secondary reason why, in Missouri alone, 50,000 gunners will have downed 300,000 crows before spring.

There is no closed season on crows in any state, and some states even offer bounties for them, although many hunters claim that crows are more sporting than some game birds. A crow can fly sixty miles an hour. He affords "interesting shooting angles," and, when felled, he dies defiantly. As someone has remarked, "I never saw a humble crow." But that is not the chief allure of crow shooting; nor is the fact that crows are regarded as the slyest and smartest of all birds. Flock leaders are sage old characters that can sense a hunter miles away. Crow lookouts, knowing that women seldom shoot, disregard anybody wearing a skirt. But it is next to impossible for a hunter with a gun to penetrate unannounced their network of spies stationed in tall trees. This makes hunting crows a good sport.

But the really basic appeal of crow shooting lies in the bird's unique personality. In killing a crow, many hunters feel that they have destroyed a personification of evil, a feat from which they naturally derive considerable self-righteous satisfaction.

This, indeed, is why so many crow killers feel no qualms about assaulting their quarry with such unsporting weapons as high explosives. This is the reason for the single-minded ferocity with which thousands of hunters track down the offending bird—a ferocity that causes some sportsmen to fear they may end up by exterminating the species, as they did the passenger pigeon.

There are two principal reasons why crows will probably escape this fate. For one thing, the crow is smarter, craftier and more able to defend himself than was the passenger pigeon. But, more important, the same personality that turns some humans against the crow proves so appealing to other humans that they will not let him be wiped out. The truth is that the crow's personality reminds some perceptive people a little of themselves and, this being the case, they will defend him with a zeal equal to that animating his enemies.

It takes a good deal of courage—or at least obstinacy—to stand up and be counted as a friend of the crow, for the crow haters have an impressive body of both fact and myth on their side. "A hunter can easily visualize himself as a public benefactor every time he plinks a crow," one hunting magazine admits. For the crow stands accused as a greater enemy to crops than the Japanese beetle, and a worse wildlife destroyer than all the guns in the land.

Impartial nature students note that all wild things must destroy other wild things, plant or animal, to survive; but the crow earns the hatred of humans by flaunting his depredations in public. He is a hard bird to love. He will breakfast upon baby robins on the lawn on a bright morn in early spring, tossing them aloft and catching them in his mouth with great zest, like a gourmet savoring the masterpieces of some celebrated chef.

A sassy and sarcastic bird, the crow also likes to taunt mankind in a boisterous, raucous voice, which humans resent. His large size and black color are against him. He has had very poor public relations. Writers of children's storybooks about birds, when seeking a villain, almost invariably fasten upon the crow. Children, therefore, grow into adulthood infused with anticrow propaganda.

The result of all this is that regular wars have been declared on crows. They are assaulted with shotguns, high-powered rifles, longbows and traps, not to mention dynamite. In some areas they have been scouted and flushed with airplanes. Poisoned grain is sold for crows, and once there even was talk of using poisoned gas against them.

"And yet," says the United States Biological Survey, "the crow seems to hold its own. In the struggle for existence, undoubtedly the crow is the most successful North American bird."

There are now three general schools of thought on the slaying of crows. Members of one school apparently regard it as a contest of wits—not to say a holy crusade—against an utterly loathsome enemy. What interests them most is the size of their kills. Bert Popowski, of Aberdeen, South Dakota, is this group's most articulate voice. He once advised, "Shoot carefully, methodically, murderously; for the crow has not one redeeming trait. . . ."

Some hunters—clearly members of this school—claim to have slain over 450 crows in a single day with a shotgun. During several recent winters, Fritz Gottchalk, of Brunswick, Missouri, has captained crow-shooting teams, like the group of nine men that killed 8275 in six weeks to win first prize in the 1953 Missouri-Kansas Crow Killing Contest, sponsored by Ducks Unlimited. Mr. Gottchalk estimates that sportsmen have shot 80,000 crows in Carroll and Chariton counties, Missouri, during the past five years. (Continued on Page 57)

left: Br'er Crow as seen by Don Bleitz, famous photographer of birds.

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"Try ten thousand dollars and I will still say no," he said.

He usually liked big blond women—but this one tried to push him around.

The Immovable Man

By GERALD KERSH

"Too many blessings may be a curse," said Mr. Vara one day while he was pressing my trousers. His sign said:

WHILE-U-WAIT

And once he had your pants off and you were incarcerated in a little stall, you had to wait, for he worked with an old-fashioned fourteen-pound hand iron, with a certain deliberation which has driven nervous men into hysterics.

I once heard a traveling salesman beg Vara please to make it snappy because he had to catch a train. Vara said, "There are plenty of trains. Catch another train. Nothing is done in a hurry in Vara's shop."

To hear him talk with such calm majesty one might imagine that his was one of those cathedral-like establishments to be found in Savile Row or on Park Avenue. But he has the merest box of a tailor's shop on Columbus Avenue in New York City, squeezed in between MacGoogan's Box Barrage Bar and a pizzeria place.

He is not much to look at either: a shrimp of a man, with insignificant features curiously compressed in an expression of ineluctable obstinacy and a head of stiff gray hair.

"Too many blessings may be a curse. A mother is a blessing. I had three. I mean, my father married three times. Brothers and sisters are blessings. All in all"—he counted on his fingers—"I had thirteen. Only, as it happened, I was the only one who knew how to learn a trade and make a living.

"Children are a blessing and a comfort to a man in his old age. I have seven, so when I want a little peace and quiet to read a book, I go to the waiting room in Grand Central Station. A wife is a blessing. I am blessed with one, and she is blessed with ambition. So are all the children. I mean, ambition for me. But I am not ambitious. I am a craftsman, I am, and I won't stoop to ambition in the form of ready-mades and junk. No, sir, not Vara. You have met my wife?"

I had. She reminded me of a hornet after a spider is finished with it—there is nothing left but the sting. But I said, "Charming woman."

"Energetic," said Vara. "She has not stopped giving me hell for twenty-five years. And hell can be a blessing; (Continued on Page 102)

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They've Been Fighting 173 Years

By JOHN KOBLER

These Maryland and Virginia oystermen persist in their knife-and-gun warfare. And there's still little sign of a truce.

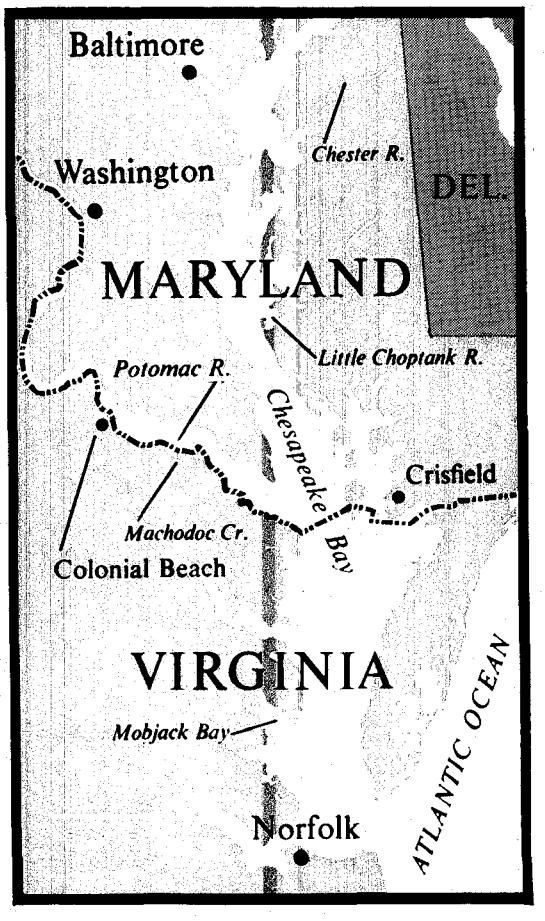
On the Wicomico River, a Maryland fisheries inspector examines a sample of a market boat's haul.

A strange war, which has intermittently roiled the inland waters of Virginia and Maryland for almost two centuries, today threatens to wax hotter than ever. The *casus belli* is the oyster that thickly lines the Potomac River and Chesapeake Bay bottoms, providing the chief source of livelihood for some 17,000 watermen. These watermen are a tough, proud, independent and combative breed, and amid the hostilities boats have been sunk and crew members killed.

Kept smoldering by commercial, political and social rivalries, the war has flared up at different periods of history over different issues, between constantly shifting alignments of belligerents. With knife and gun, Marylanders have battled Virginians in ferocious boundary disputes. Oystermen from both states have made common cause against the owners of private grounds and the police. At other times they have helped the police rout oyster pirates. In their own waters they have shot it out with patrol boats trying to enforce conservation laws. Tongers have fought dredgers, free-lance oysterers have campaigned against the entrenched packing companies.

At present the Potomac is the main theater of the oyster war. By ancient charter the river belongs to Maryland up to Virginia's high-water mark, but under a treaty dating from 1785, which the Marylanders bitterly regret, Virginians enjoy equal fishing rights. Virginia upholds the letter of Maryland's Tidewater Fisheries Commission regulations. Her own fisheries-commission boats also patrol the river. However, Virginia violently disagrees with her neighbor as to how and where oysters should be harvested. Thus, a sense of moral righteousness fortifies (Continued on Page 73)

The Virginia oystermen below are working the bottom with hand tongs because they are inside the Maryland line. In their own waters they could legally use the more profitable dredging method.



Above: Although the Potomac flows within Maryland borders, Virginians possess equal fishing rights. Thus the river has virtually become a no man's land.

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Hong Kong Defies Oblivion

This teeming British colony does business as usual smack under the nose of Red China, and continues to invest millions in progress. A Post editor reports from a city that lives at the edge of an abyss.

By HAROLD H. MARTIN

The huge development on Hong Kong's North Point (below) houses 12,000 persons. These units have been built on reclaimed lands leased from the government at low rates.

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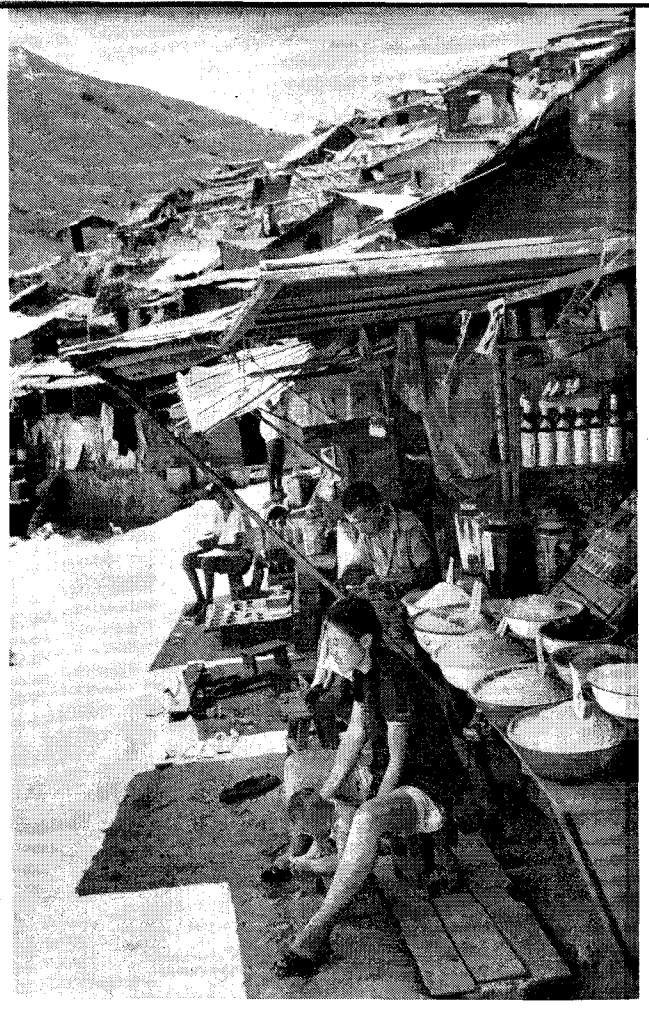
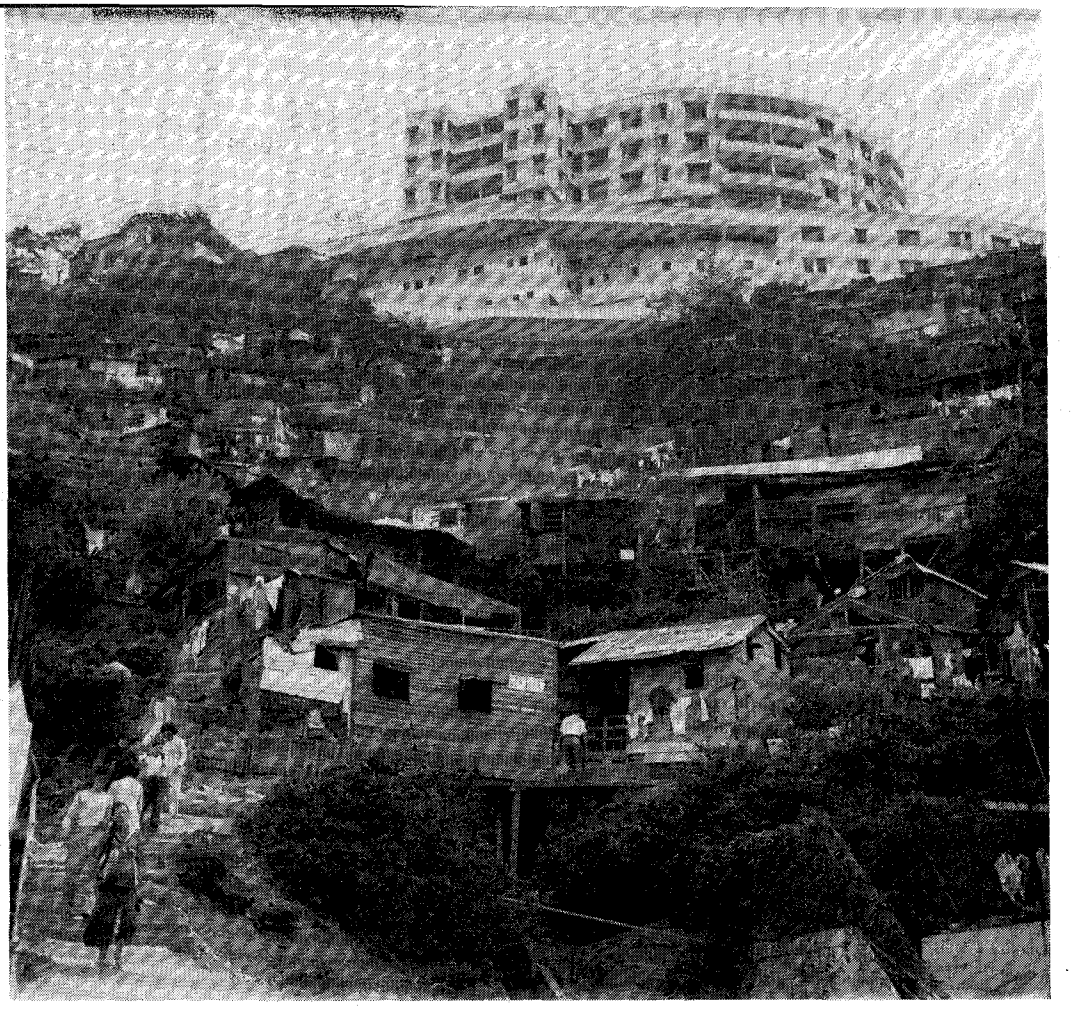


In the colony's mainland New Territories, the shacks of the Chinese refugee squatters engulf every inch of scarce space.



This massive hilltop apartment symbolizes the costly face lifting which Hong Kong is pushing forward heedless of the fact that it could all be swept away overnight.

HONG KONG.

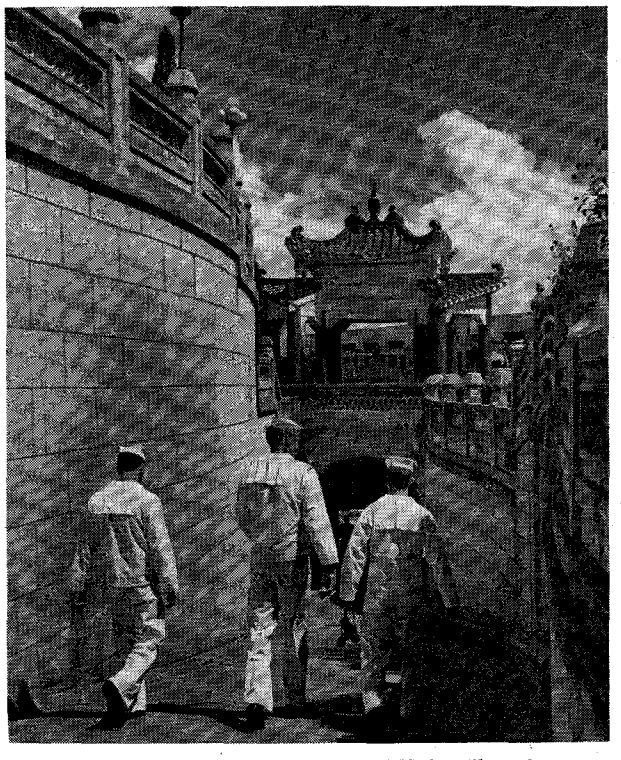
Sometimes, late in the evening, when the big ships are bellowing in Hong Kong harbor like cows at milking time, and the huge housing projects on the Kowloon Hills are glowing like golden honeycombs against the dark skies over Red China, Mr. Jock Murray, a dour man by nature, speaks with moving eloquence of his city and the miracle that has been wrought here in the past few years.

When the Red guns were thundering against Quemoy, and the Red government was hinting ominously that Hong Kong might be the next to feel her power, his words took on a strange, mixed quality; a blended song of praise and requiem. Only yesterday, says Mr. Murray, who is Her Majesty's director of information here, no reasonable man would claim that Hong Kong had a soul. She was what she had always been, since the first British traders settled on the barren rocks overlooking East Asia's finest harbor 117 years ago. She was a trading post, a warehouse and a mammoth general store, and she had no nobler motive than to buy and sell. To her deep harbor, sheltered by high hills from the typhoons blowing out of the China Sea, junks and sampans brought the ores and fibers and timbers of China and the Far East. On her wharves and docks big ships unloaded all the wares manufactured in the Western world. Her job was simply to receive these goods, bale and package them and pass them on to their final destination. The men who carried out these tasks, from the coolie manhandling cargoes on the water front to the taipan in his moldy castle on The Peak, were sojourners only. Their common goal was to make their fortunes and return in their old age to their native places, to Kwangtung or the Cotswolds. Their loyalty was not to Hong Kong, but to trade.

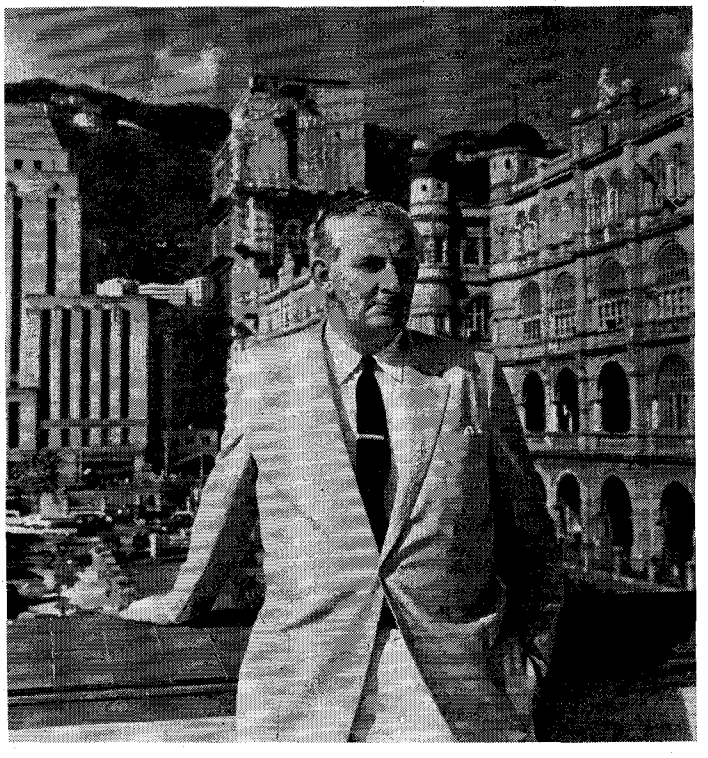
The zeal to trade—and to survive—is still Hong Kong's most powerful motivation. Only a few years ago Sir Alexander Grantham, Hong Kong's most able governor of modern times, was saying in a public speech: "We are just simple traders here, and we want to get on with our daily round and common task. This may not be very noble, but it does not disturb others. We do not feel we have a mandate to reform the rest of the world."

(Continued on Page 75)

Despite the Red threat, Linden Johnson (left) an American capitalist, set up this new textile factory.



Hong Kong, a favorite liberty port of U.S. sailors, has seen fewer American uniforms since the crisis over Quemoy.



"If we have to go tomorrow, we can go with our heads held high," says colony official Jock Murray.

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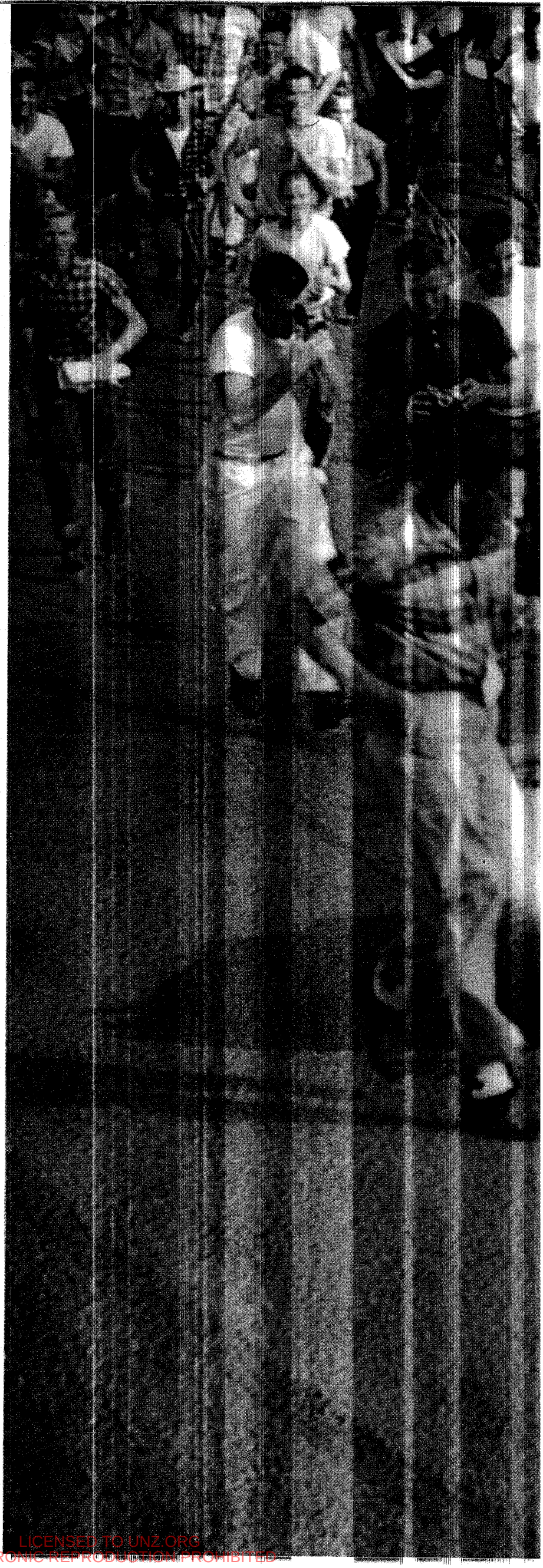
The Face of AMERICA

FLIP

The Warhampton Motor Club had 85 entries in its recent fall hill climb at Springtown, Pa. . . . an event in which sports cars race against time, accelerating up a steep, twisting grade from a standing start to a flying finish. Each car had two chances to make the 1.2-mile run, the better of its two times to stand. Jim Petrakis, a young auto dealer of Bethlehem, Pa., made his first run up the 25% incline in 68.3161 seconds—good enough for 22nd place. But on his second run he flipped at the first turn, a sharp switchback about 500 yards from the start. He is shown, under his British-made Triumph, as a contingent of the 5000 spectators rushes to assist, to look, or shoot pictures, according to their several inclinations. The event was held on a public road, for the benefit of the local fire department, with township police patrolling the course. Fastest time was recorded by a powerful Corvette—59.9655 seconds (about 72 m.p.h.). No one was hurt except Petrakis, and he got out of it with only minor cuts. Likewise the car suffered only a smashed windshield and body dents. The spill didn't bother Petrakis. "But my wife," he says, "with another baby on the way, she's not so keen on my doing this any more."

Photograph by James H. Yeager



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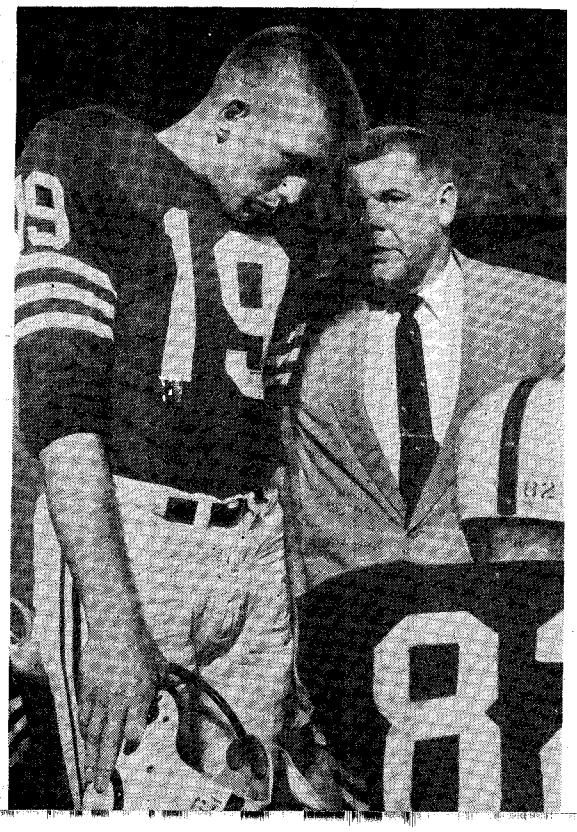
Against the Giants, Quarterback Unitas (No. 19) gets off one of his characteristic "last gasp" passes. The Giants' Bill Svoboda (No. 30) tackled Unitas, but too late.

The Passer Nobody Wanted

Below: Johnny with Colts' Coach Ewbank, who says his star "works at the job seven days a week all year round."



As a football player, Johnny Unitas regularly failed to impress college and pro coaches alike. Here's how the Baltimore Colts' key man finally made the grade.

By Jimmy Breslin

When a National Football League quarterback works at his specialty of throwing forward passes, he seldom has much time to get rid of the ball. Those huge, mayhem-minded pro linemen can be blocked out for only so long. Then the quarterback who is a trifle slow on a pass play is flirting with hospitalization.

Johnny Unitas, of the Baltimore Colts, is one quarterback who never seems to give this a thought. He will hold the ball until the last possible moment. Many times he gets his pass off while being pulled down by opponents. Yet he invariably comes through it all in one piece. The only mark on his pleasant, square-rigged face is a faint scar over the right eye, and that is from a childhood accident. He also has all his teeth.

Johnny's last-gasp style of passing has been harder on rival secondary defenses than it has on him. Last year Unitas—whose Lithuanian name is pronounced "you-NIGHT-us"—topped all N.F.L. passers in yardage gained, with 2550, and in touchdown passes, with twenty-four. He led a chronic second-division team to within one game of a title play-off. Unitas was named (Continued on Page 105)

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TAKE A CHANCE ON A STRANGER

By WILLIAM HEUMAN

How could she be sure he wasn't just trying to get away with a new kind of approach?

If someone had told me, six weeks before, that on this sweltering Saturday afternoon I would be sitting on the beach at Coney Island, Brooklyn, within eight inches of a remarkably pretty girl in a lavender bathing suit, I would have called him a clairvoyant of the most nonsensical order. But then, stranger things than this have occurred at the ultramodern rocket center at Baisley Village. For instance, we now have a satellite in outer space which already has circled the earth eight thousand, nine hundred and forty-two times, including, by my own computation, the three hundred and sixty-seven times it has made the trip since I arrived in New York City and was informed by an officer on the beat that the nearest beach where I could cool off was Coney Island.

"There will, of course, be women on the beach," I said to the officer, "with at least fourteen per cent unattached girls?"

The police officer was a big man with reddish hair which even grew in profusion on the backs of his hands. He said, "Fourteen per cent unattached girls?"

"I have usually estimated that number on a public beach," I informed him, "and I presume Coney Island is a public beach."

"It's a public beach, mister," he said, and then he rubbed his nose, and he looked at the police call box on the wall nearby, and I could see that he was wondering if he ought to call in and ask his superior for further instructions in this case. "Whadda you want with fourteen per cent unattached girls?" he asked.

I didn't want to go into a long explanation on a public street corner. I said, "I just wanted to make sure that there would be plenty of girls at Coney Island."

"You'll find Coney Island so crowded this afternoon," he told me, (Continued on Page 50)

"I believe I made it quite clear," she said, "that I do not want to be picked up this afternoon or any afternoon."

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The Case of the GREEDY GRANDPA

By ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

Mason's sleuthing revealed the bloodstains—but not the murder.

"I want you," Mervin Selkirk told Norda Allison, "and what I want, I get." But his threats did not keep Norda from breaking their engagement. Soon afterward, she began to receive letters containing newspaper clippings of gruesome murders. Norda was sure that Selkirk was responsible for the letters, and she feared that her life was in danger. She appealed to Lorraine Jennings, Selkirk's first wife and the mother of his small son, Robert.

Lorraine and her new husband, Barton Jennings, offered to help Norda and invited her to their home. In the middle of the night, Norda heard a shot. Then she found that little Robert had disappeared. While searching for him, Norda stumbled onto the printing press used to address the anonymous letters. Horrified, Norda told her story to Perry Mason, famous criminal lawyer. He went with her to accuse Lorraine and Barton Jennings of sending the letters.

II

Mason eased his car to a stop in front of the house Norda indicated.

"Well," Mason said, "they're undoubtedly up by now. I saw someone moving by the window."

He opened the car door, went around and assisted Norda Allison and Della Street from the car. The trio walked up the wide concrete walk to the porch and Mason rang the bell.

Lorraine Jennings opened the door. "Well, for heaven's sake!" she exclaimed. "What in the world happened to you, Norda? We thought you were sleeping and didn't want to disturb you, and then finally I went up to your room and you were gone. What in the world happened? And who are these people?"

"Permit me," Mason said. "My name is Perry Mason. I'm an attorney at law. This is Miss Della Street, my confidential secretary."

Lorraine Jennings' jaw fell open. For a moment she was absolutely speechless. Then she called over her shoulder, "Barton!"

A man's voice answered, "What is it, dear?"

"Come here," she said, "quick! . . . No, no, not quick! I forgot about your arthritis."

She turned quickly to Norda. "Barton's arthritis bothered him again last night. It's his knee and he's walking with a cane this morning, and ——"

They heard the sound of the cane, of steps, and Barton Jennings stood in the doorway.

"Barton," she said, "Norda has shown up with Perry Mason, the attorney, and this is Miss Della Street, his secretary."

Barton's face showed a flash of quick surprise, then he bowed gravely to Della Street, shook hands with Perry Mason and said, "Well, Lorraine, what's holding us up? Invite them in. . . . Have you folks had breakfast?"

Lorraine hesitated, then stood to one side. "Yes," she said, "do come in. . . . What about breakfast, Norda?"

"I've had breakfast," Norda said shortly.

"And so have we," Mason said. "I want to talk to you about a rather serious matter. I am at the moment representing Miss Allison, and something happened early this morning which disturbed her greatly. I would like to discuss it, but I want you to understand that I am an attorney and that I'm representing Miss Allison. If you care to have an attorney of your own here, I would suggest you get in touch with him or you can refer me to your attorney. But there are certain things which should be explained."

"Well, for heaven's sake!" Lorraine Jennings said. "What in the world are you talking about? . . . Norda, what is this?"

Norda said, "It's something I found, Lorraine. It proves exactly what you were trying to do. What ——"

"Just a minute," Mason said. "Let me handle this, if you will, please, Miss Allison. And I suggest we all go inside."

"Well, I'd certainly like to know what happened," Lorraine said, leading the way into a living room. "Please do sit down and let's try and get this situation unscrambled. I've never been so absolutely bewildered in my life. I went up to Norda's room and found she'd left. . . . Well, I guess we owe you an apology, Norda. We slept pretty late. We're usually up and have breakfast a lot earlier. What in the world possessed you to leave, and when did you leave? If you were hungry why didn't you just go out in the kitchen and look in the icebox? We had fruit juice, eggs ——"

"Never mind that," Norda said. "Something happened which disturbed me."

"I think," Barton Jennings said to Mason, "you'd better start talking, Mr. Mason."

"Would you care to be represented by counsel?" Mason asked.

Barton Jennings seemed to be trying to wash something away.

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"Let's move these boxes," Mason said. "You said there was a box containing a package of envelopes?"

"Heavens, no!" Jennings said impatiently. "We've tried to accommodate Norda Allison. We wanted to do her a favor. Now, if you have anything to say, please go ahead and say it."

Mason said, "Did you know Miss Allison had been getting offensive matter in stamped envelopes which had been addressed by a small, hand-printing press? The letters containing clippings of ——"

"Of course, we did," Lorraine interrupted. "That's one of the reasons I had Norda come down here. Mervin Selkirk was bombarding her with those clippings, trying to frighten her. The poor child, I know exactly what she went through. Mervin can be the most polite, suave, polished sadist you ever saw in your life, and then ——"

Barton Jennings interrupted his wife to say, "Just a moment, Lorraine. Let's let Mr. Mason tell us what he has in his mind."

Mason said, "I believe you know the address on those envelopes had been printed on a small hand press, Mrs. Jennings?"

"Of course I did. I'm the one that suggested to Norda she check on a small printing press Mervin had given our son, Robert. As I understand it, the postal authorities got hold of that press and checked it, but the envelopes couldn't have been printed on that press; the type wasn't the same."

Mason nodded gravely and said, "Miss Allison was restless this morning. She got up early, walked out into the patio and then went into a rumpus room. There's a storage room down below. She took the stairs down to the storage room."

"The old basement," Lorraine interposed.

"I suppose I had no right to," Norda apologized. "I was restless and no one seemed to be up."

"Norda, please," Lorraine pleaded. "You're our house (Continued on Page 84)

Illustrated by James R. Bingham

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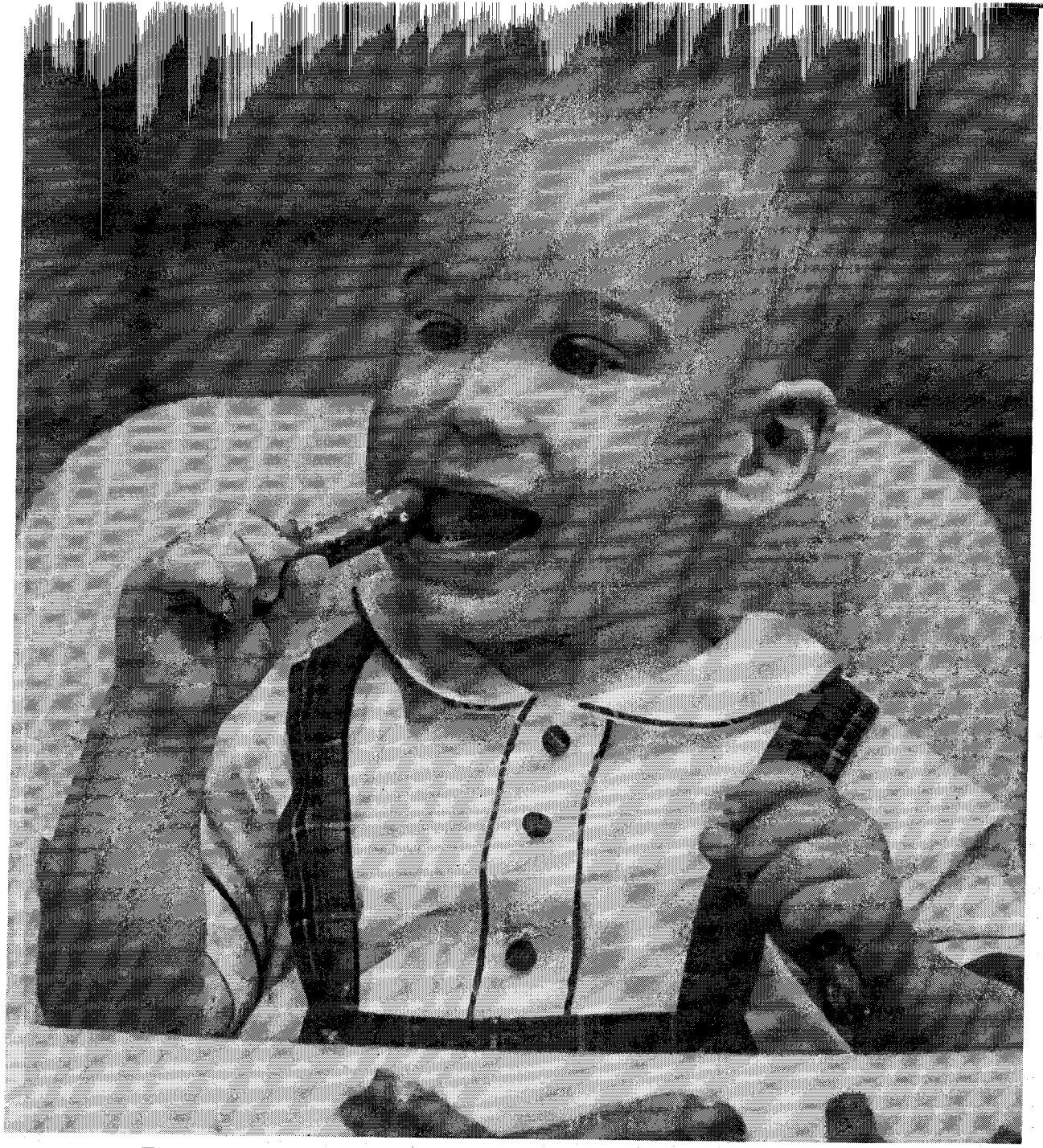
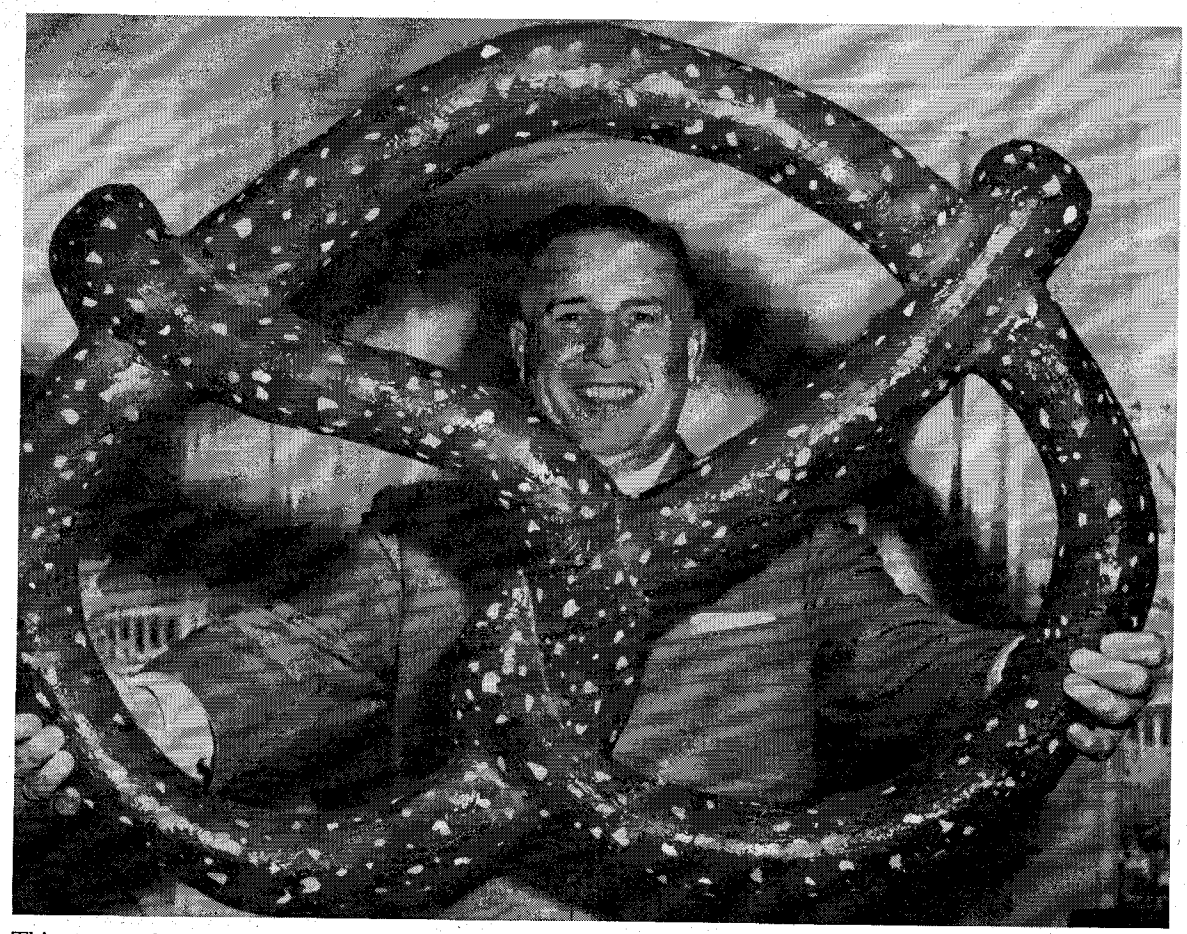
Crazy Over Pretzels

Those traditional twists of salty dough have more to them than you think. And some people even eat them for breakfast . . .

By RICHARD GEHMAN



The baby is gnawing on one of Mrs. Anna Quinlan's "teething pretzels," an extra-hard, untwisted variety containing wheat germ. There are also chocolate-covered, cheese-flavored and saltless pretzels.



This mammoth pretzel is the campaign emblem of Arthur T. McGonigle, Republican candidate for governor of Pennsylvania and a prominent pretzel manufacturer.

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Of all the strange, single-minded passions which sometimes grip people in our society, perhaps none is more peculiar than that of Alex Tisdale, a tall, distinguished-looking, sixtyish citizen of Pottstown, Pennsylvania. Tisdale is goofy over pretzels. His entire life revolves around pretzels—and so, for that matter, do the lives of his wife, Marie, and his dog, whose name is Pretzel.

As though to demonstrate his undying ardor for pretzels, Tisdale wears a tie clasp with a small metal pretzel on it, sets fire to cigarettes with a lighter emblazoned with a pretzel, and knocks ashes into trays decorated with an intertwined pretzel motif. He also eats pretzels at every possible opportunity. For breakfast every morning he crumbles a huge handful of pretzels into a bowl, pours over cream and sugar and eats them like cereal. For lunch he eats cheese and pretzels or, sometimes, pretzel soup, an old Pennsylvania Dutch dish made by soaking pretzels in warm milk. He insists that his wife use only pretzel stuffing in roast fowl, and for dessert he prefers a custard pie with a crust made of ground-up pretzels.

Tisdale's passion for pretzels has roots, as one might suspect, in economic interest. He was a pretzel baker himself, in Easton, Pennsylvania, until he retired in 1953. Then he found he could not bear not to be actively involved with pretzels in some capacity. When the National Pretzel Bakers Institute asked him to be its executive secretary, Tisdale leaped to accept. Since then the Tisdales have been spreading pretzel gospel everywhere, via television, radio, newspapers and conversations with cab drivers and total strangers.

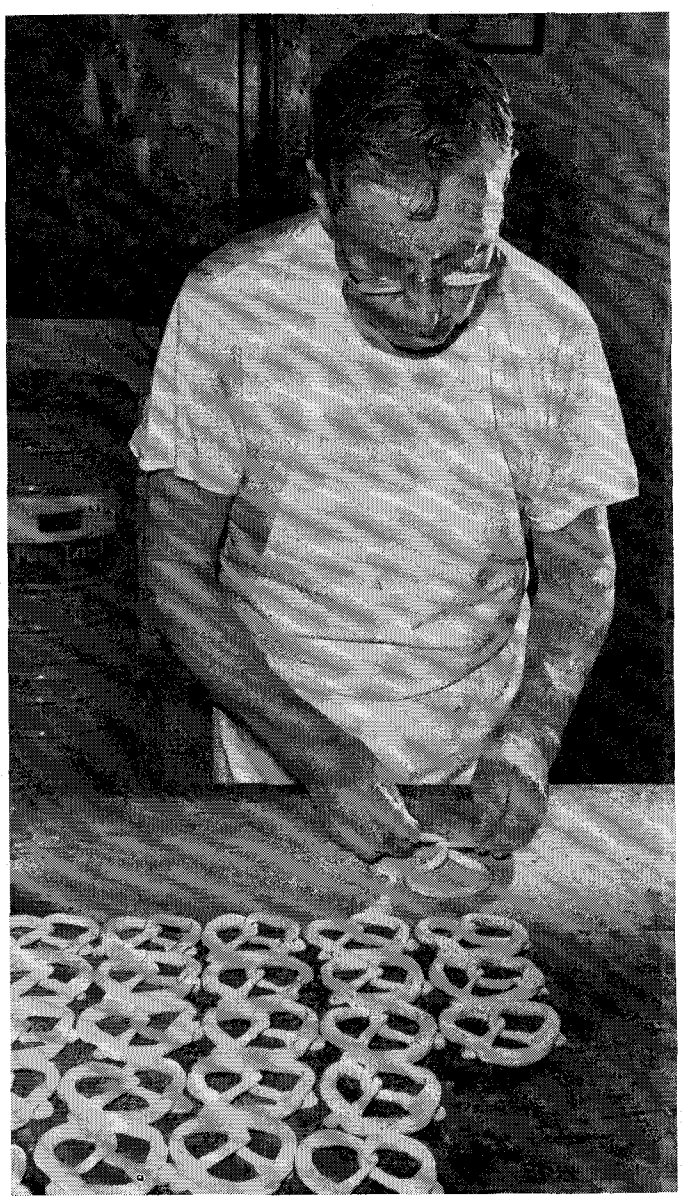
That Tisdale's campaign has paid off is proved by figures showing that pretzels are now in the big-business class. Last year the nation's bakers produced about 300,000,000 pounds and sold them for approximately $90,000,000. Once eaten almost exclusively in barrooms as a pleasant, crunchy, absorbent accompaniment to beer, they are now served in some of the higher-glossed and expensive New York and Hollywood saloons as well. And lately they have been gaining more and more popularity in homes.

Pretzels are popular in the Middle Atlantic and Midwestern states, and in the Far West and Northwest. About the only sections where pretzels have yet to catch on are the South and the Southwest.

There are many reasons for pretzels' spiraling popularity. The rise of television is one, the bakers say. A pretzel does not have to be watched to be eaten, which makes it a good snack for people staring at TV screens.

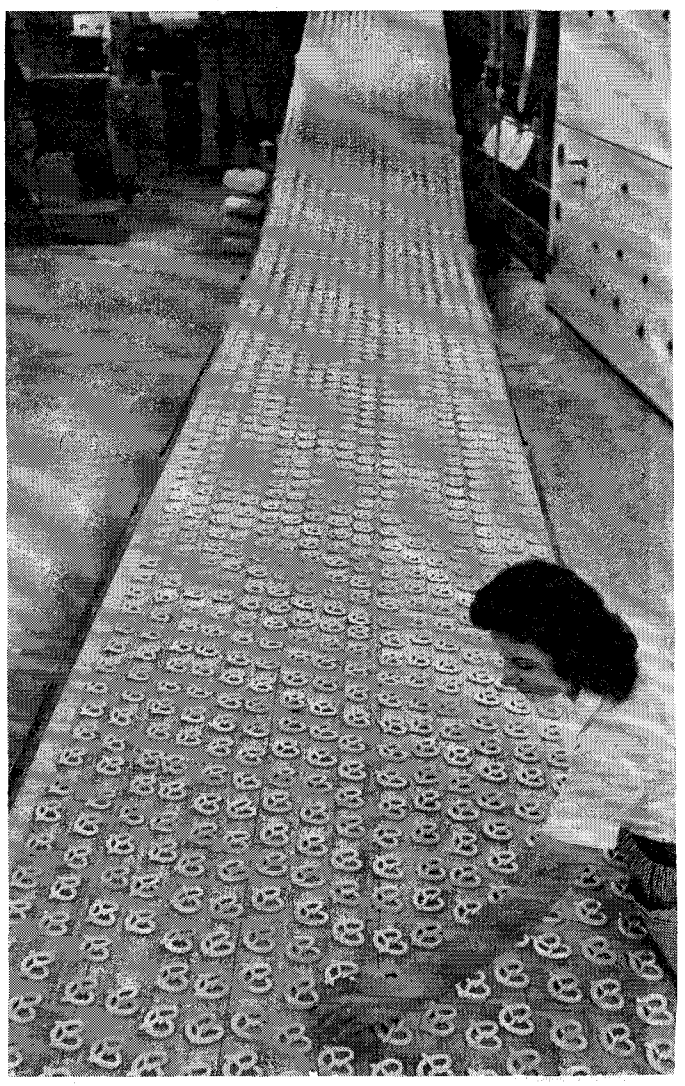
Modern manufacturing methods also have been a factor in putting more pretzels into circulation. Until a very few years ago, all pretzels were hand-twisted, or bent, and put manually into ovens. Today's big bakeries use pretzel-bending machines which send the biscuits automatically into the ovens.

The two principal types of pretzels are known in the trade as hard and soft. The former is better known; the latter, pretzel historians say, is older. Pretzels are made from a dough similar to that used for bread, prepared from wheat flour, yeast, salt and water. Some manufacturers use molasses for fermentation, some use malts; the (Continued on Page 96)



Pretzel twisters have been plying their art for over 1000 years, and it is said that each "artist" has his own style.

Although diehards say, "No pretzel made by a machine tastes like a handmader," almost all pretzelmakers today have mechanized plants.



Above: Alex Tisdale is executive secretary and chief pretzel promoter of the National Pretzel Bakers Institute. His wife (left) proclaims her pretzel loyalty with her hat, her earrings and her brooch.

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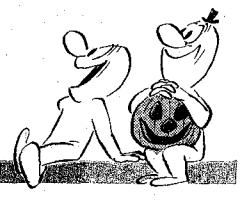
Post Scripts



Favorite Dish

My friend, these compliments you pay
  Are flattery outlandish.
No softer soap has come my way,
  For, brother, can you blandish!

I guess you take me for a sap
  Who'll swallow plenty of it.
You never were so right, old chap,
  So carry on. I love it!

PENNY PENNINGTON

Modest Me

People who know me are fully agreed
That I am a person who's humble indeed.
And all are aware of the reason, no doubt:
I've got a great deal to be humble about.

RICHARD WHEELER

The Legal Aspects of Rock 'n Roll

KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS: That the undersigned (herein called WRITER) for good and valuable consideration . . . hereby gives, grants and assigns unto TIN PAN-AMERICANA PRODUCTIONS (herein called STUDIO) . . . those certain original lyrics (herein referred to as THE WORK), a copy of which, marked EXHIBIT "A," is attached hereto and made a part hereof . . . together with all rights in and to THE WORK . . . including the right to copyright THE WORK in all countries of the world . . . to record, televise, broadcast, publicize, distribute and advertise THE WORK. . . .

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EXHIBIT "A"
THE WORK

Get with the music, Sugar,
  Let's shrug off all our blues—
A-hoppin' and a-boppin'
And a-shakin' in our shoes.
Let's take the train to Endsville
  And let the world go by
'Cause the one who's smitten with you, Kitten,
  Is I, I, I!

Oh, Baby, Oh, Baby, Oh, Baby, Oh!
I love you, I love you, I love you so!
Don't take your charms outa my arms,
Oh, Baby, Oh, Baby, Oh, Baby, Oh!

RICHARD NEVILLE

Telephone Conversations That Wear Me to a Frazzle

"Hi, pal! This is Stanley. You've been on my mind and I thought I'd . . ."

"Stanley, old man! How are things way out there in California?"

"Could you talk a little louder? I didn't quite understand what you ——"

"I SAID HOW ARE THINGS WAY OUT THERE IN CALIF——"

"Wait a minute, pal; let me shake up this receiver a little so I can hear you clearer. . . . There; how's that?"

"I didn't catch that, Stanley."

"I SAID HOW'S THAT?"

"That's better."

"I beg your pardon?"

"I SAID THAT'S ——"

"Ha-woe!"

"Hello, little girl. Is your daddy in?"

"Ha-woe!"

"Hello. I say, is your daddy in?"

"Who you?"

"I'm —— Look; may I speak with your daddy, please!"

"GLenmore 6-0923?"

"Yes."

"Ready on your long-distance call to Jonesboro, Arkansas. Go ahead, please."

"Hello; is that you, Newt? . . . Hello. . . . Hello. . . ."

"Did your party answer, sir?"

"No."

"One moment, please. . . . Ready, now, on your call, sir. Go ahead."

"Hello, is that you, Newt? . . . Hello. . . . Hello. . . ."

VERNON H. KURTZ

"Are you nuts? You don't even know them!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

". . . the situation is such that—birthday present from the wife—we must face up to a potential increase in costs."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

M'm! Good!
Nourishing
good
every time
...'cause it's
Campbell's!

Have you had your soup today?

Have a bowlful of sunny contentment – Campbell's Chicken Noodle Soup. Steaming . . . with delicate fragrant broth. Delicious . . . with tender chicken bites. Golden . . . with enriched egg noodles – the kind that melt in your mouth. *Everybody* loves soup. And Campbell's is quick – 4 minutes. Thrifty–7¢ a bowl. How easy to have the happy habit–once a day...every day–SOUP!

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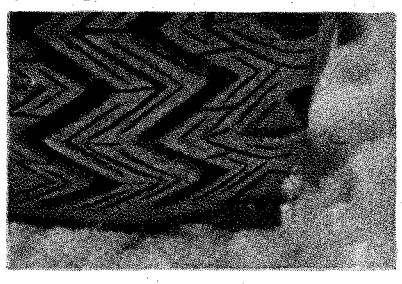
GUARANTEED* TO GO THRU ICE, MUD

[and unmatched for whine-free

You get triple-action traction only in Firestone

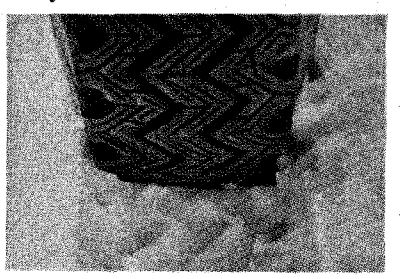
**Firestone Town & Country tires will pull you through, or your Firestone Dealer or Store will refund tow charges.*

1 PULLING ACTION—No more spinning when these traction-action bars bite in and take hold! Yet on dry roads you get whine-free quiet, and Firestone Rubber-X assures long care-free mileage comparable to regular passenger car tires.

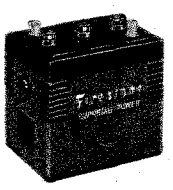


2 NON-SKID ACTION—Sharp, action-angled cleats molded in the extra-width tread are powerful non-skid forces in themselves. And their design also features thousands of almost invisible Skid-Resisters for extra gripping action on wet or icy surfaces.

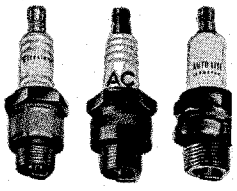
3 SELF CLEANING ACTION—As Firestone winter tires revolve, centrifugal force ejects snow or mud from the tread—helps prevent "packing up." This self-cleaning action keeps the tread clean and sharp—ready for instant-traction action.



STOP ONCE AT



Avoid starting worries this winter by installing a new Firestone Dri-Charge Battery in your car. They're always fresh because power-producing acid is not added until battery is installed.



Get quick, positive starting and save your car battery this winter by installing a set of new Firestone, AC or Auto-Lite Spark Plugs in your car at your nearby Firestone Dealer or Store.

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Town and Country Tires!

'IRESTONE AND GET SET TO GO ALL WINTER

Don't let the first winter cold snap catch you unprepared. Protect your car radiator NOW with Firestone Frigitone, the permanent antifreeze, or long-lasting Firestone Frigitol.

Good brakes are vital to safe carefree winter driving. Firestone Matched Set Brake Lining assures you of safe, dependable stopping power on any roads, in any weather all the year round.

Before you put antifreeze in your car, be sure to install new Firestone Radiator Hose. And don't forget to have your Firestone Dealer or Store put on a new Firestone Fan Belt TODAY!

Start the winter right by having your radiator flushed with Firestone Radiator Cleaner and Rust Inhibitor. And be sure to have a new Firestone Oil Filter installed to protect your car's engine.

Firestone Town & Country Deluxe Winter Tread

price $16.99

Size 6.70-15, black, plus tax and your recappable tire.

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Firestone

BETTER RUBBER FROM START TO FINISH

Enjoy the Voice of Firestone every Monday evening on ABC television

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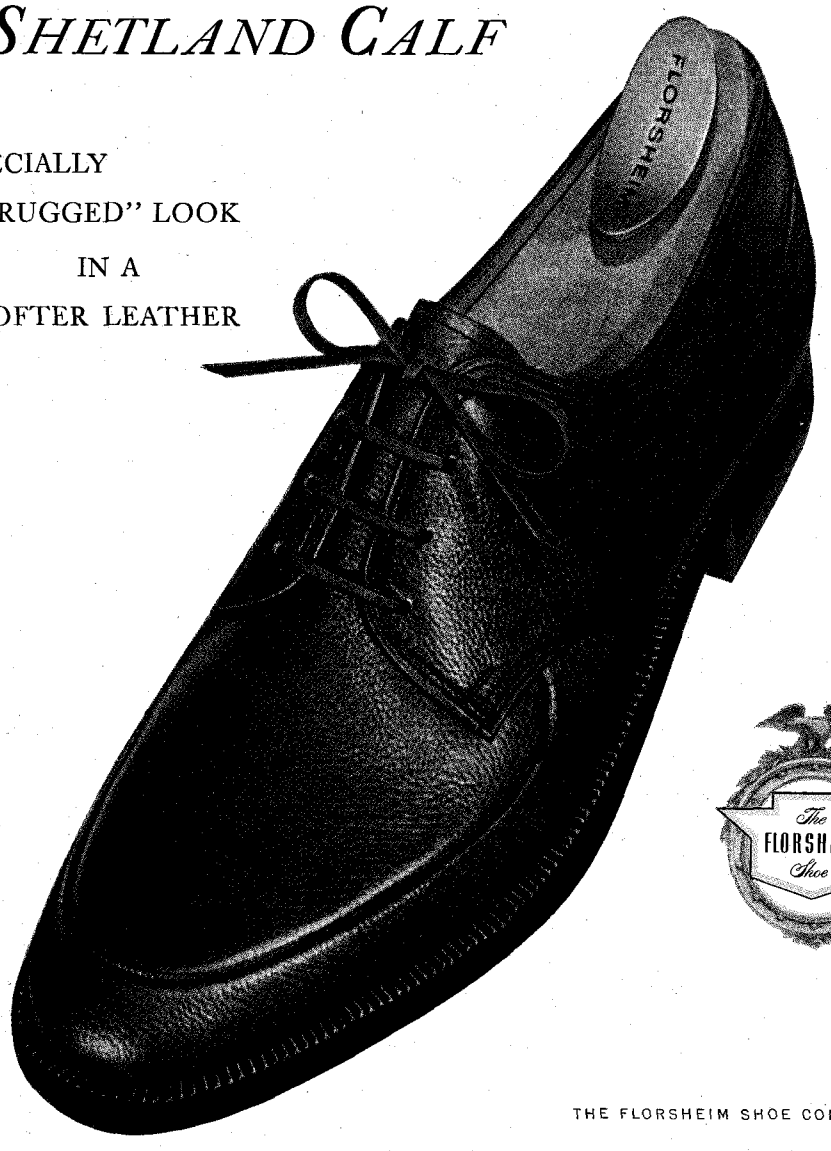
It's the
AMERICAN
LOOK!

FLORSHEIM

GENUINE SHETLAND CALF

TANNED ESPECIALLY
TO BRING YOU THE "RUGGED" LOOK
IN A
SOFTER LEATHER



Here are shoes styled *by* men—*for* men—and made the way men like shoes! Tough and rugged to the eye; soft and flexible to the foot—shoes that grow old so gracefully they actually cost *less* in the long run. Made in America—by Florsheim, and every pair downright "man-right!"

The FLORSHEIM Shoe

Illustrated: the KENMOOR *in Genuine Shetland Calf*

Upper left, 31639; wing tip blucher, $20.95
Upper right, 31640; straight tip blucher, $19.95
Center, 31641; mocc-front blucher, $19.95

Other Florsheim Styles $18.95 *and higher*

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY • CHICAGO 6 • MAKERS OF FINE SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN
A DIVISION OF INTERNATIONAL SHOE COMPANY

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"I would like to have my palm read," the prime minister said. "But I would like it to be in private."

The Ugly American **PART FIVE**

The Swami From Savannah

By WILLIAM J. LEDERER and EUGENE BURDICK

The secret of Sarkhanese psychology was a potent weapon for the United States.

To learn how to combat Communist influence in Sarkhan, U. S. Ambassador Gilbert MacWhite visited other countries that had a similar problem. In the Philippines, MacWhite heard of Colonel Edwin B. Hillandale, a one-man sales force for the U.S.A. Believing that Hillandale might be the best person to show the Sarkhanese what Americans were really like, MacWhite asked him to come to the small Asian country. MacWhite had not returned from his tour when Hillandale arrived in Sarkhan. In MacWhite's absence, George Swift, a "comer" in foreign service, was chargé d'affaires.

V

Playing his harmonica softly, Col. Edwin B. Hillandale of the United States Air Force and Savannah, Georgia, ambled down the Street of the White Crocodile in Haidho. He was trying to learn Nging Gho Hrignostina, which is Sarkhan's national anthem. Every few minutes the colonel would stop a Sarkhanese and play a version of Nging Gho Hrignostina. Then, with gesticulations, appealing grimaces and laughter, he would persuade the Sarkhanese to hum the anthem.

But learning the national anthem of Sarkhan wasn't the only thing the colonel was doing. He was, as he expressed it, "Seeing what makes this burg tick before MacWhite comes back from his trip." Ambassador MacWhite had got Colonel Hillandale on loan from Manila for two months. The colonel noticed that there were a great many pawnshops in Haidho and concluded that the city people were in bad economic straits. He observed the shops which sold betel nuts, tobacco and native medicines. He had seen a clerk in one of them pass something from under the counter and guessed that opium was being sold. He went by fruit stands piled high with red pomegranates, yellow pomelos, pink-brown bananas and green apples, and passed walking flower vendors carrying great baskets of sweet fragrance.

The thing which the colonel noticed most, however, was the large number of signs advertising palmistry and astrology establishments. These places had a clean, elegant, respectable look, rather like the offices of fashionable physicians in America. And the shingles which the astrologists and

(Continued on Page 98)

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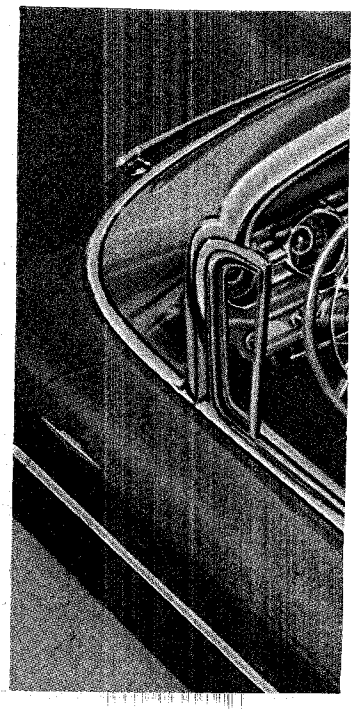
Trim . . . Tailored . . . Terrific . . . and America's Number

If you like your action taut—and sheathed in clean, crisp lines—Pontiac '59 is the one car that wraps up everything you want on the grandest, most glorious scale you've ever known!

It starts with wide-track wheels for unsurpassed road-hugging stability—and a new, low look no narrow gauge car can hope to imitate. Beneath the glamour you'll find all the best of the new ideas: Air-Cooled True-Contour Brakes for safer stops, unvarying control . . . vista-lounge interiors with full 360-degree visibility and seats *wider than a sofa* . . . Vista-Panoramic windshield that curves up into the roof . . . long-lasting Magic-Mirror finish that keeps its new-car luster up to five times longer—the most durable car finish known.

In the performance department, the industry's most modern power plant reaches new perfection in the Tempest 420 V-8, so free of vibration and sound you almost forget it's there. *And there's an amazing new economy engine, optional at no extra cost, that gives you V-8 muscle with the extra mileage of a much smaller engine—and performs its miracles on regular gas!*

But that's only part of the story. Come in and discover *all* the big and wonderful things that have happened to America's Number One Road Car!



On TV—See Pontiac's Victor Borge Show, November 29—CBS-TV

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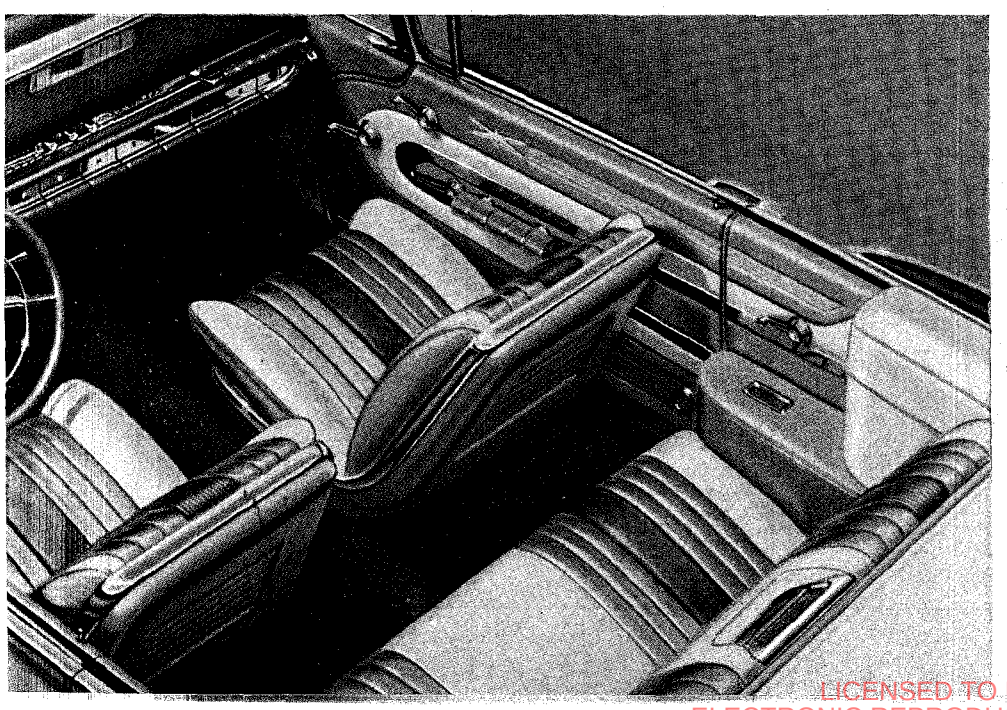
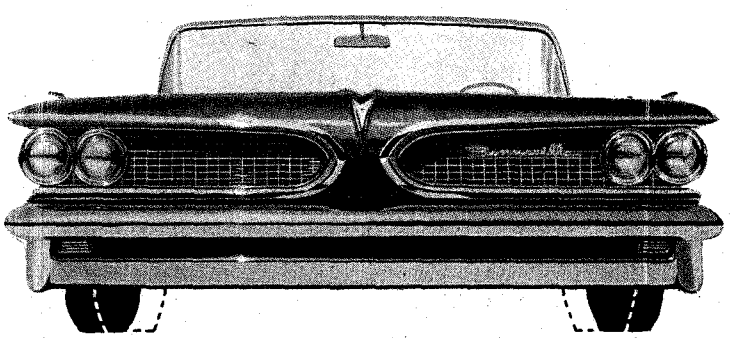
You get the solid quality of Body by Fisher.

① Road Car!





EXCLUSIVELY YOURS—*WIDE-TRACK* WHEELS

The wheels are moved out 5 inches for the widest, steadiest stance in America—better cooling for engine and brakes, far better grip on the road, safer cornering, smoother ride, easier handling. *You get the most beautiful roadability you've ever known—in America's Number ① Road Car!*

PONTIAC!

CATALINA • STAR CHIEF • BONNEVILLE

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Take a Chance on a Stranger (Continued from Page 37)

"that the girls will be steppin' in your mouth, the attached an' the unattached. An' another thing. We got cops down at Coney Island too. Just remember that, mister."

I thanked him and walked toward the subway entrance to which he'd directed me, and I knew that he was watching me suspiciously all the way.

It would have taken quite some time, though, to have told him about those rows upon rows of cute little cottages at Baisley Village, so many of them that they had even assigned to me, a bachelor of twenty-seven, a two-bedroom house, complete with all kitchen facilities.

Bob Creighton, a rocket expert living in the next cottage, had first planted the idea in my mind, even though I will admit there had been more or less of a biological impulse to go with it.

"The human race," Creighton had said, "must be propagated, Fred. You're not doing your part living all alone in a cottage like that. You should be married and raising a family like the rest of us."

This, of course, made sense, and gave me another reason, along with the biological impulse, to look for a wife.

"You should go to New York," Bob had told me. "New York is full of beautiful and intelligent women. You have three weeks coming to you this summer. Why not take a run up there and look around? There are no single girls down here."

This made sense, and it was the reason I was now sitting on the beach at Coney Island, and very close to a girl in a lavender bathing suit. I had not sat next to her deliberately, but I had managed to locate a spot which seemed to have only about ten persons on it per fifty square feet instead of a dozen or more as was the ratio everywhere else, and the girl with the lavender suit happened to be in this square. She had dark hair, cut short and curled on top, and I noticed that she had a rather small, pert nose.

She was reading a book, a novel, not a book I would be particularly interested in; but a girl reading a book was better than a girl not reading a book. At least it alluded to intelligence.

I could do no more, then, than open the conversation, this being the reason I had come to New York City, and ultimately to Coney Island.

I said, "I would like to introduce myself. I am Frederick E. Parkinson."

The girl in the lavender suit turned her head. She looked at me for a moment, and then she said, "It sounds like a brand of coffee."

Then she turned back to her book, and I was left sitting there, listening to the roar of the surf and the hum of a million persons.

"I did not get your name," I told her.

"I didn't tell it to you," she retorted, and the fattish man next to me on the sand, wearing a rather dirty sailor hat, grinned and shook his head in commiseration. Evidently, Coney Island was not the place where a man could have a private conversation with a girl.

I said, "I regret having to sit so close to you, madam, but there wasn't too much room anywhere else."

"Don't apologize," she said without looking up from the book.

The fat man winked at me, and I took this for encouragement.

"If it interests you," I said to the girl, "there are approximately one million, one hundred and twenty-five thousand persons on the beach this afternoon. That is figured at the ratio of twenty persons to every hundred and fifty square feet. I ascertained the length of the beach on a folder I read coming down on the train, and the approximate width from the boardwalk to the high-tide mark. At low tide I would estimate the beach could accommodate another eighty-five thousand figured at the same ratio, and with the same proportion of adults and children."

I watched her lower the book, and I noticed that the fat man's jaw was sagging a little.

"Listen," the girl said, "what are you, mister?"

"I'm a physicist," I told her.

"I've met all kinds on this beach," she told me. "You are the first physicist."

"Thank you," I said.

"It was not meant as a compliment," she informed me. "Physicists can be wolves just as easily as bankers or lawyers."

I noticed that the fat man was back on the beam with us again, leaning forward, the dirty sailor hat tilted on his head. I said, "Couldn't we discuss these matters in a more private place?"

"What did you have in mind?" the girl in the lavender suit sneered. "Your apartment?"

"Why not the boardwalk?" I suggested. I had noticed that the boardwalk, while quite crowded, was not as bad as the beach.

She turned to look me squarely in the face now. "I believe," she said slowly, "that I made it quite clear that I do not wish to be picked up this afternoon, or any afternoon."

"I had no such intention," I informed her. "I merely thought that inasmuch as we have been thrown into such close juxtaposition on this beach it was foolish not to at least know each other's name."

The girl in the lavender suit said flatly, "Nobody knows anybody else's name on this beach. I know yours, and I don't like it." She added, "And I still think you're trying to make a pickup."

That was when the two droll characters with the beer cans came up. They were in their early twenties, husky fellows with their hair cropped short, and each carried a beer can in each hand as they stepped over and around fellow bathers.

As they were stepping over the girl in the lavender bathing suit, one of them, inadvertently or advertently, spilled a little of the beer over her foot.

"Oops!" the oaf grinned.

My friend of the beach pulled back her foot, a small, dainty foot with unpainted toenails.

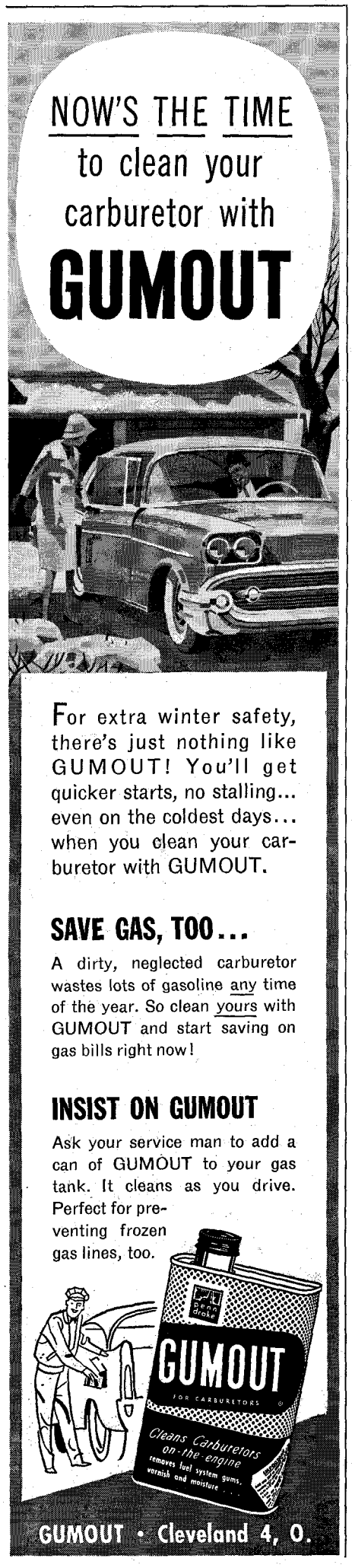
The two had stopped and were grinning, considering it a great joke. I said immediately, "I believe, gentlemen, an apology is in order."

They looked at each other, and I was aware of the fact that the girl in the lavender suit was staring at me.

"Eddie," the chap who'd spilled the beer chuckled, "he says an apology is in order. How do you like that?"

"Shove a can o' beer down his throat," Eddie said, "so's he can't talk with his mouth."

I stood up now, because I didn't like this kind of talk. I am not big, and I am not small, nor am I fat or skinny. You might say I am very average. Also, I wear spectacles. (*Continued on Page 54*)


NOW'S THE TIME
to clean your
carburetor with
GUMOUT
For extra winter safety, there's just nothing like GUMOUT! You'll get quicker starts, no stalling... even on the coldest days... when you clean your carburetor with GUMOUT.
SAVE GAS, TOO...
A dirty, neglected carburetor wastes lots of gasoline any time of the year. So clean yours with GUMOUT and start saving on gas bills right now!
INSIST ON GUMOUT
Ask your service man to add a can of GUMOUT to your gas tank. It cleans as you drive. Perfect for preventing frozen gas lines, too.
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FOR CARBURETORS
Cleans Carburetors on-the-engine
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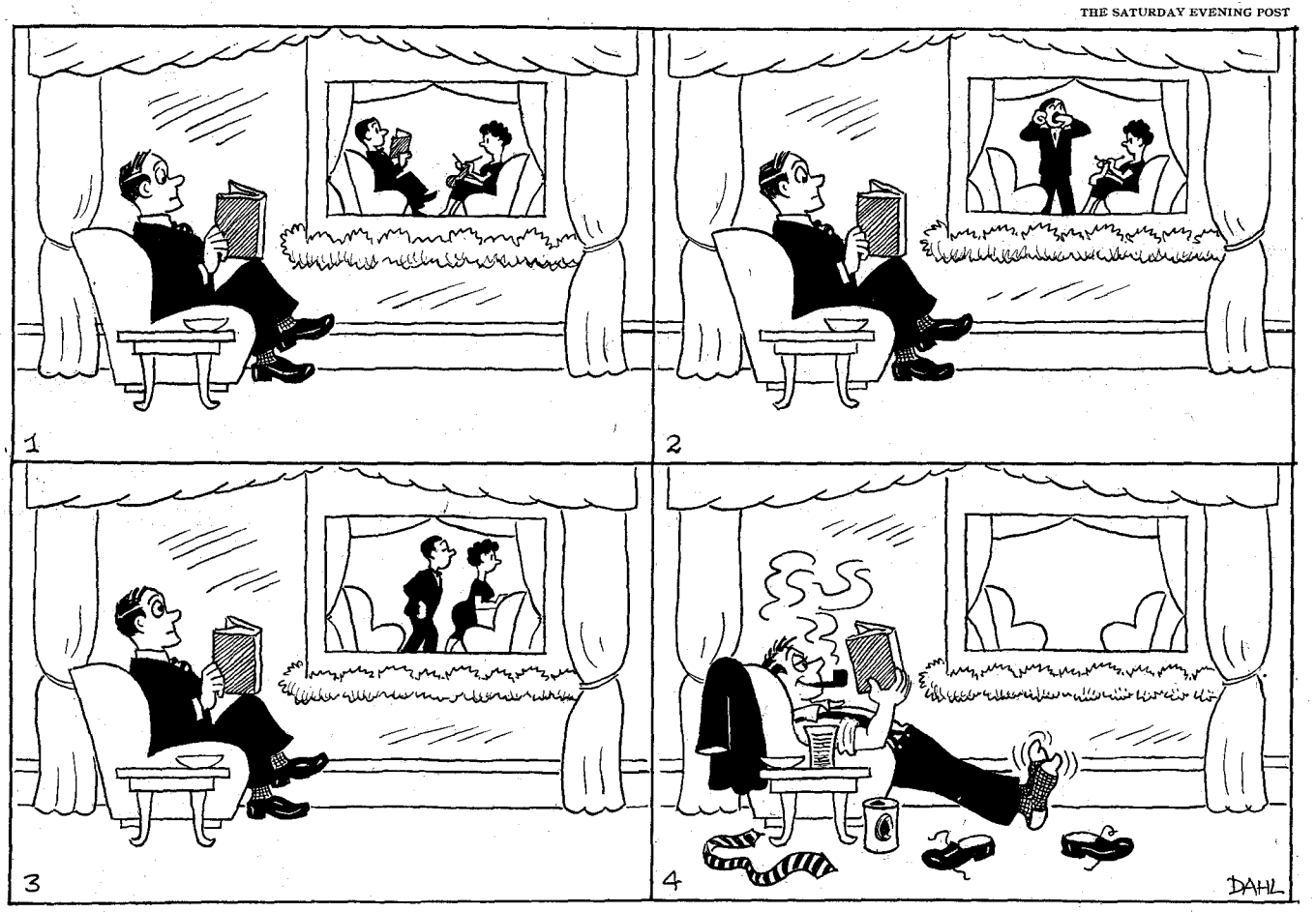
THE GREENWOODS

By Dahl



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FIRST TIME EVER...

a coffee maker that tells you "how much"!

NEW GENERAL ELECTRIC PEEK·A·BREW* COFFEE MAKER HAS A "**PLUS**"– A BUILT-IN LEVEL THAT TELLS YOU HOW MANY CUPS ARE LEFT

A glance at the built-in, transparent level shows the amount of water in the coffee maker *as you fill it*—then shows how many cups of coffee are left *as you serve it.*

Brew 3 cups as perfectly as 10—and, there's no watching, no timing! Set the control to the strength you want and the coffee brews . . . stops perking . . . stays piping hot—automatically.

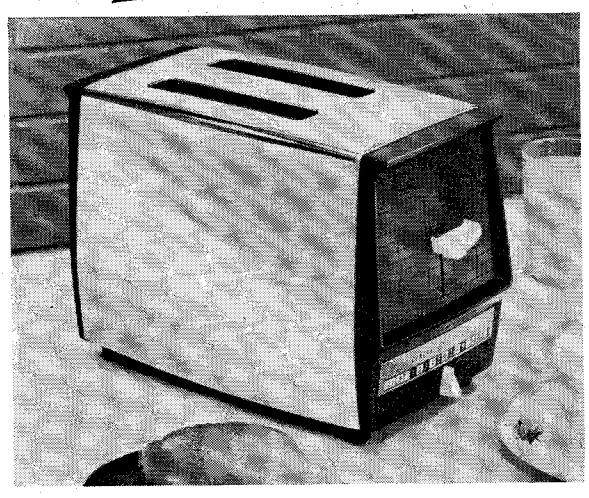
See the new General Electric Peek • A • Brew Coffee Maker today. General Electric Company, Portable Appliance Dept., Bridgeport 2, Conn.

*Trade-mark of General Electric Company

There's always a PLUS in General Electric!

It's a steam and dry iron!
PLUS a built-in sprinkler, too!

General Electric Spray, Steam & Dry Iron sprinkles as you iron! Erases stubborn wrinkles in a jiffy—gives you knife-like creases, makes all ironing easier. Switches instantly to steam or to dry.



Nine-position browning control!
PLUS new straight-line styling!

New General Electric Automatic Toaster makes delicious toast *exactly* the way you like it. (*Nine* different kinds!) Fresh, clean design makes it a real "show-off" piece. The low price will delight you.

Makes all frying easier!
PLUS completely immersible!

General Electric Automatic Skillet watches itself! Silicone thermostat maintains just-right heat for each food . . . no smoking, no burning. Wonderful for frying, casseroles, even baking!

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

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The extra dimension in

SEE THE DIFFERENCE IN THE "MAGIC-MIRROR FINISH BY FISHER." After 18 months of sun and weather, the conventional lacquer finish on the left retained less than 10% of its original gloss. Under identical conditions—without polishing—"Magic-Mirror Finish by Fisher" (right) retained almost 75% of its new car luster! It's yours without extra cost on every "Time Proof" Body by Fisher!

HE'S "POLISHING" HIS NEW FISHER BODY! No wax, no polish needed here! With the "Magic-Mirror Finish by Fisher," just a quick rinse and a flick of a cloth makes your "Time Proof" Body by Fisher look brand-new again!

Only the "GM Five"

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Dramatization of Body by Fisher in the 1959 Chevrolet Impala Sport Sedan!

Body by Fisher is *Time*

It's built for keeps—with exclusive "Magic-Mirror Finish by Fisher"—Life-Span Build—Timeproofed Interiors

You'll like it even *longer* if it has a "Time Proof" Body by Fisher.

For built into every Fisher Body are extra years of looking new—extra years of easy living—extra years of hard usage.

No other car body gives you these "built-for-keeps" features:

The "*Magic-Mirror Finish by Fisher,*" the new acrylic lacquer finish that *keeps* its brilliance for years.

Living-Room Interiors, whose contour-molded carpeting, durable chrome metalwork and lock-stitched fabrics make time stand still.

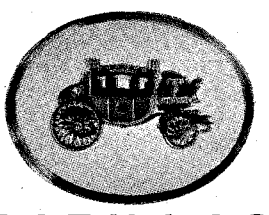
Life-Span Build, a single, rigid framework of steel that *stays* strong and silent, tough and taut, year after year.

But time is not the only extra you get at no extra cost! You get the rich appearance of "inlaid" upholstery, embossed by an intricate dielectric process—another "First" by Fisher.

You get extra *visibility.* Glass areas in the new Vista-Panoramic windshields have been increased as much as 50%. And there's ripple-free Safety Plate glass in every window—front, rear *and side!*

You get extra *space*—in some models 4 inches more seat-width, over 2 inches more entrance room, over an inch more legroom!

You get more of *everything* in a "Time Proof" Body by Fisher—and you get it *only* in the "GM Five": Chevrolet, Pontiac, Oldsmobile, Buick and Cadillac!



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(*Continued from Page 50*) "I'm waiting," I said, "for the apology."

The fat man with the sailor hat was sitting up, his mouth open again.

Eddie said, "Give him the apology in the puss, Bernie."

Bernie put the beer cans carefully down in the sand, shoving them down so that they wouldn't spill, and then he said to me, "Jack, you're talkin' big with your mouth. Now take off them glasses."

Dutifully, I took off the glasses and handed them to the girl in the lavender suit. She didn't know what else to say, and she said, "Thank you."

It was not very much of a fight because I am fairly expert at judo, having studied with a Japanese friend of mine at the university, and my Japanese friend was a professional.

I caught Bernie's right wrist and twisted it, spinning him around slightly, and then I chopped him across the back of the neck with my hand, and he fell into the sand.

Somebody was shouting very loudly, "Fight—fight!"

Then a crowd started to gather, and the girl with the lavender bathing suit pushed through the crowd hurriedly and headed toward the boardwalk. As Bernie and his friend no longer seemed interested in fighting, I followed her. Thanks to the color of her bathing suit, it being an odd color, I was easily able to keep it in sight. Without my spectacles I have some difficulty getting around.

On the boardwalk, as she was knocking the sand out of her sandals preparatory to putting them on, I said to her, "I am really sorry for the embarrassment I may have caused you."

She turned around slowly, and she said, "You again."

"You have my spectacles," I reminded her.

Then she handed them over to me, having carried them in her hand unwittingly. She said, "You wanted to come up on the boardwalk, and we're here. You also wanted to know my name. It's Mary Keefe."

"So far, so good," I smiled at her.

She was not smiling. As a matter of fact she was frowning, and she said, "How far do you think you are going to get, Mr. Parkinson, or whatever your name is?"

"You may call me Fred," I said. "All my associates in Experimental Lab Number Three call me by that name."

"I am not one of your associates in Experimental Lab Number Three," Mary Keefe said. "I am Mary Keefe from Brooklyn."

She had started to walk along the boardwalk, and I fell in step with her, feeling now that the matter was progressing very nicely. It was like a mathematical problem in many respects—one step following another in logical sequence. I was happy, though, for the spilled beer. That had never been part of any computation I had ever made in the past.

As we walked she said, "What do you do in this Experimental Lab Number Three?"

I tried to tell her a little about our experiments with new rocket propellants, and the problems incidental to the evolvement of the proper thrust force necessary to put a weighted object into orbit.

After about five minutes I could see that it was no longer getting through. We had been walking along the boardwalk, and she'd slowed down now in front of a game-of-chance booth. A small crowd was watching the wheel spin around, the pointer coming to stop on particular winning numbers. A barker behind the counter was urging the patrons to come a little closer, bet on a number and win beautiful prizes for the ladies. The prizes were cheap and gaudy—dolls, imitation jewelry and crockery—and the cost to play was twenty-five cents per number, which was quite high.

The barker pointed a finger at me, and yelled, "Step right up, mister. Win a big prize for the little lady."

Inasmuch as he was directing his remark at me, I thought it called for an answer. I said, "I should like to study the play for a few minutes."

The barker grinned and said, "Here's a guy wants to work out a system. Step right up, gents. Watch the man work out a system."

I noticed that Mary Keefe was watching me, and she said now, "Can you really do it?"

I shrugged. "I'd like to watch for five or ten minutes," I stated. "It should not be too difficult."

I watched the other players for ten minutes, and then I stepped up and placed my first bet. In picking six numbers I won four prizes, and the barker said morosely as he handed me a gilded clock, "Get lost, Jack."

When we left we had a doll, the clock and a bowl of goldfish, and Mary Keefe was actually smiling at me.

"Well," she said, "you are a brain, aren't you?"

"It was not too difficult," I told her. "Shall I explain the process?"

"Skip it," Mary said. "We've got the proof that you know your business. Now don't spill the goldfish water."

The goldfish seemed quite lively. There were two of them, and I said to Mary Keefe, "I wonder if they are male and female."

"Those things you don't know?" she grinned. "Where have you been all your life, Parkie?"

"Parkie?" I repeated.

"I don't like Fred," she said. "I'll call you Parkie, if it's all right."

"It is a little unusual," I admitted, but it did sound rather nice the way she said it.

Later in the afternoon we went to our respective lockers in different bathhouses and changed, and we met again on the boardwalk, and I had not spilled a drop of water from the goldfish bowl in the entire process. Mary Keefe was wearing a white dress with blue trim and looking very clean and neat and wholesome. She had evidently been thinking the fifteen or twenty minutes that we had been separated, and she said now, "So you are Frederick E. Parkinson, and you work and live at the Guided Missile Center at Baisley Village."

"That's right," I smiled.

"And you came to New York possibly to meet a girl?"

"I have met her," I smiled again.

She walked along in silence for a moment. "All right, Parkie," she murmured, "let's go home and meet the family."

"I thought, perhaps, we could dine out," I told her.

"Maybe the next time," she smiled faintly; "if there is a next time. Tonight we'll dine at home. My mother won't mind extra company."

"The pleasure is all mine," I assured her.

"You think so," she said. "When was the last time you dined in Brooklyn, Parkie?"

"I've never been in Brooklyn before," I said.

"You're there now, Parkie," she murmured. "So let's get it over with."

I wasn't sure what she meant by this statement, but I went with her to the subway station, and we rode for a while, and then we took a bus which let us off at a corner of what Mary Keefe assured me was the heart of Brooklyn.

"This is Flatbush," she said. "You've heard of Flatbush?"

"A rather odd name," I smiled, "but it has a familiar ring."

"The Dodgers used to play here," she said. "You've heard of the Dodgers?"

"Baseball?" I said. "I've never followed it too closely."

"Grandfather will love you," Mary murmured.

We were in a neighborhood of brownstone houses three stories high, and all exactly alike—brownstone stoop, black-painted iron railings and glass-fronted doors with gold numbers on them.

I noticed there were plenty of children in the street, and that they were making plenty of noise.

"This is where I live," Mary informed me. "This is where I was born."

"Well," I said, "this is very nice."

"Stop kidding, Parkie," she said.

The children swirled around us as we walked down the street, and one of them jostled me, almost knocking the goldfish bowl out of my hand.

"Noisy, aren't they?" Mary murmured.

"They are boisterous," I admitted.

"Here is our house," Mary said, and I noticed the number 1417 on the door. "And here are the twins," she added.

The twins came out like a pair of small tornadoes. Sighting the goldfish bowl, they became whirling dervishes, both trying to get a better look at the fish. Accidentally, one of them jostled my arm and, even though I was very quick, the bowl crashed to the sidewalk. Broken glass, spilled water and two flapping goldfish lay at my feet.

Mary Keefe said casually, "Joey, go in the house and get a bottle or a bowl of water for these fish." To me, she said with equal unconcern, "Fish can live quite a long time out of water, Parkie. I guess you know that."

"Yes," I said. I watched the twins, towheaded boys of about seven or eight, dart up the brownstone steps, and then I looked down at the goldfish still flapping and flopping on the sidewalk.

"Shall we go in the house?" Mary said. "The boys will take care of the fish."

The boys nearly took care of me on their way out with a bowl of water. Some of the water—I should estimate at least half of it—was spilled across my pants as they rushed by.

"We live on the second floor," Mary said, and I followed her up the narrow stairs. "There are six families living in the house," she added. "I believe you can hear them, Parkie."

I could hear them quite well through the thin walls. A TV set was blasting away with a flurry of shots and Indian war whoops; at least two babies were crying. A woman was berating her husband on the floor below us, and somewhere on the top floor, closer to the angels, a juvenile Gabriel was blowing his horn. I judged this to be his second or third lesson.

"Somebody's having steak and onions," Mary said. "You smell it, Parkie?"

I sniffed as I followed her up the stairs. Somebody was having steak and onions, but somebody else was having fish and fried potatoes.

We went into Mary Keefe's apartment where she dwelt with father and mother, grandfather, an Uncle Dennis who had once been a professional pugilist, an older brother who drove a cab, and the twins. All of them, except the cabdriver, seemed to be gathered in the kitchen when we came in.

"This is Frederick E. Parkinson," Mary Keefe introduced me. "He is a physicist."

"A what?" Uncle Dennis asked.

"If he explained it to you," Mary said, "you still wouldn't know what he was, Uncle Dennis, so let it go."

Mary's mother was a doughty Irishwoman with forearms like hams, but with a genial face. Her father was a longshoreman, tall, lank, not given to much talk.

I shook hands with all of them, including the grandfather, who sat in a corner in a big, battered armchair, his eyeglasses perched on the end of his nose as he looked me over.

"You a doctor?" the grandfather demanded. "What's the matter I can't eat cabbage no more?"

"I'm a physicist, Mr. Keefe," I explained.

"He's not a doctor," Mary Keefe told her grandfather. "Where shall Mr. Parkinson sit, mother?"

"Plenty of room," her mother assured her. "You can sit next to Uncle Dennis, Mr. Parkinson."

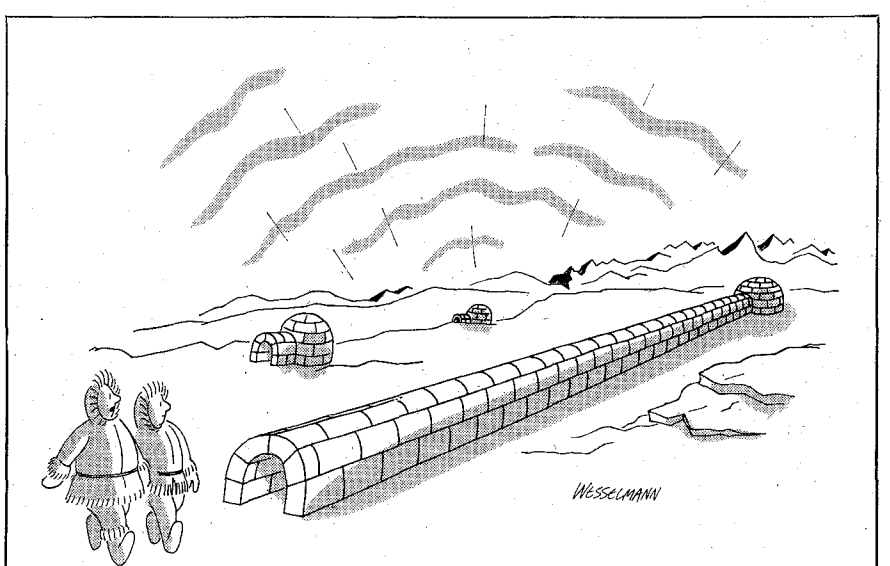
I would never have said that there was plenty of room around the kitchen table, especially when brother Al, the cabdriver, burst into the room, a big, strapping fellow, who ate with his cap on the back of his head.

"We have company, Al," his mother scolded him. "You don't have to eat with your hat on."

"I'm gettin' a little bald spot," Al grinned, "an', besides, how long do I sit here? I got the motor runnin' in the cab downstairs." He looked at me across the table, and he said, "So whatta you do for a livin', mister?"

"I'm a physicist," I explained. "I'm with the Government guided-missile center."

"How do you like that?" Al chuckled. "You never know who Mary will be draggin' in here next." (*Continued on Page 56*)



"He's quite an introvert."

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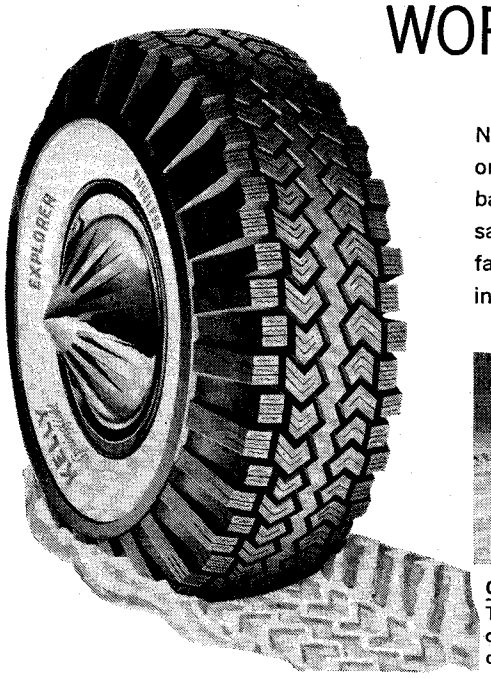

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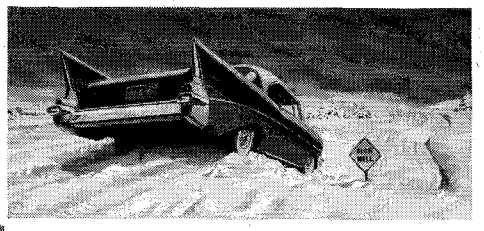

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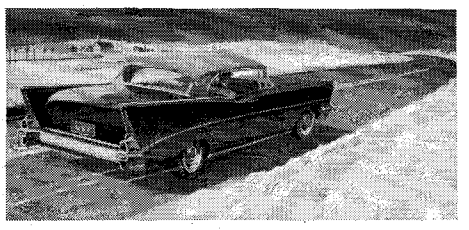

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(*Continued from Page 54*) I murmured to Mary, sitting next to me, "Have there been that many?"

"A Hungarian wrestler last week," she said. "The week before, a stock-car racer."

"I don't believe it," I said.

She just shrugged. There was a lot of noise around the table. Al was telling his father about a fare who'd tried to walk out on him that morning, and then Uncle Dennis gave me a brief account of the last fight he'd had in the ring, the one which had terminated his pugilistic career.

"I got this lump over the eye," Uncle Dennis was saying. "It's as big as a egg, an' this guy keeps pumpin' left hands into it, an' then it breaks ——"

"Please, Uncle Dennis," Mary said. "Not at the supper table."

The twins got into a scrap over a piece of bread each claimed he'd buttered, and then both were boxed on the ears and sent into another room by the mother.

After supper was over Mary said, "I'll help you with the dishes, mom."

"You go out on the stoop where it's cool," her mother ordered. "Take Mr. Parkinson with you."

It was stifling hot in the kitchen, and I was very glad to get out, even though I could not say that it was too much cooler in the street. We sat on the stoop and watched a stickball game; at least that was what Mary called it. I had never seen it played before. They played the game directly in front of the house, about a dozen boys being involved, and the noise was not inconsiderable, especially when there was an argument about someone being "out."

"Well," Mary Keefe said after a while, "now you've had it, Parkie. I'll show you to the subway and you can head back to New York, and then out to this wonderful Baisley Village. Tell them you've been to Brooklyn, and you've seen the elephant."

"Will I see you tomorrow?" I asked. "Or perhaps Monday? I'll be around for another two weeks, you know."

She looked at me. "You're crazy," she said. "You're not a physicist. You're crazy. Maybe a crazy physicist."

"I'd still like to see you," I said, and that's when the ball struck me in the mouth.

They play stickball with a rubber ball, and the ball is hit pretty hard. It struck me in the mouth, numbing my lips so that I could not speak for the moment.

"Parkie!" Mary gasped. "Poor Parkie!"

The boys retrieved the ball, giving me scarcely a second glance as I sat on the stoop, holding my mouth. There was more shouting about someone being "safe" or "out."

I flexed my lips a few times, and Mary kept saying, "Parkie—Fred, are you all right?"

"I can take harder knocks than that," I managed to smile. "Now how about tomorrow?"

She started to cry a little then, and she got up and said, "Let's take a walk, Fred."

One way to teach a boy the manly art of self-defense is to name him Lancelot.

KEN & PAT KRAFT

We walked for a while through the streets of Brooklyn, and Mary grew calmer as we walked. She said after a while, "You've been in Brooklyn, and you've met my family, and you still want to see me."

"That is my conclusion," I told her.

"What do you think of my family?"

"They are different," I smiled.

"Uncle Dennis, the twins, Al, grandpa?"

"I found none of them objectionable," I informed her.

"What about stickball?"

"I might like it," I admitted, "but not in the mouth."

I felt her fingers tighten on my arm as we walked, and I knew, then, that I would be seeing her tomorrow and many, many more tomorrows; and the thought was very pleasant.

"I have been thinking about Brooklyn," I told her. "If all the houses are three stories high, occupied by six families with an average of four children per family, and if it consists of eighty-eight point eight square miles, which I have checked, then the population, broken down into families, male, female and children, would ——"

"I love to hear you talk, Parkie," Mary was murmuring. "Please keep talking."

I did for quite some time, and it was many hours later when I finished and Mary was giving me directions how to get back to New York City.

"Do you think you can find your way back here tomorrow?" she asked.

"I have been analyzing the transit subway system," I told her, "and I have arrived at the following conclusions. There are ——"

"Go on, Parkie," Mary Keefe smiled. "Keep talking forever."

Forever is a long time, but I was quite sure that with Mary Keefe listening it would always be a pleasure as far as I was concerned. THE END

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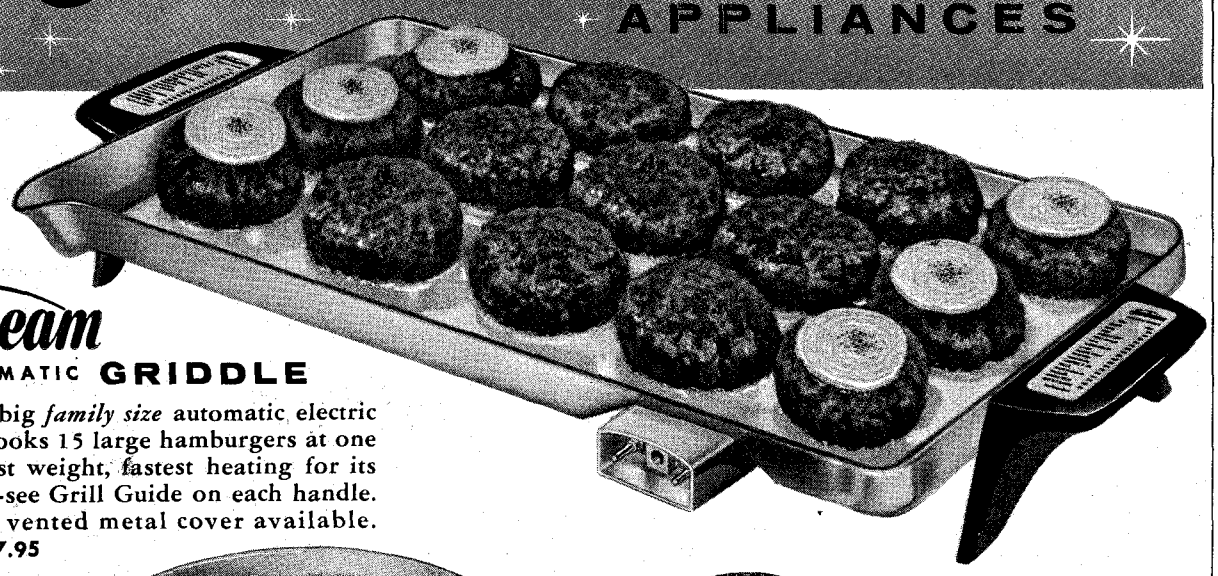

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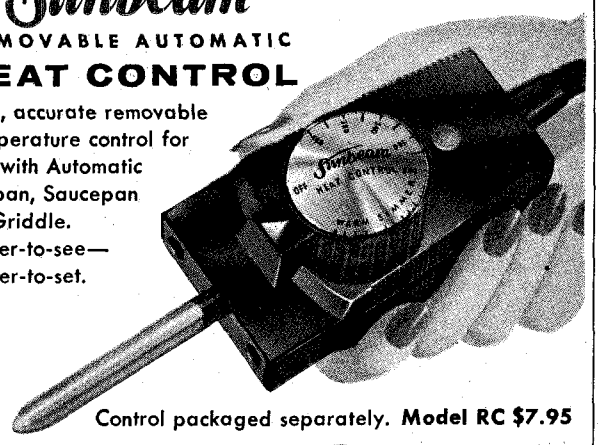

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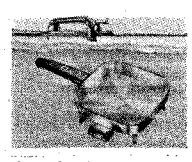

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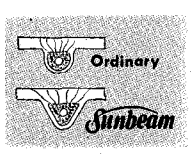

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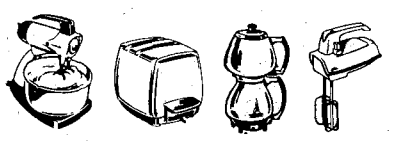

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Almost Everybody Hates Br'er Crow

(Continued from Page 29)

But, in Cameron, Missouri, only two counties away, resides Dr. A. D. Templeman, a leader in the second—or sporting—school of thought on shooting crows. According to him, "Crow hunting in some quarters has become a needless mania for slaughter instead of sport." He suggests a closed season during the spring nesting period and a daily bag limit of perhaps eight.

This group's most vocal leader is Charles S. Adams, of Evanston, Illinois, who asserts in articles and in a book that unrestrained killing has reduced crows by 30 per cent in ten years in Northern Illinois. He favors taking the crow "out of the vermin class, where he is unjustly put, and giving him dignity in sport."

The third school, headed by the American Nature Association and the National Audubon Society, claims that crows are not only decided additions to the allure of the countryside but doers of great good, and should not be killed at all.

But it is not only among individuals that disagreement on the subject thrives. Even the conservation departments of sister states cannot see eye to eye on crows. The Illinois Department of Conservation, for instance, has declared, "The crow takes a larger toll of our game than any other predator. . . . We are most anxious to encourage a campaign of crow extermination. . . ."

In the adjacent state of Missouri, on the other hand, a spokesman for the Conservation Commission says, "All our propaganda has been to make the crow a game bird in the minds of hunters. We don't like to see men go out loaded down with ammunition to obliterate all crows. We think they should shoot crows for fun."

Various "authorities" also differ widely as to the crow's physical capabilities and mental accomplishments and on the proper methods of hunting these birds. Some experts assert that crows can count. They say if he sees seven men enter a thicket and only six emerge, the crow will keep his distance. Others maintain that the crow is a dunce mathematically—that he just hears better than most people suspect.

Some sportsmen declare that the best blinds from which to shoot crows are made from a sort of mattress of chicken wire stuffed with leaves. Others say the wire should be sewn with brush; others, with feathers dyed green. And one intense Ohio man, cagily noting that crows ignore grazing cattle, built a blind of wallboard, shaped and painted like a cow and complete with horns and a rope tail. He got inside this contraption and carried it about the pasture, banging away at the crows until they got wise and left.

This didn't take long, because crows have the best communications system of any form of wildlife. Some hunters believe that the consarned birds pass the word cross-country by means of relays, as the Indians once did with smoke signals. When a crow sees an object that puzzles or scares him, he flies above it in circles and yells. This generally impels every crow within hearing to give spirited vocal, and sometimes even physical, assistance.

Hunters agree that the best way to kill crows is to take advantage of this instinct by calling them in their own language. But, as with practically everything else concerning these birds, the experts disagree on calling techniques. Mr. Popowski says he uses three types of calls—one to indicate discovery, one for distress and a sort of "hey you" summons. Mr. Adams, however, asserts that only one class of call is advisable—"the battle cry," which he described as three vibrant caws starting with emphasis on the first note and disintegrating to a guttural roll.

Most hunters also feel that decoys help draw crows, but they naturally differ on the best type of decoys. Crows will fight cats, so some hunters prefer to hang in a tree a cage containing a highly visible live brindle pussy. A more popular decoy is the crow's most hated enemy, the great horned owl, which traditionally raids crow roosts at night, killing the birds while they sleep. Some hunters use live owls tied in trees. Others prefer a mechanical stuffed owl that flaps its wings. Still others say an owl decoy made of balsa wood will so enrage wild crows that they will dive against it, often in the face of hunters' guns.

Another practice favored by many "experts" is to scatter freshly killed or stuffed crows at the feet of owl decoys to further enrage the flock. Some perfectionists even employ live-crow decoys,

"I'm not insecure . . . I'm hungry!"

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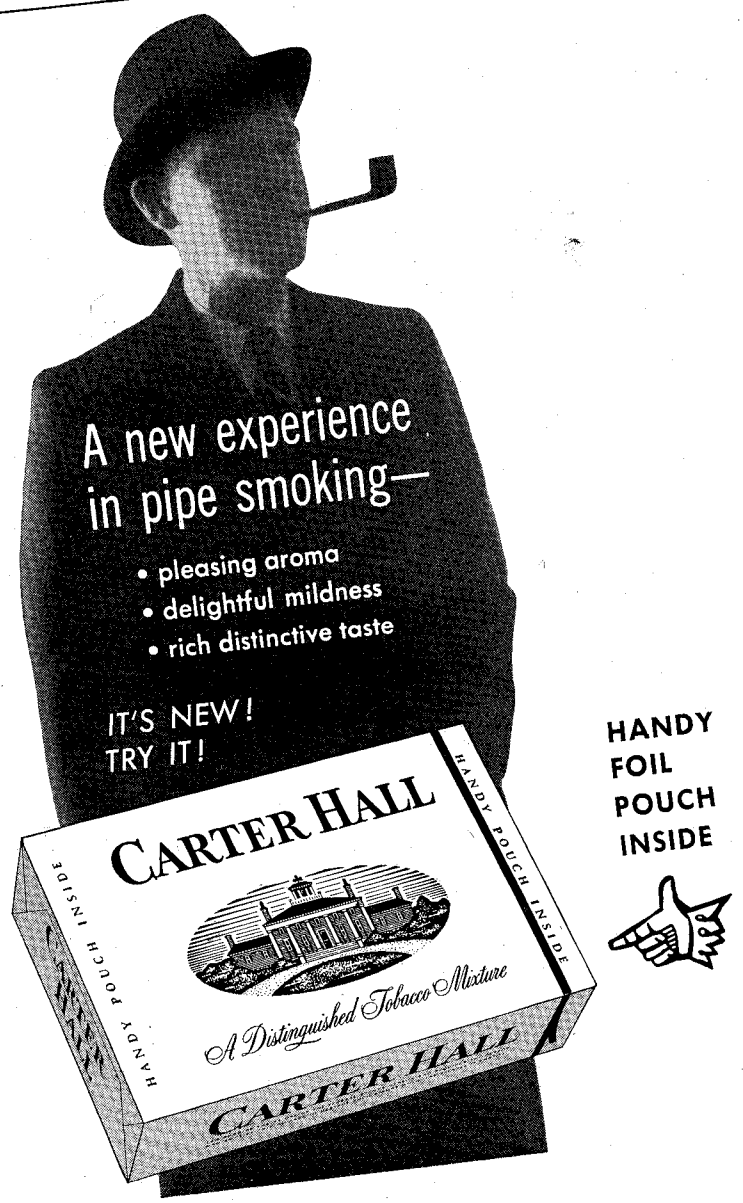

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although this practice has its risks. James W. Stuber, writing for The Outdoorsman magazine, tells of a "two-faced" pet crow he once used as a decoy. This bird enjoyed fooling both his master and his wild brethren. Sometimes he would stand by quietly and watch Stuber shoot the wild crows that arrived in response to his calls. At other times he would issue a sharp warning just as the flock was approaching gun range, and the wild crows would retreat unscathed.

As a rule, however, pet crows feel no compulsion to warn their fellows of danger. On the contrary, they will usually have nothing to do with the wild clan, even when released. This is not snobbishness. Charles Adams believes that because a crow loses strength while in captivity, he fears that the wild birds will kill him if he exposes himself to the flock.

Adams adds that crows, like people, are often bullies. He thinks further that this instinct of the strong to pick on the weak for sport explains the tales of "crow courts," at which crows are said to put careless sentinels to death. According to Adams, the "crow court" is just another of the legends which have built up the idea that crows are so "diabolically clever" that they can withstand any type of warfare.

Adams, who thinks of crows almost as people, tells shamefacedly of the time he once killed a venerable crow friend he had observed for eight years, near Prairie View, Illinois. She was an ancient female with two feathers missing from her left wing. Adams called her "Grandma Snazzy" because she was fierce and smart, always kept her flock above his gun's reach, knew his moods and his decoys and, Adams says, "made a monkey of me every time we encountered, which pleased me."

Then one day, he relates, he had lain hidden for hours in the hope of photographing a red-shouldered hawk. Adams had no crow decoys along, but his choke-bore shotgun had extra-long range. He finally began calling crows. Soon his old friend, which did not recognize his behavior, appeared overhead, circling lower than usual. Adams lifted his gun and began following her circling in his sights.

He says he didn't mean to shoot. He had in mind startling her when he pulled the trigger. But she came down flapping and squawking and landed near Adams' feet with a broken wing. He says she tried to strike him with her beak and claws, while her enraged followers dived and swooped at him, unmindful of his gun.

"I shot them until I was ashamed," Adams relates. "Then I had to put their old leader out of her misery, which saddened and depressed me. Part of the countryside is missing now."

The woodlands would be lonely, indeed, if the crow's distant voice were silenced beyond the hill. The winter's sky would be vacant without that dark sentinel in his treetop. To me, the crow has always been a character from a story-book, intruded into reality. Seeing or hearing one now never fails to call up the memories of my childhood—of haunted forests, of dragons and wizards (every old wizard always had a crow sitting at his elbow) and enchanted caverns and princes. The crow was also prominent in the cast of homely animal characters populating the rural world of my imagination, along with the catfish, bullfrog, barn owl, turkey buzzard, Br'er Rabbit, Mr. Fox and "all dem yuther creeturs" of the realm of Uncle Remus.

Sitting away in the cornfield, he also brings to mind nostalgic recollections of scenes and institutions, characters and personalities of a half-make-believe Americana—of pumpkins and corn stalks, cabins and cotton fields and Uncle Tom, of Mark Twain and river steamboats round the bend, and barbecue and watermelons, of railroad whistles late at night, of Hambone and Rastus Brown and the Opry House and minstrel shows.

And, of course, the crow has inserted himself into our language with such expressions as "crow's-feet," used as early as Chaucer's time to describe eye wrinkles; "as the crow flies"; "black as a crow"; "crow's-nest"—on ships—"eat crow," and on and on.

Crows are believed to live to a great age—thirty-five years or maybe longer—but they have so many enemies that few wild ones do. According to Dr. Arthur Allen, of Cornell University, a leading United States ornithologist, even pet crows allowed freedom seldom survive the guns of neighbors longer than three years.

Above: Crow hunting in Oklahoma in 1935. 15,000 of the birds were killed at once when their roost was dynamited.

Below: Crow hunting in Missouri today. But Br'er Crow is still far from extinction. Some predict that the crow race will outlast the human race.

"None of my pet crows lasted longer than that," Doctor Allen told me. "They were all named Jim, of course. The smartest had a vocabulary of maybe sixteen words when he was a year old. We did not split his tongue—an old wives' tale. A crow does not talk with his tongue, but in his lower windpipe."

Jim had the crowish urge to taunt humans, Doctor Allen reports. He would fly to Fall Creek School nearby, rattle inkwells and steal children's pencils. Then he would sit on the door and scream obscenities at the angry teacher.

Like most crows, he enjoyed playing with bright objects. He would fly to a house where he was not known and rap at a window. Someone inside, seeing a crow on the sill, would invariably open the window for a better look. Whereupon Jim would make a funny little bow he had learned, and say "Hello."

The person would run out of the room in search of a witness. Jim would flap in, take a quick look, snatch up Auntie's glasses or a ring from a table and fly away to hide it in his treasure-trove among the high grass in the Allen yard.

What must have been Jim's most spectacular adventure, according to his master, took place in a local cemetery, where a couple of men were digging a grave. Crows will hunt for worms where they see dirt being turned. Jim flew down onto a pile of earth alongside the grave, made his customary bow and said "Hello."

Doctor Allen says he judged from their reactions that the diggers were men who believed in the occult and had never before heard of a pet crow that talked.

Jim's appearance in the graveyard was in the proper crow character. Throughout the ages, crows have been connected with death and the devil in legends of primitive peoples. The American Indians held crows sacred and seldom shot one, despite their raids on the maize patches. Early white settlers did not hold crows in such esteem. In 1728, Maryland offered a bounty of two pounds of tobacco to any citizen who killed three crows. In 1789, Dover, Massachusetts, paid seven cents per crow. Since this time, the crow has often been regarded as a nuisance, but it was not until about twenty-five years ago that he came to be considered a menace and, indeed, developed into a burning wildlife issue. He has now become a focal point around which is crystallized most clearly, perhaps, mankind's two extreme attitudes toward wildlife.

One: That all so-called "predators" which destroy any plant or animal life that man wants for himself should be exterminated, if possible.

Two: That man, "greatest predator of all," is presumptuous in upsetting nature's balance for his own selfish purposes, and that no wildlife whatsoever should be depleted.

The crow first became a big sports figure in the late 1920's, when duck hunters decided that the crow population, increasing as expanding agriculture provided more food, was about to destroy all wild ducks by eating their eggs. The hunters therefore laid plans to destroy all crows.

Getting wind of this, the American Nature Association promptly blamed the shortage of migratory wildlife at that time on drought conditions and the farming of land that had previously served as game cover. The association said the anti-crow movement was a scheme cooked up by gun and ammunition makers and sellers to get more people to shoot.

In any event, a crow-slaying mania swept the land. Wildlife writers urged their followers to beat the bushes and spare not a single crow, crow's nest or egg. Newspapers published "official" crow kills by day, week, month and year, like the baseball box scores. Members of the American Legion, Izaak Walton League and rod-and-gun clubs began blazing away at the startled birds. The Fraternal Order of Eagles, junior chambers of commerce, Lions clubs and Elks joined in. Archers at Madison, Wisconsin, were urged to stop slaying deer and go after crows. A crow counted only one point in the state contest when slain with a gun; he was worth thirty-five points if felled by bow and arrow.

Regular "armies," loaded down with weapons, advanced upon crow concentrations. One such group sailed from the Maryland shore in small boats, like Washington crossing the Delaware, to attack crows roosting on Poplar Island. Some of the besiegers got seasick en route, and one boat overturned with its load of gunners. Almost everybody got the sniffles. All together, the attackers fired an estimated 2000 rounds, but some newsmen

(*Continued on Page 62*)

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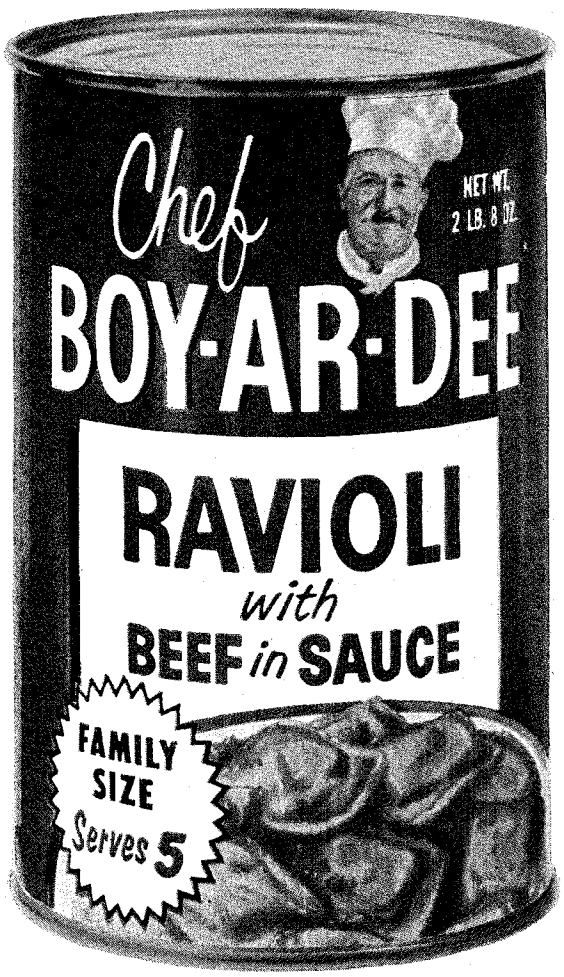

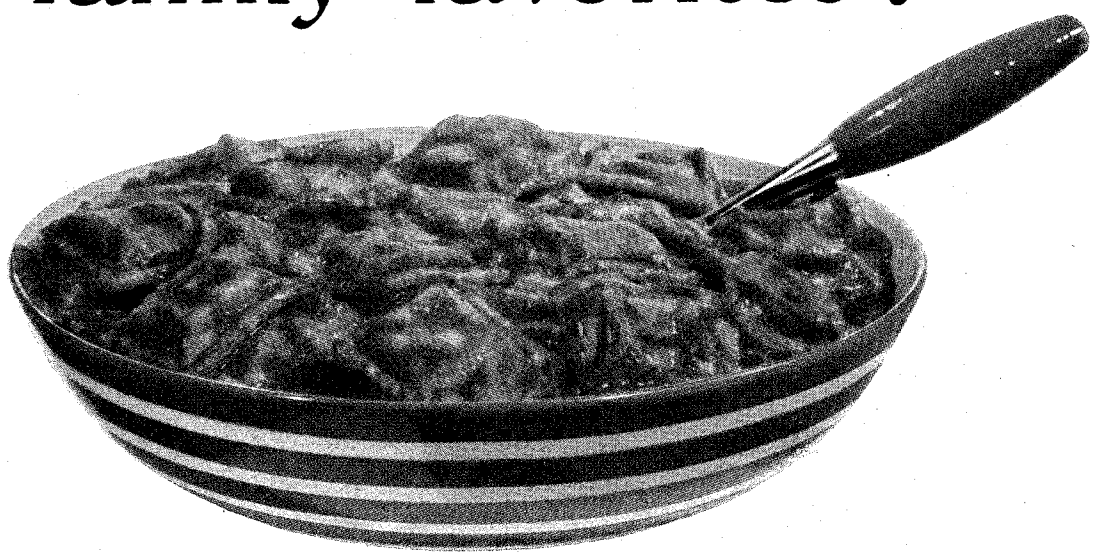

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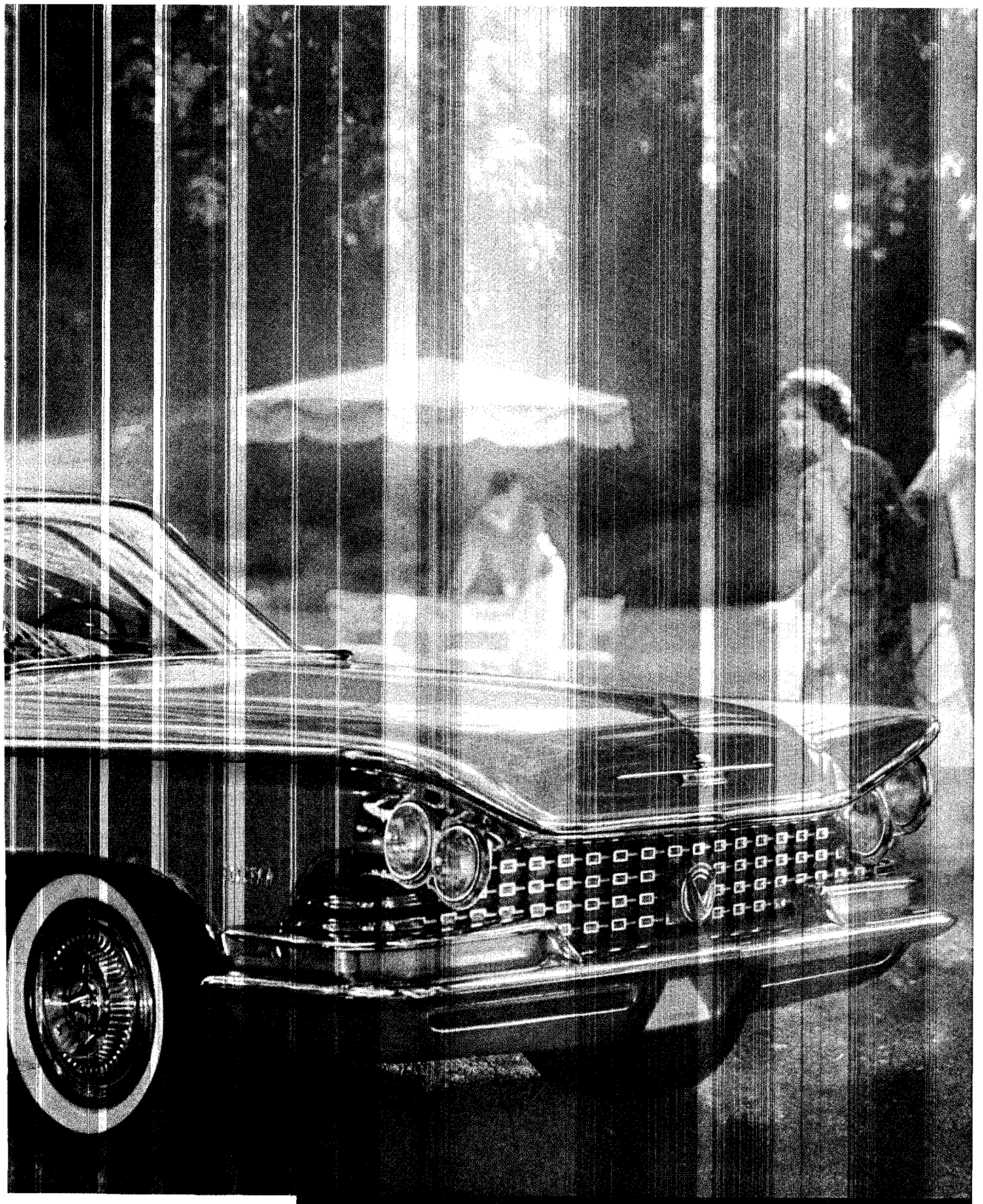

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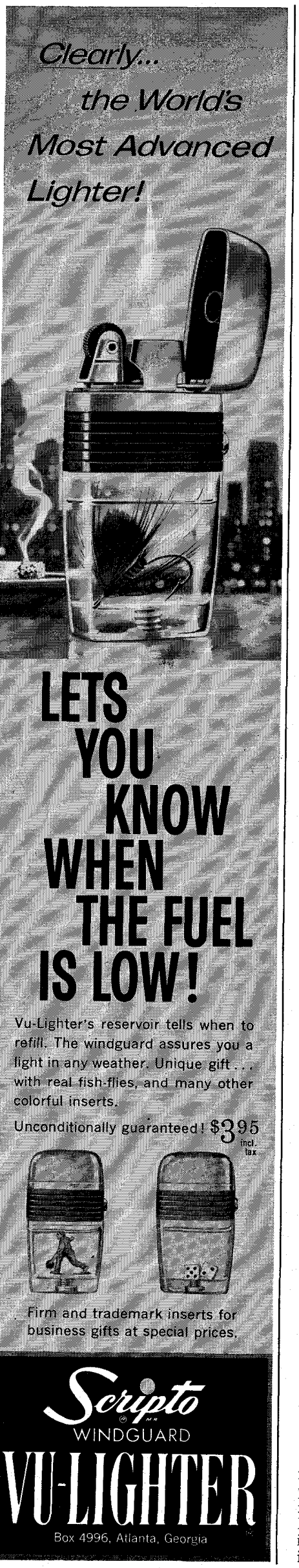

(*Continued from Page 58*) covering the event figured the crows made out better than the hunters did.

Another large force advanced from St. Louis upon "two million Canadian crows," said to be roosting on an island in the Mississippi River. Unfortunately, the St. Louis Star-Times reported, the attack force bogged down in a friendly tavern and later could not find the 2,000,000 crows in the cold and dark.

In some states—principally Illinois and Oklahoma—the state game departments took advantage of the crows' habit of sleeping together by bombing hundreds of thousands in traditional roosts on winter nights. A bomb was usually a stick of dynamite packed in a tin can filled with bird shot or bits of iron. Hundreds of these were hung in the roosts during the day, then exploded simultaneously by electricity among the sleeping birds at night. At Harrisburg, Illinois, on March 13, 1938, a black night in crow annals, one blast of 830 such bombs killed "75,000 to 85,000" crows.

This mighty cannonading in the early dark of winter evenings caused no little alarm among the farm families. Some of the wide-eyed wonder which sensible people felt at such vigorous measures can be detected in a typical news account of these stirring times printed in the Monmouth, Illinois, Review-Atlas. The story began:

> A terrific explosion that shook dwelling houses, rattled windows and started the sheriff's telephones buzzing took place about 7:30 o'clock last night. It was not until this morning that most people, who had thought the countryside was being rocked by an earthquake, learned what all the noise was about. It was the State Game Department trying to reduce the crow population of Warren County. As a result, there are 1000 fewer crows in the vicinity of Ponemah today. . . .

The United States Biological Survey got into the act by releasing, in 1936, a bulletin of tempting recipes for "stewed, fried and roasted young crow." The bulletin said: "Crow is a delicacy in England. Crow dinners are now popular in Western U.S.A. . . . The crow may soon become a national table favorite. . . ."

There were doubts about this in some quarters. The New York Herald-Tribune observed editorially: "Considerable research and education may be necessary before the public can be sold on the idea of eating crow. . . ."

But crow-shooting clubs from Maine to California gamely fell in with the idea and announced annual crow suppers as a reward for heroes of the crow wars. One of the first repasts was held on March 12, 1936, at Decatur, Illinois, where the crows were cooked by the home-economics department at Millikin University. A newspaper account of the banquet said the crow was properly called the *pièce de résistance*. In fact, the article said, the meat was so resistant that it turned the blades of some knives.

Lee Crandall, emeritus curator of birds at the New York Zoological Park, when invited to a crow supper, summed up his views on the matter as follows: "I ate crow once thirty-six years ago outside Utica, New York. We boiled him in a tomato can. His taste is the most vivid memory of my youth. I would not do it again for less than a hundred dollars."

Richard H. Pough, of the Audubon Society's scientific staff, also took an unflattering view of crow as food. A principal leader in the outraged reaction of nature lovers to the war against crows, Mr. Pough said in numerous articles and interviews that, agriculturally, the crow is a destroyer of army worms, white grubs and grasshoppers, which few other birds eat. He further said that corn can be treated chemically when it is planted so that crows will not bother it.

As for ducks, Mr. Pough insisted that crows perform a useful function in nature by forcing ducks to stagger their egg crop. All ducks of one species lay at about the same time. If a week of bad weather strikes just after the eggs have hatched, it may ruin the year's crop of mallards or pintails. But if a crow destroys a nest, the ducks lay again, which helps to provide weather insurance.

Mr. Pough was not alone in rallying to the side of the beleaguered birds. The United States Biological Survey reported that a study in one Canadian nesting area showed that crows destroyed a mere 31 per cent of those duck eggs that did not hatch. It added that crows inhabit only one sixth of the duck-nesting areas.

The United States Department of Agriculture stated, "While control measures may be justified in some local situations, in areas where crows appear in normal numbers they may better be left unmolested."

W. H. Over, of the University of South Dakota, credited crows with preventing a threatened repetition in 1936 of the grasshopper plagues of the 1870's, back before crows inhabited the prairies. State agricultural officials and farmers began reporting instances of green worms destroying tomato crops, wire worms despoiling cabbage patches and white grubs ruining entire pastures in areas where the crows had been killed or frightened away.

The late Dr. Aldo Leopold, professor of wildlife management at the University of Wisconsin, said a study of partridge nests showed that 80 per cent of eggs that did not hatch were destroyed by mowers, and only 6 per cent by crows.

"I hunt crows myself," Doctor Leopold said. "I like to shoot. Crows make good targets. So why befog and befuddle a perfectly good sport, for which no one need apologize if pursued in moderation, as a holy crusade to save the nation?"

That sort of ridicule, plus the fact that all the shooting and hurrahing had not noticeably diminished the crow population and, finally, the entry of the United States into World War II, brought an end to the great crow conquests of the 1930's. The crow-shooting fever has risen again to some degree in the postwar era, but this time the emphasis is more on sportsmanship than on extermination. Now, if they could only make him palatable, the crow might become as prized a game bird as the pheasant.

One by-product of the wars of the '30's was the fact that many youths became so curious about crows that they raided nests in large numbers to obtain pets. At least one of these veterans still survives—a bird named Andy. He is owned by the Rev. Whitney J. Dough, pastor of the First Methodist Church at West Palm Beach, Florida, who took Andy from his parents' nest in a holly tree near Lewes, Delaware, in the spring of 1935. Andy has since enjoyed a distinguished career.

He is best remembered, in some quarters at least, for the time he attended church at Lewes one Sunday morning. The minister had announced his text and was about to launch into his sermon when Andy, perched, unobserved, on top of an open window, raucously shouted, "Hot dog!"

The minister, a Reverend Mr. Jefferson, although visibly shaken, was not a man lightly to be diverted from his duty. He proceeded with his sermon while Andy continued to yell such blasphemies as, "Meow!" "Hands up!" "Hello, Andy." "Shut up!" "Quiet!" and "I won!"

It may have been a fear that the crow would try the same thing in his master's church that prompted the Reverend Mr. Dough several years ago to build a large cage in his back yard. There Andy now resides.

"He awakens the neighborhood at six-thirty every morning, shouting 'Hello there' to the newspaper delivery boy," the minister reports. "At the ripe old age of twenty-three, he's just as sassy as ever."

Several years ago the Reverend Mr. Dough made a recording of Andy's voice. His idea was that he would play it and fondly recall his pal after Andy had passed on "to where good Methodist crows go when they die."

The minister, however, has recently had another thought. He is beginning to suspect that Andy may survive *him*. He is now thinking of making a recording of his own voice for Andy to play in years to come. He would like to think that the crow would listen sorrowfully to the accents of his old master when master's in the cold, cold ground.

If this should happen, some crow admirers would probably regard it as significant. They feel that crows are somehow more timeless than men and that, in the end, the race of crows may outlast the race of humans. The crow certainly has withstood man's most terrible weapon, propaganda, by emerging with a growing group of admirers—if not friends—from the Great Crow Wars of the 1930's, when for a while practically every pen in the land was raised against him.

George W. Hansel, Jr., of Quarryville, Pennsylvania, once discussed these eternal qualities of the crow in a scholarly dissertation that concluded as follows:

> Despite persecutions and propensities, the crow will remain. He has seen the white man come and the red man go and generations pass. He has heard the earth quake and seen the elements devastate. The while he caws on and on to remind us of aboriginal nature.
>
> The Creator of birds did not make songsters of all species. To the crow he gave a decided sense of humor. THE END

Time to Go In

By Herbert Merrill

Bare is the maple and
barren the oak,
Gentian and aster are
stripped to the bone,
Chimneys are building their
columns of smoke,
Birds have forgathered and
gossiped and flown.

All through the valley the
fields wear a brown
Ragged old sweater of
stubble again
Under a heavy sky bellying
down,
Weighted to bursting with
burden of rain.

Weary, I turn from the
water and mud
And shutter the window
and sit by the fire
To bask like a cat till the
trees are in bud
And robins come back with
cantata and choir.

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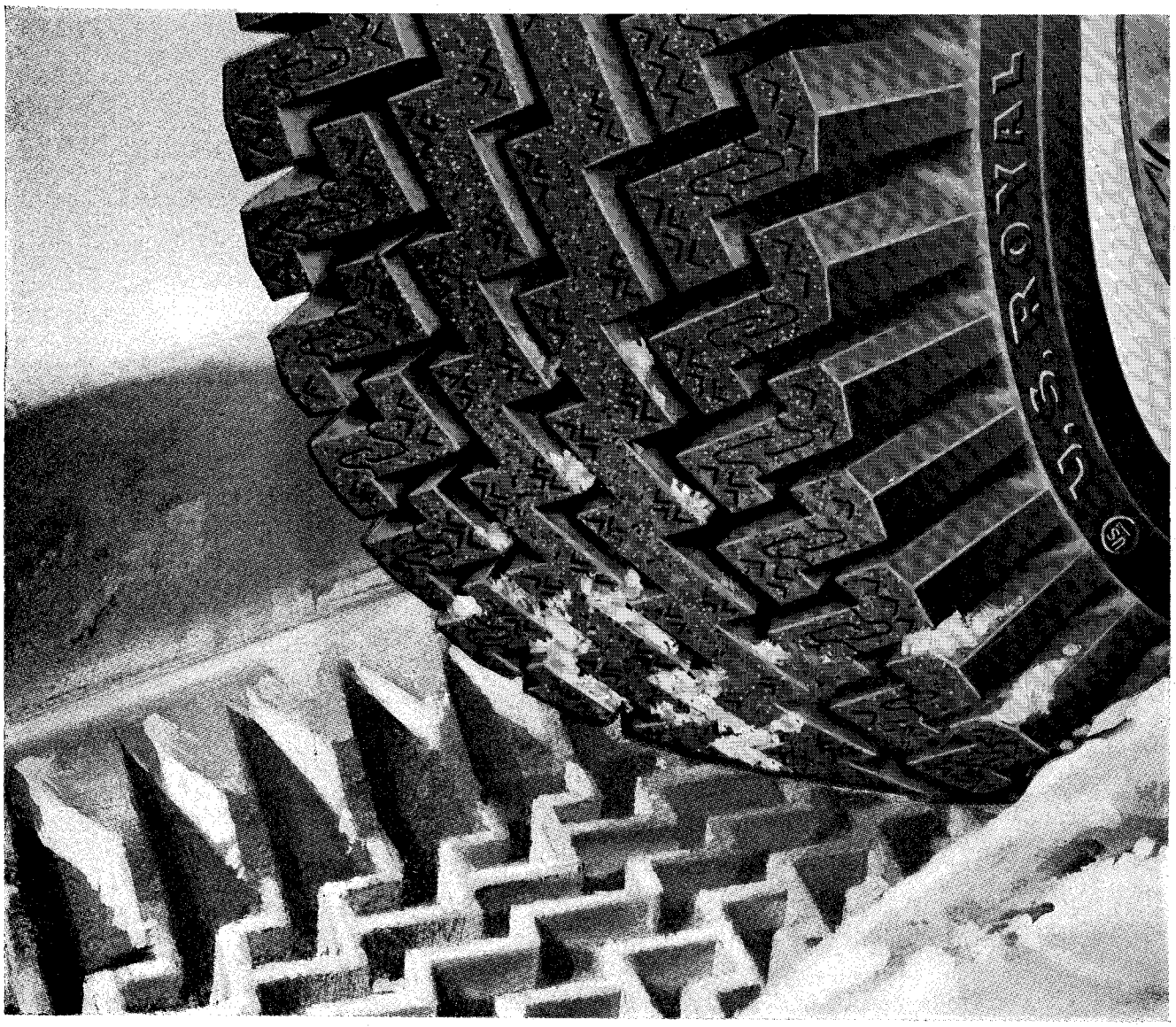
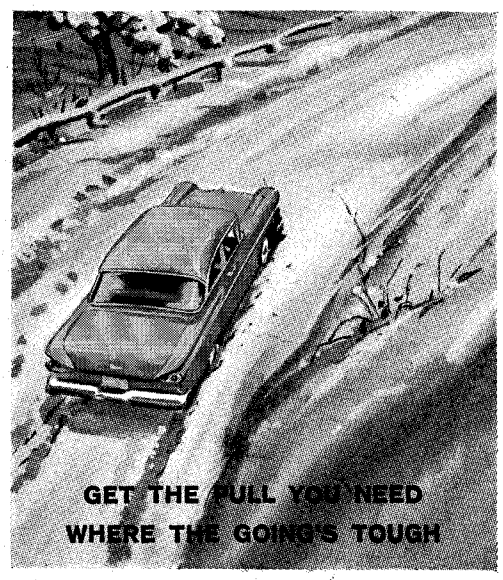
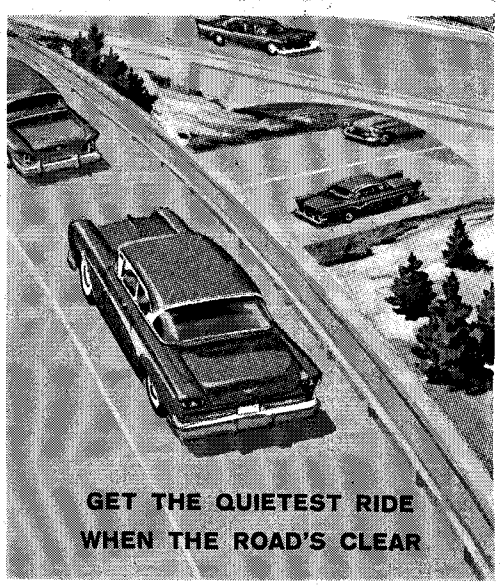
PULLS YOU OUT... THEN KEEPS QUIET!







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Divorce (Continued from Page 21)

slacks. Her attorney offered a motion for temporary alimony and child support of $125 a week. They had been married ten years, had three children and owned a home in the suburbs. The judge asked if the lawyers had tried to reconcile them. The wife's attorney said the husband was pretending to want a reconciliation in order to stall the case and avoid paying temporary support money. The husband's lawyer denied it loudly. "He knows he has to support his wife and children. He'd like to have her go back and live in the house because it's cheaper than leaving it stand empty. They're asking for more money than he can pay."

Judge Adesko said, "How much can he pay?"

"Fifty dollars."

"For the wife and three children?" The judge shook his head and turned to the wife's attorney, who said, "This is a new wrinkle about the house, judge. He never wanted her in the house before. We've got photographs—he broke down the door, beat her up, hit her with a lamp. He's got another woman."

Judge Adesko turned to the husband. "What is the current income from your business since the first of the year?"

"I went in the hole," he said, and handed some papers to the judge.

The judge went over the figures the husband had tendered, then said, "Draw an order—one hundred dollars per week," and his clerk called the next case loudly, and the attorneys gathered up their papers and left the bar, the suburban husband and wife going, too, not looking at each other, their faces set.

The next wife was a dark, handsome, voluptuous woman, and the corners of her mouth turned down contemptuously as her husband shambled up to the bar, unshaven, without a necktie, his hair awry, his expensive suit unpressed as though he had been sleeping in it. He had no attorney. His wife's attorney said, "Judge, this man is thirty-eight hundred dollars in arrears on his child-support payments. He is a salesman and he used to earn two hundred dollars and more a week, but he is not working; he is deliberately pauperizing himself to avoid paying anything to his wife. She's got an eviction notice, and a doctor is suing her for a seven hundred dollars' bill. He has told his wife that he will never pay her a dime. He is deliberately flouting the orders of this court, and he should be shown no mercy."

The judge turned to the husband. "Sir?"

The husband raised his gaze to the judge and said, "In the last four months I haven't had hardly any work. Right now it's a bad season."

Adesko said, "What money have you?"

"Well, I saw her Monday and I said I would give her one hundred dollars Tuesday. But Tuesday my brother's wife died, and I had to go to the funeral and ——"

"What can you pay today?"

He shook his head and mumbled. The judge said once more, "Can you pay her anything today?"

"No."

"You forced me to do it, sir," the judge said, and told the wife's attorney, "Draw your order." A deputy sheriff led him away to jail, the wife watching, a trace of a smile of pleasure appearing about her lips. He would stay in jail six months for contempt of court unless he raised some money (which he did a few days later).

In the next case a Negro couple argued over his income of thirty dollars a week. He was deep in debt, his car had been repossessed, but on the other hand his wife and children were about to be evicted. The wife's attorney said, "It is a simple fact that there are four children to be fed."

The husband's attorney said, looking at the judge, "But where is the money to come from?"

Adesko threw up his hands and said, "I'm not a magician."

Most cases that came before Adesko resolved themselves into arguments about money. Adesko often did arithmetic while the parties argued. He figures how much the husband needed to eat and sleep and get to work; he gave the wife the rest. He has said, "In most cases the amount I award is not enough for her and the kids, and it's too much for him to pay."

The court ground on, the clerk calling names rapidly. There were forty-five motions on call today. Some took only a minute. If they took more than fifteen minutes, the judge postponed them. The lawyers were expert. The judge knew them; they came here every day. There was an air of hurry and confusion, bewildered clients wandering around, lawyers hastening forward and waving frantically to their clients as their cases were called, occasionally an angry outburst at the bar; but through it all the judge sat unruffled, listening, ruling quietly but firmly. He was polite. He said "sir" to all the men. He was patient, spending ten minutes to work out the hours when a husband might visit his children. When parties disagreed, he had them sworn by his clerk and allowed the attorneys to cross-examine them at length; one felt he did it in order to make up his own mind about who was lying and what was fair.

Sometimes it seemed that all the woe in the world came before Adesko. A husband, a displaced person from Central Europe, explained through an interpreter that he had married his wife to provide a home for the illegitimate wartime child she had borne an American soldier; now she wanted a divorce because he everlastingly reminded her of her transgression. When the judge asked one wife, "What chance is there to save this marriage?" she said bitterly, "He has gonorrhea—that's the proof of his chasing around." A young wife divorced and now remarried asked the court for her children, whom she had relinquished to her husband; his mother objected, for she had raised the children and had grown to love them.

A well-dressed suburban husband, looking sheepish and aggrieved, asked the court for a continuance so he could get a lawyer; during a quarrel last night he had beaten his wife and she had had him arrested and had bailed him out only this morning. He said, "This has all happened so fast I don't know where I am," and she responded, "It's been going on for years and I'm sick of it."

Adesko arranged the hours when a young husband might visit his eight-months-old baby, but, as the wife left, the judge, not quite satisfied, called to her over the throng of lawyers, "What time do you feed the baby?" and rewrote the visitation order so as not to interfere with feeding time. Then he declared a ten-minute recess, stepped down from his bench and went to his chambers to marry a couple.

It was past eleven A.M. The crowd was thinning out. Out in the hall half a dozen lawyers and clients were standing around, smoking and talking. Court reconvened, Vic the clerk calling as the judge resumed the bench, "Order, please; no smoking; motion call Number Two." Then, "Jackson." As the attorneys commenced, a tension was in the air. The judge, watching the man and wife, interrupted, "Is there any chance to save this marriage?"

The wife said, "Yes."

Adesko said, "Let's talk this over in chambers in fifteen minutes."

At 12:30 P.M. the morning calendar was finished. The judge stood up and, beckoning to the Jacksons, as we shall call them, went into his chambers.

She was a little woman, rather odd-looking, several years older than her husband, who was a successful businessman of about fifty. Her sister-in-law was with her. The Jacksons had been married twenty years and had three children. The husband had sued for divorce, charging his wife with drunkenness; she had sued for separate maintenance. Adesko said, "Mr. and Mrs. Jackson, do you realize what you're doing to yourselves and your children?"

The husband said, "I think in this case we're doing the children more good than harm."

"How can we help you?" the judge asked. "You're represented by able lawyers. And I want to help you too. How can we?"

No one replied for a moment. The wife said, "May I speak up?" The judge made a courtly gesture. "My daughter is a junior in high school. I think she'd leave, run off with her boy friend, just to get away from the environment. Yet he wants custody of the children."

"... and now, boys, a word from my mother."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The husband said, "Now, with my wife out of it, we're leading a normal life for the first time in four or five years."

"How long have you had the children alone?"

"Since she was drinking heavily."

Adesko, turning to the wife, asked, "Were you drinking?"

She said tensely, "I drank and he knows why I drank. He even brought clothing home that'd be disgusting to a wife to see, lipstick on it." Her voice was rising. "He ——"

Adesko interrupted, "Folks, let's assume you've both made mistakes in the past. We all have. Is there any hope of saving this marriage?"

The husband crossed his legs and said, "There have been various attempts in the past to try to straighten things out. A couple of years ago her brother took her to a psychiatrist and he put her in a sanitarium. I paid for it. Two weeks later she was drinking again." She tried to interrupt, but he overtalked her, and her lawyer quieted her. "The children tried to find the bottles to throw them out. She hid them. That is the memory my children will have of their mother—a gin bottle. Whenever they see a gin bottle they will say, 'Gin—that was what my mother drank.'"

There was a silence. The judge inquired about custody of the children. Both wanted it. He suggested an investigation by the Cook County Bureau of Public Welfare to help him decide. They agreed. The wife's attorney wanted a temporary support order. The husband's attorney offered twenty-five dollars a week, whereupon her attorney exploded, "He makes two hundred and fifty dollars a week. I haven't received a dime in attorney's fees. I see this is going to be a cat-and-dog fight. The husband got an injunction on her not to molest. I want it voided so she can have the right to visit the kids." The husband's attorney said, "I've known these people ten years, judge, and we need this injunction. I've seen her drunk in her home. The sanitarium ——"

The wife burst out—they had railroaded her to the sanitarium. Loud argument ensued. The judge made one more try at reconciliation. It was hopeless. He returned to the question of her temporary support, and the attorneys once again got busy, as they always do when money is at issue, the wife's attorney demanding $100 a week, the husband's attorney offering twenty-five dollars. The judge settled it—thirty-five dollars a week while she was living with her sister-in-law. What about her visiting the children? The husband burst out, "I won't have that household upset, your honor."

Adesko said, "She has a right to see the children. Could they go to visit her at her sister-in-law's?"

The husband said, "I'm not going to force them to go."

Adesko nodded. "You tell them their mother was sick and she's attempting to get better, and she's their mother, and urge them to see her. It won't hurt you, sir. If she should return to her former situation, the children would respect you. The worst thing parents do is try to dirty each other up in front of the kids."

The husband lowered his head and said, "I know."

"Can they have Sunday dinner with her at her sister-in-law's home? What time do they go to church?"

"At eleven."

"Then could they go to see mother at one o'clock?"

"You want me to bring them there?"

"Good."

"I'll take them there earlier so she can take them to eleven-o'clock mass if she wants to."

"Still better." (*Continued on Page 67*)

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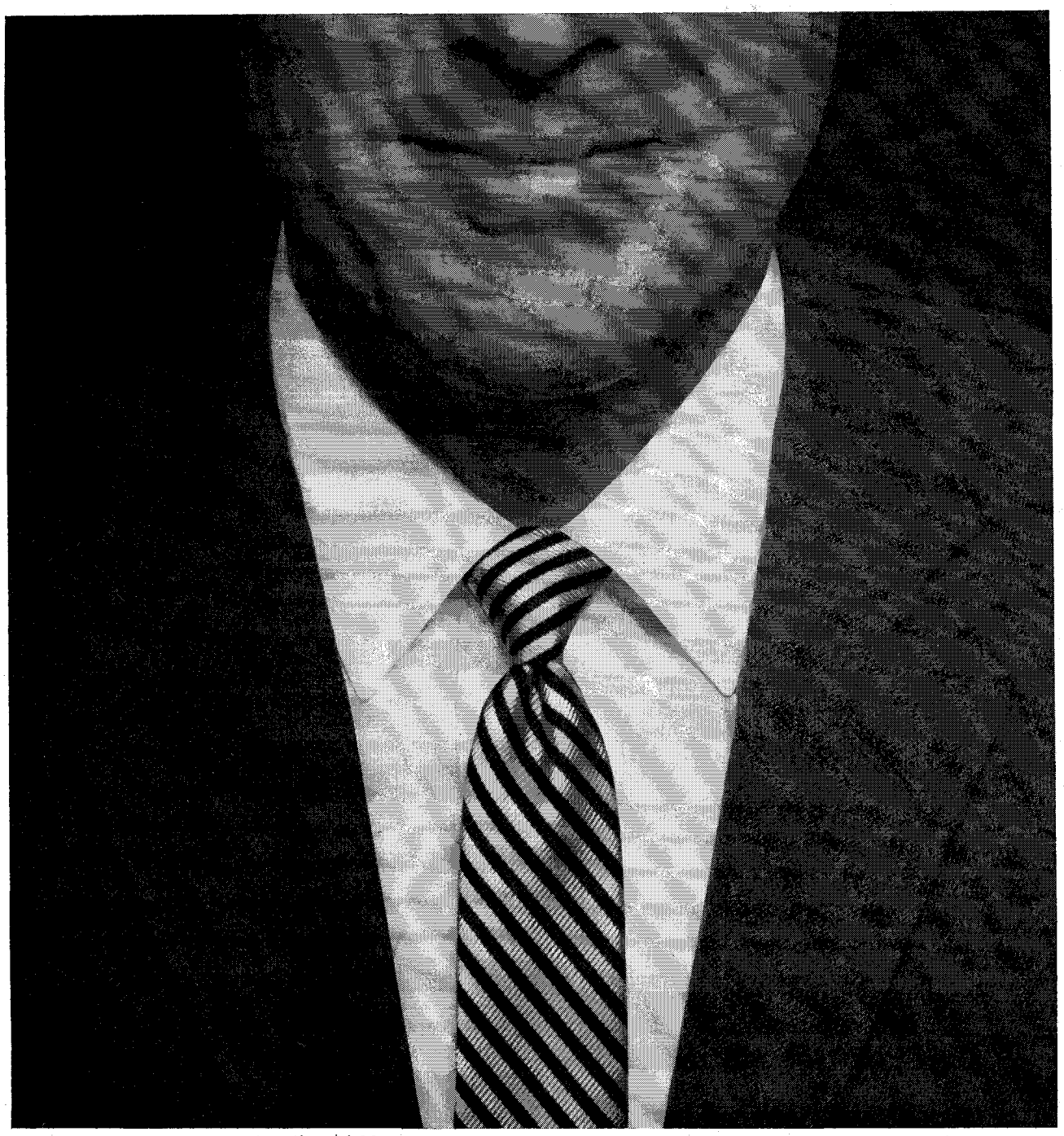

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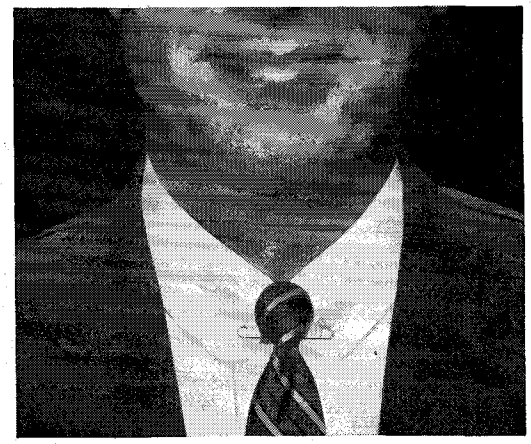

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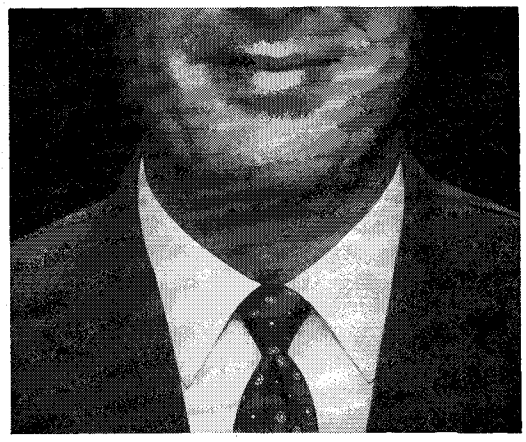

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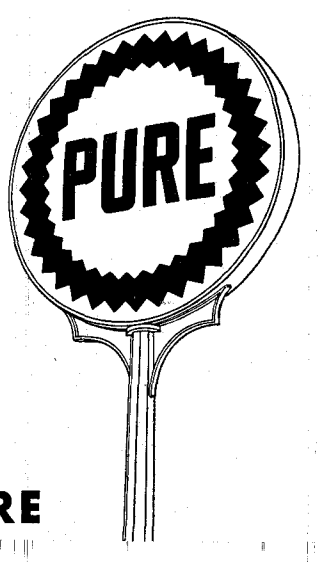

BE SURE WITH PURE

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(*Continued from Page 64*) The wife's attorney said harshly, "There's still the matter of cost—there's no provision to pay the sister-in-law for the children's Sunday dinner."

The husband said scornfully, "I'll pay for their dinner."

Adesko said, "Shall we raise the support to forty dollars?" whereupon the lawyers commenced a loud wrangle again. The sister-in-law, a large, matronly woman who had been sitting silent in the corner, her eyes moist, watching the marriage break up, interrupted to say, "Judge, as far as the children are concerned, they are my nieces and nephews and they can come as my guests and ——" But she wept, she could say no more; and suddenly all in the room fell silent, as though ashamed. A little later they left. Judge Adesko took off his robe, put on his coat and hat, and went out to lunch. It was 1:30 P.M., and he was due back at two.

Thaddeus V. Adesko, a Catholic, was born on November 5, 1902, in a poor neighborhood on the West Side of Chicago, the son of Polish immigrants who ran a neighborhood grocery. He worked his way through Northwestern University's law school and married a social worker. His ward committeeman, a power in the Democratic organization, had him appointed an assistant to the judge of probate court, then slated him for the state senate. Adesko learned a lot in the senate and, a man of humble origins, he felt honored to be invited to strategy meetings at the governor's mansion, just as today he feels honored to preside in superior court and to attend political functions with national party leaders. After his senate term he was slated and elected to the municipal court and in 1953 to superior court. There he was assigned first to criminal court and, in September, 1957, to divorce court.

Divorce court is an assignment judges try to avoid—it is extraordinarily wearing and exasperating. Adesko appears to like it. He is considered one of the most conscientious judges on the Chicago bench. He is paid $19,500. He knows that his volume of cases is too great, he can rarely inquire thoroughly into a case, and all too often he must accept the unsupported word of lawyers and their clients; but he does the best he can.

At two P.M. the courtroom was half full. Adesko listened for a while to a quarrel over money, then referred it to a master in chancery who would go into the accounts and report to the judge. He heard a long case involving complicated questions of interstate jurisdiction. Then he stepped down from the bench and, beckoning to a family that was waiting, took them into his chambers.

The Bradleys, as we call them, had been divorced a couple of years earlier and both had remarried. They had had four children—three boys of their own and a girl, Debbie, who was Mrs. Bradley's child by a previous marriage. The boys had been awarded to Bradley, Debbie to her mother. Each parent had received the right to visit the children in the other's custody. Now Bradley was charging his former wife with contempt of court—she refused to let him visit Debbie. She was charging him with contempt—he was $850 behind in his payments for Debbie's support. They sat in two sullen camps on opposite sides of the room—attorneys, Bradley and his present wife, the former Mrs. Bradley and her present husband, and Debbie, a thin, grave, pretty child of eleven with ponytail and glasses, who chose to sit with her mother.

Bradley's attorney began to tell the judge that one weekend when Bradley had had Debbie, his former wife had hit him, hit his present wife and taken Debbie away from him. "The child ——"

Adesko held up his hand. "Just a minute, counsel. Wouldn't it be better if Debbie waited out in the courtroom while we discuss this?"

All nodded. He took Debbie by the hand and said, "Come with me, my dear. You won't mind waiting, will you?" and took her out.

In a minute the lawyers were arguing loudly about whether Mrs. Bradley was trying to turn Debbie against her father, about Bradley's $850 arrearage. The former Mrs. Bradley joined in, her voice trembling, and so did Bradley and his present wife, who sat holding his hand throughout the hearing. Judge Adesko let them go on awhile, then interrupted, "What can we do to avoid a recurrence of this trouble? Have you ever considered the possibility of having all four children together?"

The former Mrs. Bradley said quickly, "I'd love to have the boys," and Bradley and his wife almost as quickly, "We'd love to have Debbie," and they fell to quarreling. The judge stopped them. "We're not getting any place. Would any of you object if I talked to Debbie alone?"

Alone in his chambers with Debbie, he said, "As you probably know, my dear, your mother and stepfather are having a little difficulty. Is there anything you'd like to tell me?"

She gulped and, round-eyed, said, "Last Saturday when my mother came to get me, Dorothy Bradley"—Bradley's present wife—"slapped my mother. Dorothy said my mother scratched her, but my mother couldn't scratch her, my mother had gloves on." She was speaking very rapidly. "Harold Bradley always tells me how much he loves me, but he didn't even come to visit me on Easter," and she suddenly wept.

Adesko patted her arm. "Would you say these things in front of Harold?"

"Yes, I would."

Adesko went out and returned with Bradley. Not looking at him, Debbie repeated rapidly what she had just said, shaking her ponytail defiantly, finally saying to him, "And Friday you said my mother is a liar, and she isn't."

Bradley, his face pale, but trying to smile, said gently, "I'll agree to all those things, Debbie. But remember what you told me about how your mother taught you to say certain things?"

"No," she said stubbornly.

"Debbie, I'm not trying to hurt you. I'm trying to get things straightened out. You told me how your mother took your clothes off the rack and threw them on the floor."

"I never said that." And then she burst out, "I said I don't want all this fighting."

Bradley said awkwardly, "It is silly, isn't it?"

Adesko, still wearing his black robe, said, "The most important thing ——" But Debbie was crying bitterly. She took off her glasses to wipe at her tears. Adesko put his arm around her and said, "Please don't cry."

Bradley said, "Judge, let me explain this slapping deal."

"No," Adesko said. He was fumbling for a handkerchief for Debbie. He knelt beside her. "Debbie, you're a pretty girl. Both your parents love you. It's too bad we grownups don't know how to get along, to live together. But don't let this affect you, please." He put his arm around her and led her to the door. She looked up at him and said, "Do I have to visit Harold Bradley?"

"Why don't you want to?" the judge asked.

"Because I get all upset. There's all this fighting."

Bradley said, "But I love you, Debbie. I ——"

Adesko said, "I think this is all we can accomplish now." He asked the attorneys to come in alone. "This is a bad one," he said. They agreed. They discussed a deal. Perhaps, to stop the fighting over Debbie, Bradley would give her up—let his ex-wife have her to herself. And perhaps in return, Bradley's ex-wife would forgive his $850 arrearage. "Let's try it," Adesko said, and called in the former Mrs. Bradley alone. She hated to give up the money because she wanted to hurt her ex-husband, but reluctantly she agreed. She left. Bradley came in with his present wife. She said, "This means no more pulling back and forth over Debbie?" Yes, Adesko said. They looked at each other. She turned back to the judge. "Can we see her one more time?"

"Yes," the judge said. "Now."

They went out to Debbie. The judge beckoned the attorneys to him and explained that the deal was on and that they should draw the orders so he could sign them at once. They set to work. Debbie was looking over the Bradleys' heads, shaking her ponytail, ignoring them. They left and the others followed. The courtroom was empty. It was 5:45 P.M. Even the clerk and bailiffs had left. Judge Adesko went to his chambers and sank into his chair. "I'm getting tired," he said and contemplated a pile of decrees and orders, then pushed them aside, took off his black robe, put on his hat and coat and went home.

Editors' Note—This is the first of four articles by Mr. Martin. The second will appear next week.

"Oh, for heaven's sake, give the man his tip."

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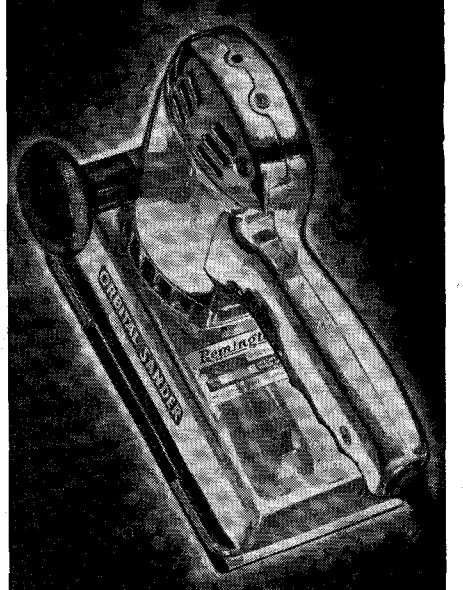

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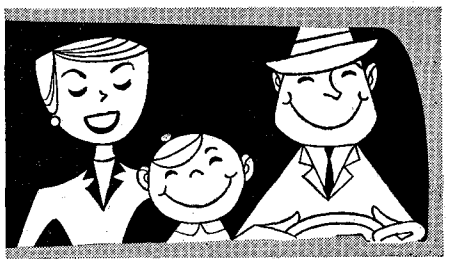

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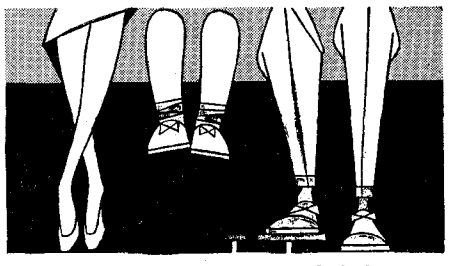

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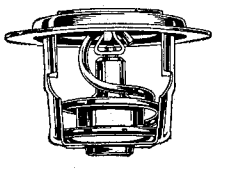

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The Decline of Greatness

(Continued from Page 25)

places as leaders of America or Britain or Russia or Italy without any change in the course of history. Why ours should thus be an age without heroes, and whether this condition is good or bad for us and for civilization, are topics worthy of investigation.

Why have giants vanished from our midst? One must never neglect the role of accident in history; and accident no doubt plays a part here. But too many accidents of the same sort cease to be wholly accidental. One must inquire further. Why should our age not only be without great men but even seem actively hostile to them? Surely one reason we have so few heroes now is precisely that we had so many a generation ago. Greatness is hard for common humanity to bear. As Emerson said, "Heroism means difficulty, postponement of praise, postponement of ease, introduction of the world into the private apartment, introduction of eternity into the hours measured by the sitting-room clock." A world of heroes keeps people from living their own private lives.

Moreover, great men live dangerously. They introduce extremes into existence—extremes of good, extremes of evil—and ordinary men after a time flinch from the ultimates and yearn for undemanding security. The Second World War was the climax of an epoch of living dangerously. It is no surprise that it precipitated a universal revulsion against greatness. The war itself destroyed Hitler and Mussolini. And the architects of victory were hardly longer-lived. After the war, the British repudiated Churchill, and the Americans (with the adoption of the 22nd Amendment), Roosevelt. In due course, the French repudiated De Gaulle (they later repented, but it took the threat of civil war to bring him back); the Chinese, Chiang Kai-shek; and the Russians, Stalin. Khrushchev, in toppling Stalin from his pedestal, pronounced the general verdict against the uncommon man: the modern world, he said, had no use for the "cult of the individual." And, indeed, carried to the excesses to which the worshipers of Hitler and Stalin carried it, even to the much milder degree to which admirers of Roosevelt and Churchill sometimes carried it, the cult of the individual was dangerous. No man is infallible, and every man needs to be reminded of this on occasion. Still, our age has gone further than this—it objects not just to hero worship but to heroes. The century of the common man has come into its own.

This term, "common man," suggests the deeper problem. There is more involved than simply a dismissal of those colossi whom the world identified with a season of blood and agony. The common man has always regarded the great man with mixed feelings—resentment as well as admiration, hatred as well as love. The Athenian who refused to vote for Aristides because he was so tired of hearing him called "the Just" expressed a natural reaction. Great men make small men aware of their smallness. Rancor is one of the unavowed but potent emotions of politics; and one must never forget that the envy of the have-nots can be quite as consuming when the haves have character or intelligence as it is when they have merely material possessions.

Modern democracy inadvertently gave envy new scope. While the purpose of democracy was to give everyone a fair chance to rise, its method enabled rancorous men to invoke "equality" as an excuse for keeping all down to their own level. "I attribute the small number of distinguished men in political life," wrote Alexis de Tocqueville after visiting the United States in the 1830's, "to the ever-increasing despotism of the majority. . . . The power of the majority is so absolute and irresistible that one must give up one's rights as a citizen and almost abjure one's qualities as a human being, if one intends to stray from the track which it prescribes." James Bryce even titled a chapter in his American Commonwealth, Why Great Men Are Not Chosen President.

History has shown these prophets unduly pessimistic. Distinguished men do enter American politics; great men have been chosen President. Democracy demonstrates a capability for heroic leadership quite as much as it does a tendency toward mediocrity. Yet Tocqueville and the others were correct enough in detecting the dislike of great men as a permanent potentiality in a democracy. And the evolution of industrial society appears to have given this sentiment new force. More and more of us live and work within great organizations; an influential book has already singled out the organization man as the American of the future. The bureaucratization of American life, the decline of the working class, the growth of the white-collar class, the rise of suburbia—all this has meant the increasing homogeneity of American society. Though we continue to speak of ourselves as rugged individualists, our actual life has grown more and more collective and anonymous. As a Monsanto Chemical film put it, showing a group of technicians at work in a laboratory: "No geniuses here; just a bunch of average Americans working together." Our ideal is increasingly smooth absorption into the group rather than self-realization in the old-fashioned, strong-minded, don't-give-a-damn sense. Where does the great man fit into our homogenized society?

"The greatness of England is now all collective," John Stuart Mill wrote a century ago: "individually small, we only appear capable of anything great by our habit of combining." He might have been writing about contemporary America; but where we Americans are inclined to rejoice over the superiority of the "team," Mill added somberly, "It was men of another stamp than this that made England what it has been; and men of another stamp will be needed to prevent its decline."

But was Mill right? Do individuals really have impact on history? A powerful school of philosophers has denied any importance at all to great men. Such thinkers reject heroes as a childish hangover from the days when men ascribed everything to the action of gods. History, they assert, is not made by men, but by inexorable forces or irrevocable laws: if these forces or laws do not manifest themselves through one individual, they will do so through another. What has happened already has comprehensively and absolutely decided what will happen in the future. "If there is a single human action due to free will," wrote Tolstoi, "no historical law exists, and no conception of historical events can be formed." If all this is so, obviously the presence or absence of any particular "hero" at any particular time cannot make the slightest difference.

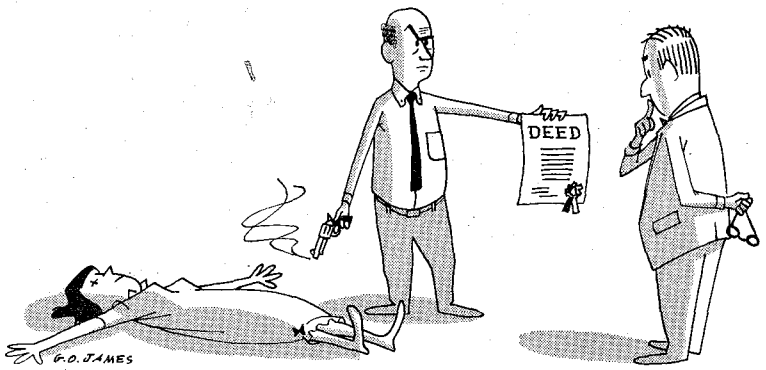
This view of history is a form of fatalistic determinism; and Tolstoi's War and Peace offers one of its most eloquent statements. Why, Tolstoi asked, did millions of men in the time of Napoleon, repudiating their common sense and their human feelings, move from west to east, slaughtering their fellows? The answers provided by historians seemed to him hopelessly superficial. His own answer was: "The war was bound to happen simply because it was bound to happen"; all previous history predetermined it. Where did this leave the great men? In Tolstoi's view, they were the most deluded figures of all. Great men, he said, "are but the labels that serve to give a name to an event and, like labels, they have the least possible connection with the event itself." The greater the man, "the more conspicuous is the inevitability and predestination of every act he commits." The hero, said Tolstoi, "is the slave of history."

There are many forms of historical fatalism. Toynbee and Spengler, with their theory of the inexorable growth and decay of civilizations, represent one form. The Marxists, with their theory that changes in the modes of production control the course of history, represent another. When Khrushchev denounced the practice of making "a hero" out of "a particular leader" and condemned the cult of the individual as "alien to the spirit of Marxism-Leninism," he was speaking the true spirit of his faith. And Marxism is not the only form of economic determinism; there are also, for example, economic determinists of the laissez-faire school who believe that all civilization is dependent on rigid adherence to a certain theory of the sacredness of private property.

Fatalists differ greatly among themselves. But, however much they differ, they unite in the conclusion that the individual plays no role of his own in history. If they are right, then nothing could matter less whether or not this is an age without heroes.

But they are not right. The philosophy of historical fatalism rests on serious fallacies. For one thing, it supposes that, because a thing happens, it had to happen. But causation is one matter; predestination another. The construction of a causal explanation after an event merely renders that event in some sense intelligible. It does not in the least show that this particular event, and no other, had to take place; that nothing else could possibly have occurred in its stead. The serious test of the fatalist case must be applied before the event. The only conclusive proof of fatalism would lie in the accurate prediction of events that have not yet happened. And to say, with Tolstoi, that all prior history predetermines everything that follows is to say nothing at all. It is to produce an explanation which applies equally to everything—and thus becomes so vague and limitless as to explain nothing.

Fatalism raises other difficulties. Thus it imputes reality to mystical historical "forces"—class, race, nation, the will of the people, the spirit of the times, history itself. But there are no such forces. They are merely abstractions or metaphors with no existence except in the mind of the beholder. The only evidence for them is deduction from the behavior of individuals. It is therefore the individual who constitutes the basic unit of history. And, while no individual can be wholly free—and, indeed, recent discoveries of the manifold ways in which we are unconsciously conditioned should constitute a salutary check on human vanity—one must assume the reality of an area of free choice until that assumption is challenged, not by metaphysical affirmation, but by (*Continued on Page 70*)



You be the Judge

By JAMES A. EICHNER

Hothead and his wife bought a house jointly, with the usual provision in the deed that it would belong entirely to the one who survived the other. Later, in a rage, Hothead killed his wife. He was convicted of murder and sentenced to prison. Meanwhile he sold the house. His wife's heirs sued for half the proceeds.

"The law provides that no one who kills another person can 'inherit or take by will or otherwise' any of his victim's property," counsel for the heirs argued. "It is clearly intended to prevent a murderer from profiting by his own wrongdoing. So Hothead isn't entitled to his wife's share of the proceeds."

"That law doesn't apply," Hothead replied. "I'm not claiming anything from my wife's estate, but merely what the deed gave me all along—sole ownership of the house after her death."

If you were the judge, would you give Hothead sole ownership? • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Hothead won. The court said that he was entitled to the property under the original deed. It added: "Although a theory depriving a murderer of any benefits resulting from his crime appeals to our sense of justice and equity, we are not permitted to read something into the statute which is not there."

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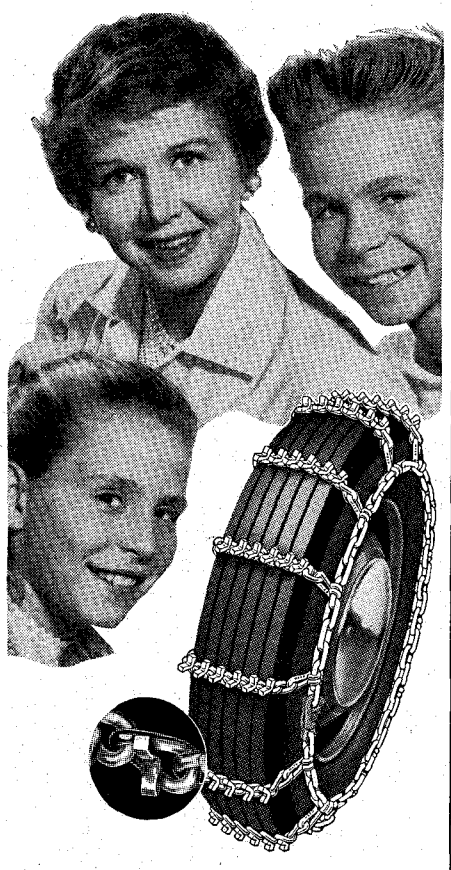

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(*Continued from Page 68*) verifiable proof—that is, consistently accurate prediction of the future.

Fatalism, moreover, is incompatible with human psychology and human morality. Anyone who rigorously accepted a deterministic view of life, for example, would have to abandon all notions of human responsibility, since it is manifestly unfair to praise or punish people for acts which are by definition beyond their control. But such fatalism is belied by the assumption of free choice which underlies every move we make, every word we utter, every thought we think. As Sir Isaiah Berlin observes of determinism, "If we begin to take it seriously, then, indeed, the changes in our language, our moral notions, our attitudes toward one another, our views of history, of society and of everything else will be too profound to be even adumbrated." We can no more imagine what the universe of the consistent determinist would be like than we can imagine what it would be like to live in a world without time or one with seventeen-dimensional space.

For the historian concerned with concrete interpretation of actual events, he can easily demonstrate the futility of fatalism by trying to apply it to specific historical episodes. According to the extreme determinist view, no particular individual can make the slightest difference. As slaves of history, all individuals are, so to speak, interchangeable parts. If Napoleon had not led his armies across Europe, Tolstoi implies, someone else would have. William James, combating this philosophic fatalism, once asked the determinists whether they really believed "the convergence of sociological pressures to have so impinged on Stratford on Avon about April 23, 1564, that a W. Shakespeare, with all his mental peculiarities, had to be born there." And did they further believe, James continued, that "if the aforesaid W. Shakespeare had died of cholera infantum, another mother at Stratford on Avon would needs have engendered a duplicate copy of him to restore the sociologic equilibrium?" Who could believe such stuff? Yet, if the determinists do not mean exactly this, how can they read the individual out of history?

In December, 1931, a British politician, crossing Fifth Avenue in New York between 76th and 77th streets around ten-thirty at night, was knocked down and gravely injured by an automobile. Fourteen months later an American politician, sitting in an open car in Miami, Florida, was fired on by an assassin; a man standing beside him was killed. Would the next two decades of history have been the same had Contasini's car killed Winston Churchill in 1931 and Zangara's bullets killed Franklin Roosevelt in 1933? Suppose, in addition, that Adolf Hitler had been killed in the street fighting during the Munich *Putsch* of 1923, and that Lenin and Mussolini had died at birth. Where would our century be now?

Individuals, of course, must operate within limits. They cannot do everything. They cannot, for example, propel history into directions for which the environment and the human material are not prepared: no genius, however heroic, could have brought television to ancient Troy. Yet, as Sidney Hook has convincingly argued in his thoughtful book, The Hero in History, great men can count decisively "where the historical situation permits of major alternative paths of development."

This argument between fatalism and heroism is not one on which there is a lot to be said on both sides. The issue is far too sharp to be straddled. Either history is rigidly determined and foreordained, in which case individual striving does not matter; or it is not, in which case there is an essential role for the hero. Analysis of concrete episodes suggests that history is, within limits, open and unfinished; that men have lived who did what no substitute could ever have done; that their intervention set history on one path rather than another. If this is so, the old maxim, "There are no indispensable men," would seem another amiable fallacy. There is, then, a case for heroes.

To say that there is a case for heroes is not to say that there is a case for hero worship. The surrender of decision, the unquestioning submission to leadership, the prostration of the average man before the Great Man—these are the diseases of heroism, and they are fatal to human dignity. But, if carried too far, hero worship generates its own antidote. "Every hero," said Emerson, "becomes a bore at last." And we need not go too far. History amply shows that it is possible to have heroes without turning them into gods.

And history shows, too, that, when a society, in flight from hero worship, decides to do without great men at all, it gets into troubles of its own. Our contemporary American society, for example, has little use for the individualist. Individualism implies dissent from the group; dissent implies conflict; and conflict suddenly seems divisive, un-American and generally unbearable. Our greatest new industry is evidently the production of techniques to eliminate conflict, from positive thoughts through public relations to psychoanalysis, applied everywhere from the couch to the pulpit. Our national aspiration has become peace of mind, peace of soul. The symptomatic drug of our age is the tranquilizer. "Togetherness" is the banner under which we march into the brave new world.

Obviously society has had to evolve collective institutions to cope with problems that have grown increasingly complex and concentrated. But the collective approach can be overdone. If Khrushchev worried because his collectivist society developed a cult of the individual, maybe we Americans should start worrying as our so-called individualist society develops a cult of the group. We instinctively suppose that the tough questions will be solved by an interfaith conference or an interdisciplinary research team or an interdepartmental committee or an assembly of wise men meeting at Arden House. But are not these group tactics essentially means by which individuals hedge their bets and distribute their responsibilities? And do they not nearly always result in the dilution of insight and the triumph of mishmash? If we are to survive, we must have ideas, vision, courage. These things are rarely produced by committees. Everything that matters in our intellectual and moral life begins with an individual confronting his own mind and conscience in a room by himself.

A bland society will never be creative. "The amount of eccentricity in a society," said John Stuart Mill, "has generally been proportional to the amount of genius, mental vigor and moral courage it contained. That so few now dare to be eccentric marks the chief danger of the time." If this condition frightened Mill in Victorian England, it should frighten us much more. For our national apotheosis of the group means that we systematically lop off the eccentrics, the originals, the proud, imaginative, lonely people from whom new ideas come. What began as a recoil from hero worship ends as a conspiracy against creativity. If worship of great men brings us to perdition by one path, flight from great men brings us there just as surely by another. When we do not admire great men, then our instinct for admiration is likely to end by settling on ourselves. The one thing worse for democracy than hero worship is self-worship.

A free society cannot get along without heroes, because they are the most vivid means of exhibiting the power of free men. The hero exposes to all mankind unsuspected possibilities of conception, unimagined resources of strength. "The appearance of a great man," wrote Emerson, "draws a new circle outside of our largest orbit and surprises and commands us." Carlyle likened ordinary, lethargic times, with their unbelief and perplexity, to dry, dead fuel, waiting for the lightning out of heaven to kindle it. "The

"You barked, sir?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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great man, with his free force direct out of God's own hand, is the lightning. . . . The rest of men waited for him like fuel, and then they too would flame."

Great men enable us to rise to our own highest potentialities. They nerve lesser men to disregard the world and trust to their own deepest instinct. "In picking out from history our heroes," said William James, "each one of us may best fortify and inspire what creative energy may lie in his own soul. This is the last justification of hero worship." Which one of us has not gained fortitude and faith from the incarnation of ideals in men, from the wisdom of Socrates, from the wondrous creativity of Shakespeare, from the strength of Washington, from the compassion of Lincoln, and above all, perhaps, from the life and the death of Jesus? "We feed on genius," said Emerson. "Great men exist that there may be greater men."

Yet this may be only the smaller part of their service. Great men have another and larger role—to affirm human freedom against the supposed inevitabilities of history. The first hero was Prometheus, who defied the gods and thus asserted the independence and autonomy of man against all determinism. Zeus punished Prometheus, chaining him to a rock and encouraging a vulture to pluck at his vitals.

Ever since, man, like Prometheus, has warred against history. It has always been a bitter and remorseless fight; for the heavy weight of human inertia lies with fatalism. It takes a man of exceptional vision and strength and will—it takes, in short, a hero—to try to wrench history from what lesser men consider its preconceived path. And often history tortures the hero in the process, chains him to a rock and exposes him to the vulture. Yet, in the model of Prometheus, man can still hold his own against the gods. Brave men earn the right to shape their own destiny.

An age without great men is one which acquiesces in the drift of history. Such acquiescence is easy and seductive; the great appeal of fatalism, indeed, is as a refuge from the terror of responsibility. Where a belief in great men insistently reminds us that individuals can make a difference, fatalism reassures us that they can't. It thereby blesses our weakness and extenuates our failure. Fatalism, in Berlin's phrase, is "one of the great alibis" of history.

Let us not be complacent about our supposed capacity to get along without great men. If our society has lost its wish for heroes and its ability to produce them, it may well turn out to have lost everything else as well. THE END

For readers who may wish to pursue this topic further the following books are recommended:

Carlyle, Thomas
HEROES AND HERO-WORSHIP
Dutton
$1.85

James, William
THE WILL TO BELIEVE
Dover
$1.75

Emerson, Ralph Waldo
ENGLISH TRAITS, AND REPRESENTATIVE MEN
Dutton
$1.85

Berlin, Sir Isaiah
THE HEDGEHOG AND THE FOX
New American Library
$.35

Mill, John Stuart
ON LIBERTY
Henry Regnery
$.85

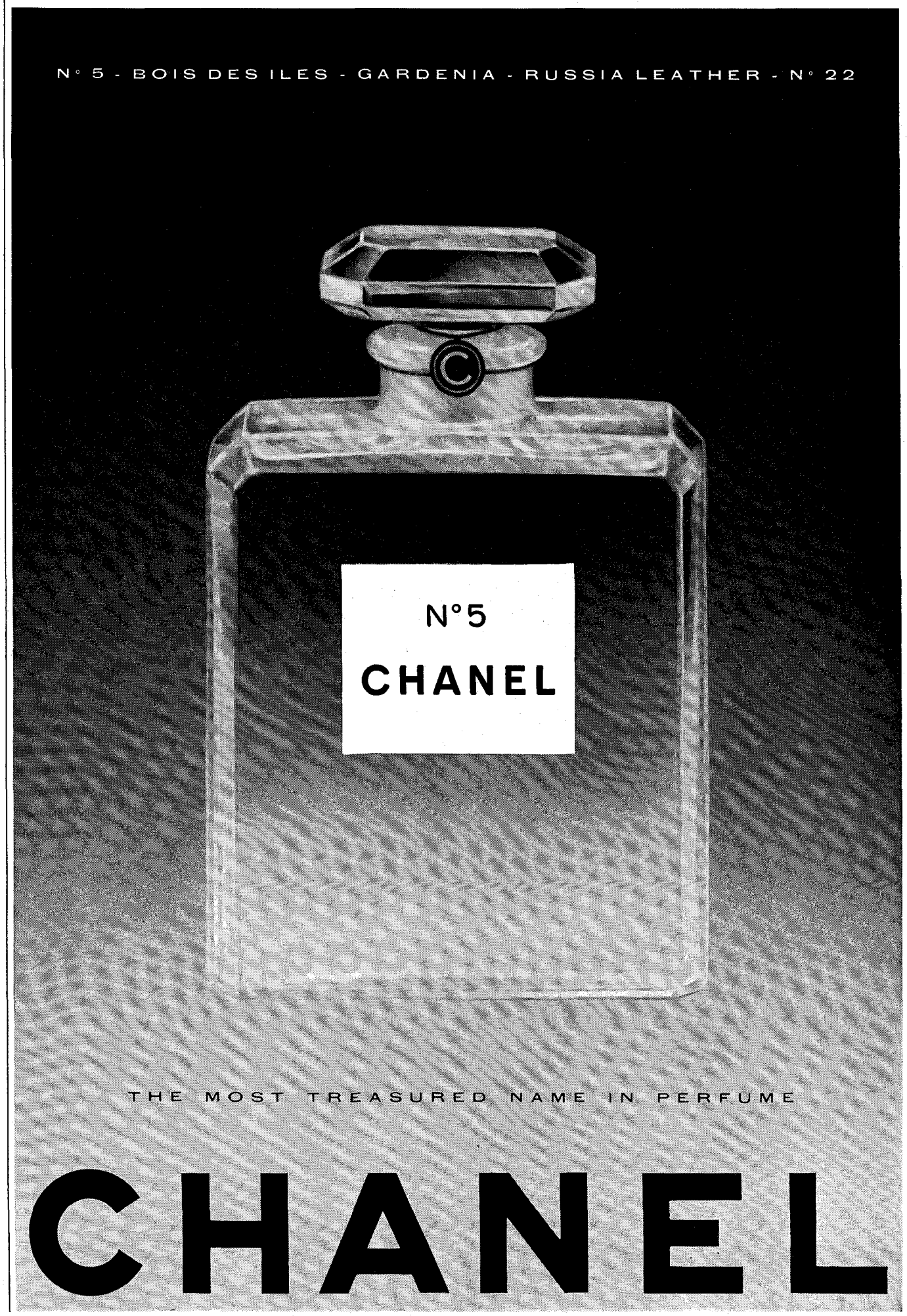
Berlin, Sir Isaiah
HISTORICAL INEVITABILITY
Oxford University Press
$2.00

Hook, Sidney
THE HERO IN HISTORY
Beacon Press
$1.25

Steadfast

By Curtis Heath

Ah, yes, my love, I'll grant
I've changed,
My strength and I are long
estranged;
These eyes, that once
searched far ahead,
Seek now to safely guide
my tread,
And limbs that thrilled to
leap and run
Find pleasure now in
warming sun.
The years will take what
they demand,
And change is what the
years allot.
I've changed, but when you
touch my hand
I know that this old heart
has not.



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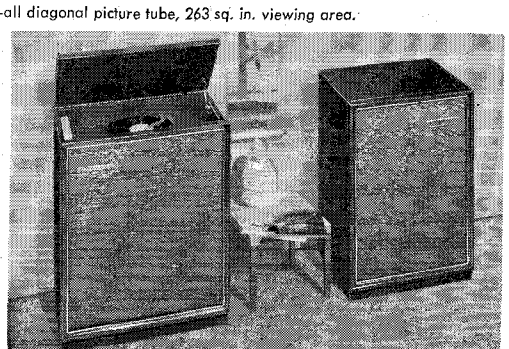

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They've Been Fighting 173 Years

(Continued from Page 31)

the Virginia oystermen when they defy those regulations, as they frequently do. What is condoned in home waters, they reason, cannot be wicked elsewhere. And therein lies another provocation to strife.

Early on the morning of December 8, 1956, the Virginia patrol boat Mobjack was riding at anchor in the lower Potomac, close to her own shore. At dawn, her master, Capt. George Benson, spotted a forty-two-foot Jackson Creek round stern, the commonest type of craft thereabouts. Her name and number were masked and she was slowly circling in a maneuver characteristic of oyster dredgers. "Drudgin'," as the oystermen call it, which consists of dragging a net attached to a steel bar across the oyster beds, is outlawed in the Potomac. The net scoops up huge loads of the crustaceans, thereby wrecking the beds. Only hand-tonging, with tines fastened to a long wooden handle that dislodge comparatively few oysters at a grab, is legal. The mere presence of any dredging equipment aboard—winch, winder, crank or spool—constitutes prima-facie evidence of guilt, and violators risk confiscation of their boat and cargo, one to three years' imprisonment and/or $100 to $1000 fine.

Captain Benson alerted the Tiny Lou, a Maryland patroller anchored nearby. She in turn called in the Tidewater Fisheries Commission's Chesapeake and its air arm, a seaplane. The three boats and the plane converged on the suspected dredger.

At the sound of their engines the quarry, later identified as the Miss Ann, out of Colonial Beach, Virginia, stopped circling and ran for harbor. There were three brawny young oystermen aboard—Harvey King the skipper, Albert Rollins and Dempsey Roy, who, like their fathers and grandfathers before them, had fished the Potomac since boyhood. "We wasn't drudgin'," King stated afterward, "only soundin' for an oyster lump."

If the Miss Ann did carry dredging gear, her pursuers never got near enough to prove it. For an hour they chased her up and down in front of Colonial Beach, preventing her from docking, while more than 500 townsfolk thronged the bank, cheering the hunted and booing the hunters. Then, as she edged up to a creek that wound into Virginia territory beyond Maryland jurisdiction, the officers on the Tiny Lou and the Chesapeake fired pistols, rifles and shotguns at her. They tore two holes through her sides below the water line. Half a dozen bullets creased her cabin and deck. Buckshot hit all three oystermen, but bounced harmlessly off their thick oilskins. A hail of stray lead fell among the spectators. Miraculously, nobody was struck.

Unlike the Marylanders, Captain Benson had orders not to shoot except in extreme emergencies. Therefore he steered straight for the fugitive with apparent intent to ram her. The Miss Ann swerved and slipped into the creek. A few moments later the oystermen tied up at a Colonial Beach boatyard, jumped ashore and surrendered to Virginia state police. "A Virginia waterman ain't got a snowball's chance in hell in a Maryland court," said King. "If they want us, they're gonna have to come and get us. The boat too."

Maryland wanted them, all right. The Tidewater Fisheries Commission's chief inspector, Robert Lee Shores, swore out extradition warrants, alleging a multitude of heinous offenses—concealing the boat's license number, illegal dredging, sailing without an inspection clearance, failing to pay the Maryland export tax. The Virginia authorities at first refused to turn over the wanted men or the boat. Eight months elapsed, during which their only action was to fine King twenty-five dollars for the first offense. They then held a preliminary hearing on the other charges but postponed trial indefinitely.

The dispute continued at the gubernatorial level. Virginia's Thomas B. Stanley wrote Maryland's Theodore McKeldin a stiff note, protesting the shooting which imperiled the lives of the Colonial Beach citizenry and demanding reassurances that there would be no recurrence. He received none. McKeldin defended the marksmen and obtained $100,000 from the Maryland legislature to purchase higher-powered patrol boats.

Governor Stanley finally agreed to the extradition of the three oystermen, and in Maryland they stood jury trial. To nobody's astonishment greater than the defendants', they were acquitted.

The oystering season, which runs from September first to April fifteenth, seldom passes without several such melees. While the two states were still wrangling over the Miss Ann, Maryland river police overtook another fleeing Virginia oyster boat and rammed her, slicing off her stern. Her speed kept her afloat until she reached home waters. "If she'd sunk," complained crew member Woodrow Rollins, brother of the same Rollins who was under indictment in Maryland with Harvey King and Dempsey Roy, "they wouldn't have stopped to pick us up."

Following the oyster season, the watermen fish for soft crabs, but, except in the Potomac, woe betide any crabber caught outside the waters of his own state. In June, 1949, a Virginia Fisheries deputy, David Acree, riding a seaplane above Chesapeake Bay, spotted a Maryland craft two miles out of bounds. He landed alongside her and, rifle in hand, climbed aboard. He ordered the skipper, Earl Nelson, a sixty-year-old widower with seven children, to steer toward a Virginia patrol boat. Nelson balked, whereupon Acree seized the tiller. Nelson tried to disarm him. In the tussle the rifle went off, dropping the crabber to the deck. Acree flew back to his base. When two fellow crabbers who had heard the shot boarded the boat, they found Nelson bleeding from a severed femoral artery. Before they could get him ashore he was dead. There was a hearing later, but no disciplinary action was taken against Acree.

Such incidents aggravate the Chesapeake waterman's bred-in-the-bone distrust of official controls. He clings to the tradition of rugged individualism. Although overharvesting has reduced the annual oyster yield in the area since 1880 from about 17,000,000 bushels to less than 10,000,000, most oysterers accept conservation measures with resentment, if at all. Says Otis Evans, chairman of the Crisfield, Maryland, Watermen's Association, "We don't need scientific theories, just industry and hard work. The scientists talk a lot, get paid for it and don't do anything. They've never produced an oyster that we know of."

With the bivalves wholesaling at three to four dollars a bushel, the oysterman who does not violate the restrictive statutes is a rare bird indeed. By dredging he can average as many bushels an hour as a hand-tonger takes all day. Moreover, only dredges or the mechanical patent tongs—also prohibited in certain waters—can operate at depths greater than eighteen feet, where some of the richest oyster rocks lie. And so the hardy oystermen, who consider the bottoms to be their God-given heritage, not subject to man-made laws, go their defiant, bellicose way.

They brave considerable hazards. Besides ducking bullets, they may burn up the day's profits in gasoline while eluding the foe, or be forced to jettison hundreds of dollars' worth of oysters as well as their dredge, which costs about fifty dollars. But a sporting spirit prevails among them. Many of the marauders freely admit to their escapades.

Capt. Chester Cullison, former commander of the T.F.C.'s Pocomoke, remembers trailing the same Free Stater for months, always to be outdistanced. One day the scofflaw, having entered waters too shallow for the Pocomoke, dropped anchor and yelled, "Why don't you shoot?" To his pained surprise, Cullison produced a machine gun and tattooed his boat from stem to stern. She sank without trace.

Oysterman Berkeley B. Muse, of Oak Grove, Virginia, would love to know what became of his expensive forty-four-foot, 250-horsepower boat, the Ghost. Four years ago, the Maryland police impounded the Ghost and towed her away to be prosecuted for poaching, as if she were an individual. The Maryland court, agreeing with the defense that her captors had exceeded their jurisdictional rights, dismissed the case. But the Ghost was never restored to Muse. She remains moored to a secret pier.

The oystermen take keen relish in devising tricks to baffle the enemy. If a patrol hovers nigh, they will sit innocently weaving crab pots; then, when the patrol departs, switch to a dredge. When oystering at night, a transgression by whatever method, they depend on confederates ashore to flash warning lights the instant a patroller casts off. To avoid losing their dredges when capture seemed imminent, they used to lash them to cork buoys, retrieving them later with a grapple. Or they would sink them along a reckoned course to be retraced later by compass. But the inspectors eventually caught on, and began raising the incriminating gear. Of late, oystermen have been weighting the buoys with five-pound bags of salt, which hold them on the bottom for an hour or so, until the salt dissolves.

The oyster war has been a major problem of every Maryland and Virginia administration since the birth of the nation. At the outset the biggest headache was mass piracy that cut across state lines. Few rougher characters ever sailed the seas than the nineteenth-century oyster-boat skippers. Some would shanghai extra hands, starve and beat them into submission, and occasionally, at the end of a foray, murder them lest they tell tales. In a Potomac River tributary not long ago, anglers hauled up three skeletons, the necks chained together and the skulls crushed.

Most of the early clashes occurred in Chesapeake Bay over leased beds or those allocated by the state to needy hand-tongers. The wealthier oyster farmers maintained watchtowers manned by hired riflemen. But the poor tongers relied on police protection, and the state navies then consisted chiefly of sluggish, meagerly armed sailboats.

Among the classic encounters were the Battle of the Little Choptank River and its sequel, the Battle of the Chester River. The fighting began in November, 1888, a week before Thanksgiving, when oysters were in heavy demand for festive stews. Into the Little Choptank, a tonging ground, slid fourteen pungeys, yawls, bugeyes and schooners, their crews armed to the teeth, dredges dangling from their bows. They proceeded to rip up thousands of bushels.

A Maryland patrol boat, the Governor Thomas, surprised them, and opened fire. Aboard the schooner Thos. B. Schall a Negro dredger fell, mortally wounded. The pirates returned the fire with pistols and repeating rifles and would have cut the Governor Thomas to pieces had she not retreated. Reinforced by almost 100 more oyster boats, they continued dredging unmolested for two days, harvesting a total of 20,000 bushels.

Fighting started again at night with the arrival of the police sloop E. B. Groome. She carried a small cannon and sank a yawl before she, too, was obliged to

"Did I hit a nerve?"

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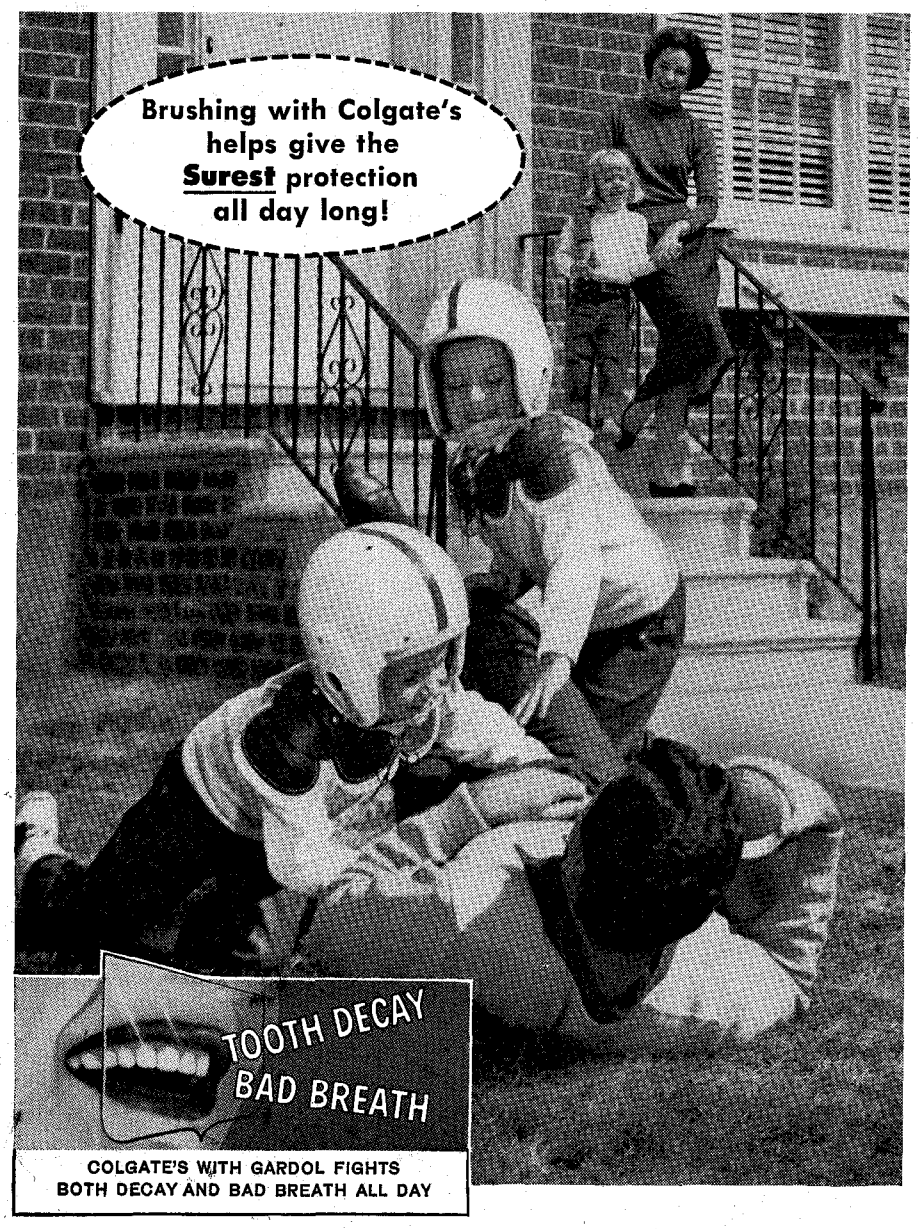
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withdraw. Bent on vengeance, fifteen of the pirates rowed up to her anchorage, boarded her and asked for the captain. He had gone ashore, so they vented their wrath by dumping the cannon overboard, demolishing the ship's provisions, and forcing the first mate at pistol point to sail them back to their fleet. They then cast the enemy adrift in a yawl.

The pirates remained in full possession of the Little Choptank and, after fishing it to their hearts' content, moved on to the Chester River. They reckoned, however, without Capt. Thomas Howard, the fire-eating commander of the Maryland steamer McLane.

He sallied forth armed only with a 20-pound brass cannon and some rifles. It was a foul night of sleet and howling rain when the steamer nosed into the Chester River. The dredgers were scattered, and before they could close ranks Howard headed off five of them and stationed men in their wheelhouses to take them into custody. The rest soon rallied. A dozen lashed themselves together, forming a massive barricade in the McLane's path.

For three hours, in the black, bone-freezing downpour, they slugged it out, firing at a range of seventy-five yards. Finally, when Howard, as he later told a reporter, "saw that the affair would become monotonous," he changed tactics. The McLane backed off a little, got up a full head of steam and rammed the lashed boats. Two pungeys broke apart. Eleven men, trapped below decks, were drowned. Though crippled herself, the McLane dodged in and out through the now disrupted fleet, her guns blasting away as fast as they could be reloaded. One by one the pirate captains lost heart and skedaddled upriver.

When the McLane limped into Annapolis next day with her prisoners in manacles and the captured boats behind her, press and public acclaimed Howard a hero. He was appointed commander in chief of the Maryland navy. Oyster piracy, the state officials crowed, had been dealt a deathblow.

The rejoicing was premature. The depredation and battles soon recurred, and in 1905 the oyster war broke out on land as well as sea. Refusing to recognize the grant of what had been 200 public acres near Crisfield, Maryland, to the Tangier Packing Company, the attackers, manning seventy-five boats, scraped the beds in broad daylight and boldly proclaimed their intention of returning for more oysters. In protest against the arrest of two of their number, they fomented a bloody riot around the courthouse. With the double purpose of suppressing further insurrection ashore and protecting the packing company's property, the Governor Thomas under doughty Commander Howard swept into Crisfield harbor, displaying a full complement of armament. The oyster season proceeded amid numerous arrests, trials and convictions, and the leased beds were not plundered again that year.

During Harry Byrd's tenure as governor of Virginia, he dispatched, in 1928, three companies of militia to Mobjack Bay, where oystermen were helping themselves from a packer's preserve and shooting at patrol boats. Peace descended unexpectedly when the beleaguered packer conceded some acreage to the poachers, and invited them, along with the militia, to a gargantuan turkey-and-oyster roast.

Hostilities subsided in many waters during the '40's, principally because excessive fishing had left little to fight over. But as the 1952 oyster season opened, the T.F.C.'s Chief Inspector Shores announced, "It looks like action again and I'm getting ready for it." He reassigned the commission's seaplane and four of its swiftest vessels, stocked with machine guns and .30-.30 rifles, to the Potomac, where in recent decades the interstate friction generated by the Treaty of 1785 had grown critical.

It was a poor bargain that Maryland made. What she got in exchange for granting Virginia equal fishing rights on her river was free shipping through the Virginia-owned capes at the entrance to Chesapeake Bay. But had she waited four years, until the adoption of the Federal Constitution, she would have enjoyed the privilege without concessions, because the Constitution opened those straits to all ships. Consequently, the first part of the treaty, intended to benefit Maryland, proved meaningless, while Virginia continued to profit from the second.

The resultant animosities might have been mollified if the two states had reconciled their views regarding conservation. But the efforts of cooler heads in both legislatures to effect a compatible set of statutes were repeatedly frustrated—often by oyster lobbies. For example, millions of dollars' worth of oysters crowd the Potomac at depths inaccessible to hand tongs. Virginia feels that mechanical tonging and limited dredging should be permitted, as they are to a considerable extent in her waters. Maryland will countenance neither. This policy imposes a severe competitive handicap upon her own oystermen, since in few areas can they legally harvest as rapidly as the Virginians. It is particularly galling to the Free State oystermen that their Virginia opposites outnumber them about 12,000 to 5000 and have been making a far greater haul—in 1956 nearly 6,000,000 more pounds of oyster meat. Virginia, in fact, is the nation's leading oyster producer.

The rift has been further widened by divergent economic and political philosophies. Virginia leases 125,000 of her 335,000 acres, allowing the lessees to gather the oysters thereon by any means they choose, a practice which she justifies as consonant with the principles of capitalistic free enterprise. The way this works out, a few big packers control her oyster industry. Conversely, Maryland keeps all but 15,000 of her 270,000 acres open to the public.

Virginia contends that oystermen who violate the Potomac fishing restrictions should be prosecuted in their own state. But the leniency with which Virginia's courts tend to treat native offenders indicates that, while she officially bows to Maryland policy, her heart is not always in it. The commonwealth's chief fisheries inspector, John W. Ryland, admits, "We arrest plenty of 'em, but it's not easy to get a conviction." The infuriated T.F.C., which has increased its law-enforcement division to ninety-seven officers and forty

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The Slow One

By Betty Isler

It has been difficult and long
To teach this child who is not bright.
Knowledge must inch its tortured way
Into his being, seeking light.
Patience and faith have been the rule,
And love, love, love unending,
But ah! the golden-rich rewards
Are sweeter for such careful tending.

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boats, compared with Virginia's thirty officers and sixteen boats, accuses the latter of laxity and throws the book at every Old Dominion offender it can lay hands on.

Relations between the states steadily worsen. Maryland now requires Virginians to pay her four-cents-a-bushel oyster "export" tax, whereas formerly she waived collection. Virginia fisheries officers are loath to sail in mixed patrols with their T.F.C. colleagues.

Governor McKeldin struck a blow which is likely to kindle the bitterest conflict yet. Declaring himself fed up with Virginia's attitude, he signed a bill abrogating the Treaty of 1785. "They're just trying to get out of a bad bargain," said the Virginia fisheries commissioner, Charles M. Lankford, Jr., "but they can't do it. The original agreement stipulates that both parties must consent to cancellation." If however, the Supreme Court, to which Virginia has appealed, rules otherwise, Maryland could deny the Potomac altogether to her historic rival. Virginia's oystermen are prepared to resist to the death any such attempt.

The hundred-odd inhabitants of Chatham Village, a fishing community on remote Machodoc Creek, typify the hard-bitten adversaries with whom Maryland would have to cope. They are, almost to a man, veterans of the oyster war. One Sunday three years ago, for example, when the patrollers of both states were still cooperating, members of the village's first family, the Chathams, led a flotilla of five boats into the Potomac. Oystering on the Sabbath, as they were later accused of doing, is taboo. From a low-flying seaplane piloted by Marylander Robert Whipp, Virginia's Ryland hand-signaled them to heave to for inspection. Three of the boats complied, but the inspectors found no evidence of oystering. The two other boats, the first captained by Richard (Stump) Chatham, the second by his brother Raymond, took to their heels. The plane taxied after them. Near the mouth of the Machodoc Creek, Stump came about and aimed his prow at the pursuers. Ryland turned him aside with two pistol shots. Raymond Chatham then brandished a shotgun, though he did not discharge it, and followed Stump up the creek.

There are two versions of what happened next. According to Whipp, the villagers greeted the plane with shotgun and rifle fire, puncturing both her pontoons. The villagers claim that they merely tossed firecrackers, that Whipp did all the shooting, wounding a bystander in the hand and narrowly missing some children. Virginia state police arrested the Chathams when they landed. Stump was booked for dredging—"I was trolling for rockfish," he pleaded—and attempted destruction of the plane; Raymond was charged with obstructing the inspectors. They were never tried.

As the new oyster season approached, Stump Chatham, a big, ruddy man of forty-seven, stood on the village dock, gazing grimly toward the troubled Potomac. For weeks the villagers had pondered Maryland's repudiation of the 173-year-old pact. "I don't aim to kill nobody," said Stump, "but I'm gonna earn my livin' any way I can. If they attack us, we'll attack 'em right back."

Hong Kong Defies Oblivion (Continued from Page 33)

Hong Kong still has no desire to reform the world. It still wishes only to buy and sell and transship goods in peace and at a profit. But under the tremendous pressure of circumstances beyond its control, it has been forced to reform itself, to make great and lasting changes not only in its physical appearance but also in its basic attitudes. By so doing, says Mr. Murray, it has found, if not a soul, at least a conscience, and a new sense of social responsibility to the millions who now, and perhaps until they die, will know no other home.

Out of a great evil, therefore, a great good has come. The change in both the face and spirit of Hong Kong is a by-product of a neighbor's agony. There are an estimated 500,000,000 to 600,000,000 people now living in Red China. Many millions of them profoundly wish that they lived elsewhere. But throughout Asia, after the war, in Malaya, Thailand, the Philippines and Indonesia, doors that once were open to them were closed. There was nowhere for them to go, except Formosa, which would take only the rich and talented; or Hong Kong, where rich and poor alike could find peace and freedom without leaving the soil of China.

At first the British were not alarmed when thousands began to come, by foot across the eighteen-mile land frontier to the New Territories and Kowloon, and by junk across the narrow waters to Hong Kong Island. Instead, they welcomed these strong backs and willing hands. The Japanese had killed Hong Kong. Of the 1,600,000 Chinese that had thronged the city in 1941, 1,000,000, by 1945, had starved or had been driven back to China. Two years after the war they were back again, and Hong Kong was the busiest, most booming port between Vladivostok and Singapore.

For a little while the population held fairly steady. On the mainland, the war between the Reds and Nationalists dragged on, and there was hope that America's good offices could bring peace. Then, in 1949, the Red hordes surged to the south. Shanghai and Canton fell, and across the borders into British territory flowed one of the greatest migrations in human history. When the British finally looked up from their cargo manifests, their shipping contracts and their marine-insurance policies, what they saw dismayed them. Every vacant space of ground was covered with some form of flimsy shelter. Of the 391 square miles of mountain and bog that lay within Hong Kong's borders, only twelve were suitable for human habitation, and into these twelve square miles were crowded more than 2,300,000 Chinese.

Finally, the British closed the border, though they did so with the deepest reluctance. Historically Hong Kong's life had depended upon free trade, and free passage, in and out, to all who wanted to come and go. There had been a ceaseless ebb and flow of goods and traders, back and forth across the China border. Now only goods could come. A strong wire fence was stretched across the land border from the marshes of Deep Bay on the west to Starling Inlet on the east. Stone watchtowers were built along the border and searchlights covered every path leading from north to south. Police with dogs patrolled the fence, and roadblocks inland picked up those who might slip past the border guards. Over the 600 square miles of sea that surrounded Hong Kong Island and the Kowloon peninsula, police launches hunted down the junks that tried to slip in by night to land their human cargoes along Hong Kong's 500 miles of barren coast line.

Despite these barriers, the population grew. When all the flat land had been occupied, the squatter settlements crept up the hillsides, until every steep ravine was filled with shacks, made of any material a desperate man could buy, salvage, beg or steal—from flattened kerosene tins to cardboard, and coarse sacking slung on wooden frames. There were no streets in these squatter cities, no lights, no water, no sanitation. From the air, a British pilot said, the shanties clustered in the folds of the barren hills looked like lice in the wrinkled hide of some great animal. The shacks themselves were crowded beyond the power of any human to endure except, perhaps, a Chinese. Families of five and six, with all their pigs and goats and chickens, would jam themselves into a packing box with less than fifty square feet of floor space. When the ravines were full they overflowed to the streets, building their pitiful huts along the sidewalks. When the sidewalks were full, they moved to the rooftops. By 1953 there were 700,000 refugees finding shelter in Hong Kong, more than half of them in settlements such as these.

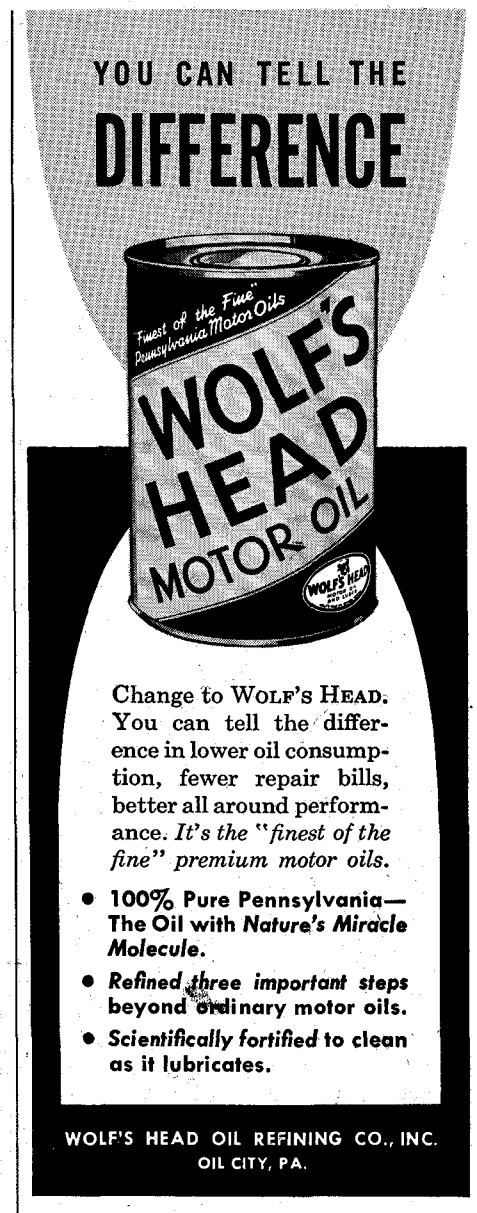
There were squatter factories among them, where in larger buildings made of the same odd bits of wood and tin, men worked at battered looms or crude lathes that had also been smuggled out of China through the British blockade. There were brothels, too, and opium divans, and gambling houses, and places where raw opium was refined into morphine and heroin.

For a long time Hong Kong did nothing about these strangers. Her Majesty's government kept hoping that some morning the city would wake up to find them gone. Since the time of the Boxer uprising, whenever China had been torn by strife, such migrations had taken place on a lesser scale. Always, when things had quieted down in China, the tide had flowed back across the border. Soon it became clear that this time the tide would not ebb. They had come to stay.

By a strange twist of fate, the flood of refugees that inundated the great entrepôt brought with them the city's salvation. With the beginning of the Korean War an embargo on trade with Red China, imposed first by the United States, later by the United Nations, dried up the booming trade with the mainland. The British, for all their devotion to free trade, faithfully enforced this embargo, even though they knew that by so doing they were cutting the city's commercial throat.

As the trade with China began to dwindle, it was obvious some other way had to be found by which a population now grown to nearly 3,000,000 could make a living. The answer lay ready to hand. A city which for 120 years had existed only to buy and sell and transship goods that others had manufactured began to change, almost overnight, into a great center of industry, making everything from plastic combs to locomotives.

There were certain assets which made this transition easy. There were handicaps which made it infinitely difficult. Capital for industrial development was easy to come by. All over Asia, wealthy Chinese, nervously sniffing the political winds in the countries where the fires of nationalism were burning bright, had quietly smuggled millions of dollars into Hong Kong. Much of this was used in speculation that sent prices of Hong Kong real estate soaring to fifteen times its prewar value. Much of it lay dormant, waiting investment, in the solid Hong Kong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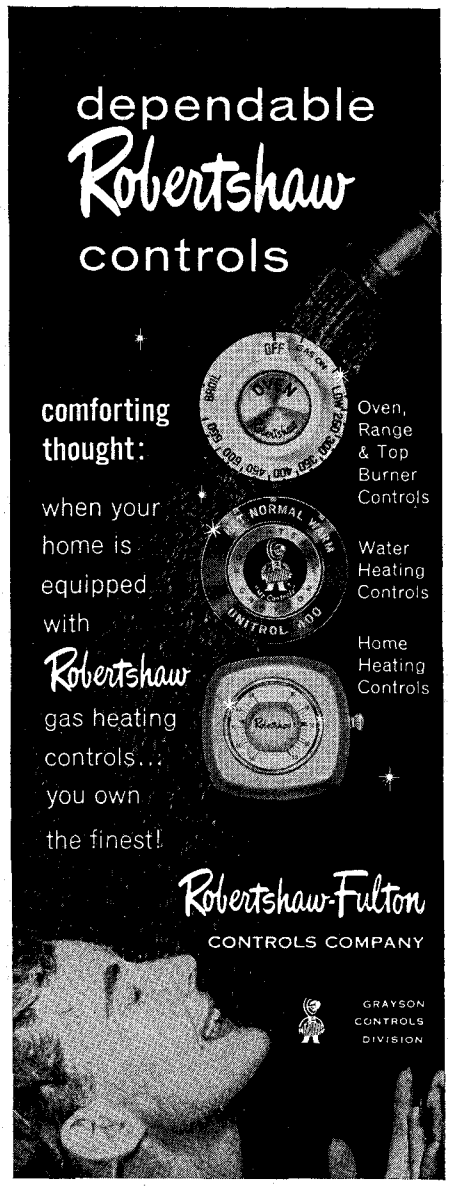

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banks. Among the refugees also were many rich Chinese, who on the mainland had been owners and managers of manufacturing firms. And among the swarming millions, earning their daily rice by toiling on the docks or hawking pitiful and shabby trifles on the streets, were hundreds of thousands of skilled craftsmen—spinners and weavers of silk and wool, dyers, cabinetmakers, tailors, lathe operators, potters, molders, workers in metal, rubber and plastics.

The basic ingredients for a great industrial development were there—capital and managerial talent, and an inexhaustible supply of skilled and unskilled hands, willing to work twelve hours a day, seven days a week, for a bare-subsistence wage. Three great essentials were lacking—land, water and raw materials. The last was no great problem. Hong Kong's traders, with their business tentacles reaching through the world, could find and buy the ores and fibers on which to build an industry. But land had to be created by carving down the mountains and filling in the sea. Water had to be trapped and held in great catch basins and reservoirs, mammoth public-works projects that would take years to complete and would cost billions of Hong Kong dollars. And, somehow, decent shelter had to be found for a vast population that was still growing at the rate of 100,000 a year.

The government, though, had no desire to become landlord to hundreds of thousands of Chinese tenants who might refuse to pay their rent, and who would yell for help to Red China if anybody tried to evict them. There were other complications too. If the government should build houses for these swarming thousands, they would also, by implication, become responsible for providing them with medical care and schooling for their children and the food that had to be imported to keep them alive.

But there they were, in growing swarms, in alleys, streets and on rooftops and every hillside. There was nothing they could do to house themselves. There was nothing private investors were willing to do to house them, for private money was going into magnificent luxury apartments for the rich. Even if the government were forced at last to go into the housing business, how could the start be made? The only available land was already occupied by squatters. Where could these thousands be sheltered while the first tenements were being built?

An act of God solved that problem. On Christmas night, in 1953, the greatest fire in Hong Kong's history swept through the squatter settlement in Shek Kip Mei, clearing forty-five acres of squatter shacks and putting 60,000 people in the streets.

The government knew then that it was trapped. Within a few days after the fire, it had committed itself to spend more than $250,000,000 for housing and related projects. While the homeless refugees huddled on the sidewalks of Kowloon, being fed and clothed at government expense, the first huge tenement began to rise on the blackened slopes of Shek Kip Mei. Fifty-three days after the catastrophe, the tenants were moving in.

Since then, in the most gigantic public-housing project in all Asia, the Hong Kong government has spent $70,000,000 to shelter 200,000 people, in massive blocks of seven-story buildings that would attract attention in any city in the West. Buildings are going up that will shelter 200,000 more.

By Western standards the new structures are vast rabbit warrens that are overcrowded from the moment of habitation. In their tiny cubicles, a family of five may live in a room containing only 120 square feet. But the buildings are clean and fireproof, and they provide shelter from the rain and the cold. They have lights, communal bathrooms, rooftop playgrounds, and garbage and sewage disposal. Each contains a clinic, and around each the government, accepting a responsibility it had hoped to avoid, is building schools.

By leasing reclaimed land at one third of its value and granting heavy loans at low interest rates, the government also has enlisted the aid of voluntary agencies in building adequate housing for people of larger means. The first of these, at North Point on Hong Kong Island, is a spectacular massing of gigantic U-shaped buildings housing 12,000 people.

With a wary eye to the political future, the government also is dotting the Kowloon hinterland with satellite towns. Under the terms of an ancient lease, all the New Territories except the tip of the Kowloon peninsula, will revert to China in 1997. Since Hong Kong depends on the farms of the New Territories for food, and its great water reservoirs are located there, it will be helpful, the British feel, to set up an industrial buffer zone whose business ties are linked inextricably with Hong Kong.

Over all of Hong Kong, of course, there lies the evermore threatening shadow of her gigantic, glowering neighbor to the north. The British are determined that Red China shall find no legitimate excuse for intervening in the colony's affairs. They take particular pains to violate no Chinese customs or traditions that might stir up unrest. No great project, such as the building of a block of flats or the construction of a reservoir, is undertaken without consulting the Chinese experts on Fung Shui. This is a complicated concept, meaning literally "wind and water," by which a Chinese selects the location for any edifice, from his pigpen to his dwelling house or his tomb. An apartment house which violated the tenets of Fung Shui would go uninhabited. Since the Fung Shui of any location is what the local geomancer says it is, no great problem is presented. The soothsayer's palm is crossed with silver and he discovers, happily, that the building can be erected, or a road constructed, where the British want to put it.

All Chinese customs, no matter how queer they may seem to the Western mind, are scrupulously observed so long as they violate no important law. Chinese funerals, with marching bands, may wind interminably through the streets, halting traffic for blocks, without interference from the police. The incessant banging of ceremonial firecrackers is a civic nuisance, but is the method by which, from time immemorial, the Chinese have sought to placate their gods, so the British make no effort to control it.

Since the bloody Kowloon riots of 1956, started when a Nationalist flag was torn down, they do move in, fast, with mobile police squads, when there seems to be the slightest chance of a flare-up between Red sympathizers and the followers of the Kuomintang. Hong Kong, by official edict, has no politics. A man may be Red or Nationalist, as he chooses, but if he becomes too vocal, he is quietly deported. Under this policy the British in recent months have closed two Communist-infiltrated schools, and deported a Red teacher, Parker Tu. The Peiping radio screamed threats more vicious than those directed at Formosa and Quemoy, and the Peiping government officially protested this "deliberate sabotage and persecution of Chinese educational establishments." The British made no apologies. Instead, they beefed up their fleet at Singapore and sent a fresh battalion to stand guard in Kowloon.

The decision to house the homeless and to strain the colony's exchequer to make the drastic change-over from entrepôt to industrial center was based on the belief that, so long as its population remained busy and contented, Red China would find no valid excuse for stepping in and taking over.

Many observers believe that Red China, when she wants to take over Hong Kong, won't wait for an excuse.

"We are still here," one Britisher said, "because it suits Red China's purpose to have us here. She sells us a million dollars' worth of food a day for Hong Kong dollars that are easily convertible into U.S. dollars, which she desperately needs. This is a tiny keyhole through which we get an occasional fleeting glimpse of what goes on inside. For China, it's a doorway opening on the world. Despite all our precautions, she slips her agents in here, gets them set up with the respectable front of a merchant or trader and from here they go out to stir up trouble all over Asia. She can do business here as freely as anyone else. If she drove us out, she'd lose all these advantages. She'd gain nothing but three million hungry people, and she's got enough of those already."

Other observers take an even more cynical view of China's motives in allowing an example of nineteenth-century colonialism to thrive on her doorstep. China, they say, hasn't moved yet because she's afraid of what the nuclear-armed U.S. Seventh Fleet might do. Hong Kong is far better able to defend herself than she was when the Japs marched in, but no matter how valiantly the Gurkhas, the Green Howards, and the East Lancashires might fight, they could not long hold out against the forces the Reds could marshal. On the other hand, a few H-bombs dropped on Red armies moving through the Kowloon hills might save the colony.

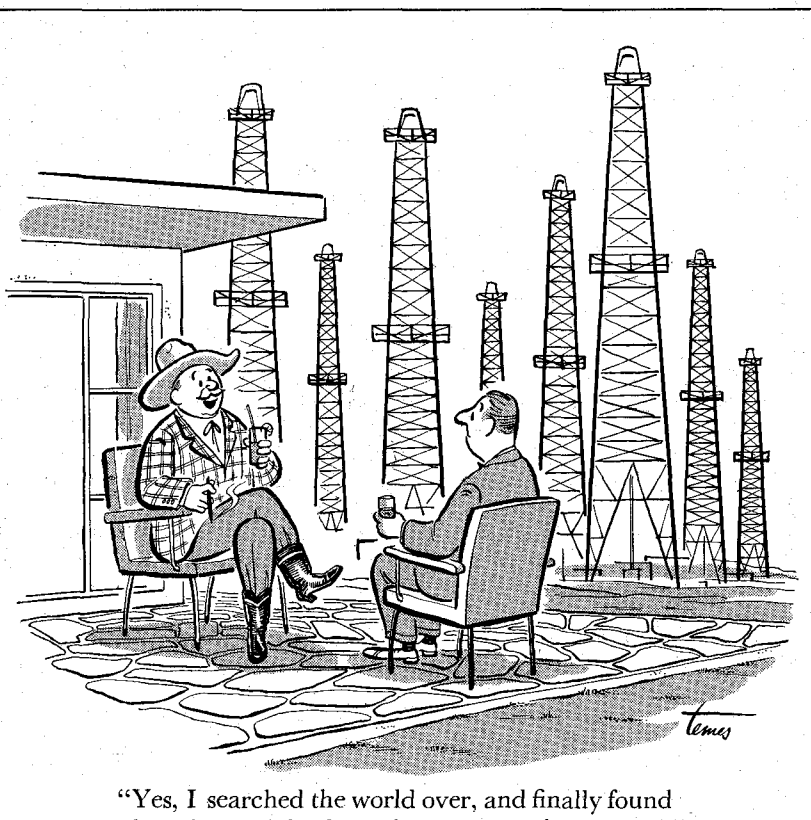
"The trouble is, of course," said one Briton gloomily, "we don't really know whether or not the Americans would fight for us. Actually, I doubt if they know themselves. It would be a decision for your President to make at the moment. On the other hand," he added, brightening, "the Chinese don't know either. That makes them cautious."

There is also an even more pessimistic view which holds that nothing, including the Seventh Fleet, could save Hong Kong if the Reds really wanted to take it.

"All they are waiting for," said one American, peering glumly through his glass, "is for the British to go on and finish what they've started here. Once all the housing is finished, and factories are running full blast, and the bridge or tunnel spans the harbor from Victoria to Kowloon, they'll move in and grab the whole works—banks, buildings, godowns, wharves, factories, people, everything."

Despite such morose predictions, Hong Kong, at the moment, is still more concerned about the troubles she is having with her old friends of the Western world than she is with the threats rumbling out of Red China. When she was merely a trading post, she was the sweetheart of international business. Now that she is a competitor, making her own goods and selling them, she is getting her knuckles rapped around the world. The millowners of Lancashire are howling that Hong Kong cotton sheeting is robbing them of their British markets. Canadian makers of rubber overshoes are uttering cries of anguish. American shirt, undershirt and pajama manufacturers are accusing Japan of violating her self-imposed quota on exports to the U.S. by selling her textiles under Hong Kong labels.

There also have been allegations that Hong Kong's factories are Communist-owned, and that for this reason her products should be banned from international commerce. These efforts to break her rice bowl wound and dismay Hong Kong. They also deeply anger Mr. Linden Edward Johnson, a slow-talking, amiable Kansan who came to Hong Kong to make his fortune and is doing so with great speed. Mr. Johnson, while an Air Force intelligence officer flying the Hump during World War II, noted the avidity with which Americans bought up the fine silks and brocades of old China, which they sent home to their mothers, wives and sweethearts. When he got home, he noted how proudly American women wore these things. This he took as a sign that even after the war a great market would exist for China's fine silks. Abandoning his plans to go into his father's insurance business in Wichita, he came back to Shanghai after the war and set up as an exporter. The Reds drove him out and he took refuge in Hong Kong, bringing with him (*Continued on Page 78*)



"Yes, I searched the world over, and finally found happiness right here in my own back yard."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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The pleasure's all *yours* in new Hit Parade. For its remarkable filter, with over 400,000 filter traps, takes no flavor toll from the world's finest tobaccos. It draws freely . . . delivers deep, full smoking enjoyment. And test after test* proves that new Hit Parade outfilters all leading filter brands.

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(*Continued from Page 76*) about three fourths of his inventory. By the time this was gone—sold to the PX's in Japan during the Korean War—he had set up his own factory. Now refugee mills, manned by refugee workers, weave out of Japanese yarn the fine silks he once imported from China. Refugee tailors and embroidery makers, skilled craftsmen from Shanghai, Swatow and Canton, make up the garments, styled to American tastes by a bright young designer named Dora Sanders. Next year, unless the recession bites too deep, 100,000 American women will drape themselves in $1,000,000 worth of evening coats, hostess gowns and pajamas made in Mr. Johnson's factory in Kowloon. Each will bear the label, MADE IN HONG KONG BY REFUGEES FROM RED CHINA.

At Aberdeen, on Hong Kong Island, another American, Mr. Robert Drummond, a onetime Chicago advertising man, manufactures fine furniture in the Chinese style, using refugee cabinetmakers. He and a couple of Canadians, the brothers Duff, also build junks and sampans, unchanged in pattern for 2000 years, which this summer were sailing American waters from Long Island to San Francisco Bay.

The only contribution Red China has made to Hong Kong's industrial development, Mr. Johnson points out, was to chase capital, labor and people with technical know-how across the border into Hong Kong territory. There, under protection of British law, Chinese and British business sagacity have combined with American merchandising methods and the tremendous productive capacity of a hard-working labor force to turn out quality products cheaper than they could be made anywhere else. Hong Kong labor, Mr. Johnson admits, is low paid by Western standards. But it is well paid by Asiatic standards. It also works harder and produces more per man-hour than does labor in the West.

For all its eagerness to build up its industry, Hong Kong has not forgotten the other attributes which have endeared it to tourists and travelers in the past. It is still the best place in the world to buy fine things—from cameras, typewriters and tailored suits to pearls, jade and carved ivory—cheaper than they can be had anywhere else.

Until the Quemoy troubles kept American ships tied to the Formosa Straits, Hong Kong was one of the Far East's great liberty ports, second in popularity only to Sydney, Australia. Every year 100,000 American sailors, their white hats squared, their black shoes gleaming, piled out of Whampoa Sam's water taxis at Fenwick Pier, to spend nearly $13,000,000 in Hong Kong. Most of it went for gifts for wives and sweethearts back home, though the Wanchai bars, where Susie Wong and her sisters congregate, shared in the windfall. The presence of Seventh Fleet ships in the harbor always brought a blast of obscene accusations from the Red press, which is free, under British law, to say what it pleases. But most of these charges were lies. Of all the visitors who come to town, the British police say, the American sailors are the best behaved.

One homesick sailor from a Midwestern farm still is remembered by the British authorities. In one of the world's most glamorous ports, all he wanted to do was visit a farm where he could fraternize with the pigs and chickens. Father Gilligan, the famous water-front priest, who meets all the liberty boats to warn the sailors against pitfalls, planned the trip for him.

It was easily arranged, for beyond the swarming tenements of Kowloon, through all the New Territories to the Red border, lies an agricultural hinterland where the Chinese farmers till the soil, using tools and techniques that have changed but little in two thousand years. The British are profoundly interested in this fifty square miles of farmland. The colony is still dependent on Red China for most of its fruits, pigs, poultry and firewood, which come in over the border in long trains each day. Great efforts, therefore, are being made to step up agricultural production so that the colony would not go hungry if Red China, by some malicious whim, should shut off the supply of food.

Particular efforts have been made to increase the numbers and improve the health of the Chinese pig, so poorly nourished over the centuries that its backbone sags in a U-shaped curve. The British have provided penniless widows with brood sows, and fine imported boars, wearing little leather shoes, are led from village to village, paying calls. Poultry production has been stepped up, too, but the methods of incubation still are as old as China. Eggs are placed in baskets nestled in boxes of warmed rice bran. On the nineteenth day, they are taken out and placed in the farmer's bed; a wooden rack covered with a reed mat and light blankets is placed over them. No mechanical heat is applied and no thermometers are used, the farmer maintaining the proper temperature by touching an egg to his eyelid to determine its warmth, and adding more blankets if needed.

Among the incoming refugees have been thousands of farmers who refused to be drawn into the mills and factories of the urban areas. Most of them moved onto the barren hills, terracing the slopes and building up a thin soil by applying whatever organic matter they can lay hands on, including seaweed, wood ashes and duck feathers. They carry water in buckets from ponds below and, by prodigious labors, raise good crops of vegetables. Others farm the seashore. They build rock walls at high-water mark and raise Chinese flowering cabbage in the sterile beach sand, fertilizing with night soil diluted with water brought from hillside streams through bamboo pipes.

Formerly, both the farmers and fishermen were at the mercy of the village middlemen, who paid them what they pleased for their products. Now they sell through co-ops, and government trucks pick up their vegetables, eggs, fruits and poultry for transport to huge central markets in Hong Kong and Kowloon. Red China, naturally, tries to sabotage the agricultural program. When the British urge the farmers to produce more pigs or fruit or chickens, the Reds send in trainloads of pigs, fruit and poultry to glut the market and drive prices down. They have, of late, begun to harass the Hong Kong fishing fleet, and British gunboats now guard the fishing junks whenever they leave harbor.

None of Hong Kong's great achievements has been carried out within the framework of a democratic government, as an American understands democracy. Hong Kong's government is not *by* the people, for the people have no vote; it is *for* the people. And though the British are not a boastful race, they are quietly proud of what an antique colonialism, modified by a sense of social justice, has been able to accomplish. In the shadow of a gigantic tyranny, they have established a safe and peaceful refuge where nearly 3,000,000 people have found a greater prosperity, and a greater freedom, than their homeland offered them.

Driving home one evening from the frontier, where armed Red guards stared stonily across a barbed-wire barricade, Jock Murray pointed out to a visitor green hills newly planted with young trees that won't mature for a generation, huge concrete dams and reservoirs that should last for a hundred years, new villages clustered around great factories as modern as any in the world.

"We may be crazy to work here as if we expected to stay forever," he said. "But if we have to go tomorrow, we can go with our heads held high. For I think we've done more than just build some big buildings and some massive public works. It may be we've sowed some seeds of tolerance and justice here that will flower long after we are gone. At least we've kept a little light aglow here, kept a little lighthouse of freedom shining on a dark shore. Maybe, if we survive, that light will shine across the border, to illuminate a few minds over there. Maybe, in some small degree, it already has."

THE END

NEXT WEEK

Trade Secrets of Two Famous Columnists:

Our Own Inside Story

By Joseph and Stewart Alsop

In Color

We Found the Sunken Treasure

Undersea Adventure Off Yucatán's Coast

By Clay Blair, Jr.

$26,000,000 and Four Lives:

The Building of a Bridge

Divorce 2

"Conciliation Courts" in California

By John Bartlow Martin

I Live in a New Kind of "Home"

Unique Community for Older Persons

The Man Who Plays F.D.R.

How Ralph Bellamy Lives His Role

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The Deal is Mother's (Continued from Page 26)

up the chips the Pirate was counting out. "Just the fifty now, though, Professor."

Feeling very devilish, I walked back to the table, where the men were pawing the floor in their eagerness to get on with the game, and Mrs. Dabwoe still sat with the same vague little smile.

"The play is one, two and five, draw and five-card stud only," I explained. "No money on the table at any time, please. I play for the house and cut all pots one white chip house rent; any funny stuff, any argument, house no longer plays, I deal all hands rotation and house cut is doubled."

And, as he always did after I made this last speech—which I had to repeat with each new player, and which I'd learned, as a challenge to myself, to do in one breath—the little Frenchman cried, "Make your plays, gentlemen!" dreaming, possibly, of happier days in plush casinos. But now for the first time, eying Mrs. Dabwoe with a sneaky little smile on his hatchet face, he added, "And lady!"

"I thought that darned woman was sailing to join the cruise at Maracaibo today!" Chairs stacked, fans off, Lazlo the barman and the girls home to their ill-paid rest, the Pirate and I were having our customary after-closing drink. I was not enjoying mine.

"She told me tonight she's a naughty girl and giving up the cruise altogether." I took a sip of white rum, avoiding his eye. "It appears that the curse of the Dabwoes is with us to stay."

A man sparing of words, the Pirate merely looked at me, the eloquent, heart-tugging look of one who dearly loved money, and who had seen a rewarding little poker layout deteriorate in three short weeks into what was, quite possibly, the least profitable gambling venture in the West Indies. And, as always, his silence tended to make me babble a bit.

"You know, it's really amazing in a way." I attempted a smile. "What I mean, there she is, a wide-eyed female, whose mental grasp, you'd figure, would be pretty well strained by a game of deuces-wild rummy. And then the first card hits the table ——"

And I shook my head, silent with wonder even now, and even after seeing the awesome metamorphosis a couple of dozen times—as lovable, ant-brained Mother Dabwoe nightly became the death-quiet, unblinking poker fiend, whose bet spread panic on every side, and whose raise sent the little Frenchman whistling hysterically through his teeth, and reduced bookie Gene's rich Florida tan to a ghastly pallor.

The Pirate banged down his drink in disgust, and then quickly, old bartender at heart, wiped up the spill. "Letting a woman beat you—faugh!"

I drew myself up a little. "It is not precisely me that she is beating. She is, however, I must admit, taking money from the tourists, and from Gene and Harry and the Frenchmen—money that I look upon, rightly, I believe, as mine."

The Pirate leaned across the bar and cleared his throat for a major effort. "I'm not sure you realize it, sitting there playing your little game of cards, but that poker table is a major expense. It means letting the Resident and his friends free-load in here regularly; and it also means sending over Lazlo and the girls with a crate of bottled goods for their dinner parties; and—ah—other little things." ("Other little things" I took to mean occasional cash gifts in the right places.) "And so, the game has to really pay off, or else"—he rinsed his empty glass under the tap, dried it carefully and returned it to the shelf—"or else I might as well close down altogether during the slack season."

One thing about the Pirate, the only thing maybe, he did not speak merely for effect. His words were not to be taken lightly. And I could see my little island paradise of swimming and sailing and nightly poker—a life I had attained to only after some effort and finagling—all this vanishing with the Brazilian trade wind.

"Look, Gerald"—I pronounced the Pirate's seldom-used name to remind myself that he was, after all, and in some degree, largely human—"give me a couple of weeks. I'll get rid of her."

The Pirate slammed the cigarette drawer and locked it. "Two weeks. O.K." And, having said his full say, he stalked off upstairs.

By a quarter to two, with the help of another white rum and splash, and an address foresightedly pried from Jimmy at the tourist office, I had the letter ready for the morning mail packet:

MISS DOLLY DABWOE
c/o LADY OF THE EVENING MAGAZINE
8822 MADISON AVE.
NEW YORK CITY

My dear Miss Dabwoe: I write this letter spurred by memories of my own dear mother, at whose knee, calloused from scrubbing floors to buy my daily bread, I have often knelt, begging forgiveness for being myself remiss in filial devotion.

For I have, with shocked eyes, observed your mother—your *mother*, Miss Dabwoe, whose hand rocked your cradle—in the company of known sharpers, and petty smugglers,

You'll be his No. 1 girl, when you serve this flavory combination of beef-and-vegetables on crisp noodles. So why not do it? Soon!

Beef Stew Cantonese! *Oriental accent for*

Dinty Moore Beef Stew

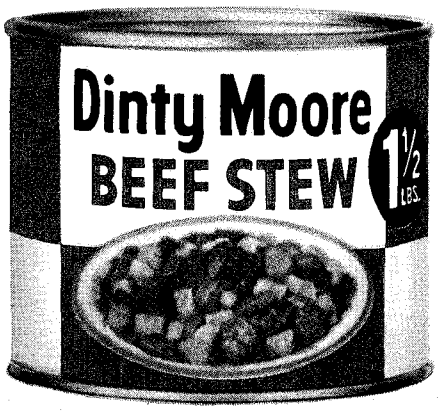
Like Chinese-style food? And so does your family? Then do this:

HEAT . . . . to bubbling fragrance, Dinty Moore Beef Stew. (Lean beef, tender vegetables . . . in rich beef gravy. A full pound-and-a-half!)

POUR . . . . over chow mein noodles. (Oven-heat for extra crispness).

GARNISH . . . with green pepper circles. And pass the soy sauce.

Tasty accompaniment: sweet-and-sour relish dish of crunchy pickles and luscious preserved fruits. (But do be sure the stew you start with is Dinty Moore . . . America's favorite kind!)



HORMEL

Geo. A. Hormel & Co., Austin, Minn.

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and suchlike dregs of the Antilles, being plied with exotic liquors and robbed of her poor widow's mite at the gaming table!—This nightly at St. Christopher's infamous Pirate's Den (11 Admiralty House Road), a thinly disguised tourist-trap, notorious for the depravity of its management and the badness of its food.

Knowing that, as a loving daughter, you are even now casting aside this letter to fly posthaste to your mother's rescue, I close without signature, wishing no reward but the knowledge of having done my duty.

Well, the two weeks passed, and three, but Ma Dabwoe was off a while with the island fever that everyone on St. Christopher has to experience before he becomes a bona fide resident, and I regained a little lost territory. . . . And then, one Saturday night, Jimmy, the tourist pusher, brought the girl into the Pirate's.

The *mise en scène* could hardly have been better. The room was scattered with an especially seedy-looking gang of sugar traders; a couple of loud drunks were propped against the bar; and, in stage center, crouched over the poker table with what must surely have seemed the most sinister group in the room, was dear old mother, a tennis-cap eyeshade pulled low over her graying permanent, and a glass of black rum at her elbow.

Of course the game was temporarily halted while the two entangled arms and pressed cheeks, with cries of "Mamma!" and "Baby!"—and it struck me that this strapping wench was built along much too generous lines to be Dolly Dabwoe, youngest fashion editor in New York, girls in that profession running more to bones and angles and things, with hair spouting out of their heads in twin jets like the fountains of Versailles.

And I was right. This wasn't daughter Dolly at all, but daughter Jeanie, whom Ma Dabwoe introduced to us, and who, somewhat to my surprise, favored us all—even English Harry!—with a large and cheerful smile.

However, a daughter is a daughter. Congratulating myself, I watched the two Dabwoes disappear into the night, gabbling happily to each other. And, brushing aside a tear, I dealt mother out.

But the self-congratulations were a little premature, for she showed up again the next night, with the girl in tow. And it wasn't just to bid her gambling buddies good-by, as I foolishly hoped. No. A white chip dropped from my nerveless fingers as she settled herself into her customary seat between English Harry and the little Frenchman, allowed daughter to tuck her in with a cup of coffee and a kiss, and watched young Jean trot off into the St. Christopher evening.

And this wasn't just one farewell fling the girl had allowed her. She was back again the next night. And a week later she was still devastating the table, and the Pirate was muttering ominously to himself and counting over the profits in a marked manner.

And it struck me one evening, watching La Dabwoe rake in a mouth-watering pot, that merely getting the daughter to come down to St. Christopher for a small vacation wasn't enough. A little more drastic, and inside, work would have to be done, and quickly, or Jeanie girl would be returning to New York—leaving us in more or less permanent support of her aged mother.

The Palmetto Bay beach restaurant was famous for its sea-food sauce. Bathing a lovely pink shrimp in this fiery nectar, my luncheon partner sent it on its way, without once taking her eyes off me.

"You wrote the letter about mother, didn't you?"

I returned a salad-laden fork to my plate, thinking fast. "All right, I did. But not with completely selfish motives. I honestly don't believe—what about you?—that the Pirate's is the ideal spot for one's parent to pass her declining years."

She laughed, and I watched in silence as several more shrimp met their fate. "Would you like me to tell you how mother got to be such a wizard player? Really my father's fault, of course. His only recreation was poker. Took the place of fishing, drinking, watching television shows, all that. Hated Christmas, holidays. Meant one of weekly poker clubs might miss evening."

I listened closely, not so much caring about old dad, as entranced by the way pronouns and articles and such tended to disappear from Jean Dabwoe's speech as she became gripped with the subject.

"Well, when daddy got sick with his heart and couldn't go out any more, he made mother and the rest of us play with him. Even me, baby of family, sixteen years old. Sickbed was poker table. Had to humor him."

"And your mother really took to it, I gather."

She swigged at a huge and frightening-looking drink composed of sixty or seventy different fruit juices, laced with reputedly genuine *aguardiente*. "For a couple of days mother thought poker was absolutely the silliest game ever devised by man to pass an idle hour. And then she suddenly realized daddy playing for keeps. Household money involved, children's allowances, future birthday presents. Maternal instinct to the fore. Well-being of family involved." She shrugged her shoulders.

"So then she started learning?"

"In no time she was better even than my brother Ronnie, who was the rage of M.I.T. and later atomic scientist. Daddy taught her all basic rules of course: never smoke while playing, never comment on own hand, odds on drawing this and that. But I would say she added a little something of her own too."

"Like keeping the poor opponent off balance at all times? And riding a bluff through to the point where, even if you call her and win, you're a mass of jangled nerves for the whole next round?" I shook my head in disgust over my dish of melon.

"There, there." She reached across the table and patted my hand. "Mustn't get discouraged, old scout. Mother says that, next to daddy, you are the best she's seen. And the reservation about daddy is probably just loyalty to the dear departed. Would you like me to tell you about mother's trip to Las Vegas?"

I had little choice, and mother's trip, coupling triumph at the poker table with complete disaster at roulette, blackjack and craps—she was, it developed, no gambler, only a poker player—took up the rest of lunch.

So that it became necessary, of course, to exert the old personality a bit further and persuade Jean Dabwoe to go sailing with me that afternoon. Since I abruptly realized that, in the matter of ridding our game at the Pirate's of old mother and restoring it to solvency, I had barely laid the foundation.

She showed up for the marine expedition in a snug and simple red affair—St. Christopher, thank God! is not one of those backward islands where play clothes must be worn draped like middy blouses, with shorts flapping about the knee like a scoutmaster's uniform—and, watching her stretch impressively in the sunlight, I put forth a little question that had been troubling me.

"Oh, no!" she said. "I couldn't work on a fashion magazine like Dolly. Those girls are all cheekbone and clavicle, and—well, look at me!" I did. "I go nine stone on the hoof!"

We wrestled with the ropes for a bit. My own boat was careened to paint, and this was Gene the bookie's rented one, and naturally a mess, so Jean had volunteered to crew.

"No, I'm just Jeanie the bum. Mother and I are the only undistinguished ones in the family." The block rasped in the traveler as the Thistle came about. "I do nothing but go to school here and there now and then, and my longest stretch of employment was seven weeks in a pet shop."

I digested this brief biography, and watched her as, her sailor's labors over, she leaned back against a boat cushion while we tacked along smoothly with the on-shore breeze. "Then I suppose the reason you showed up instead of your sister ——"

"Oh, they're all much too busy, my brothers and sisters, big important jobs and all, you know. But me, I naturally jumped at the chance when they offered to pay expenses for me to come down to the sunny Caribbean and see what in God's name mother was up to now."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

I put the Thistle just a bit more into the wind as we sailed out past St. George's Head for the barrier reef. "And what exactly do you think of what she's up to now?" I caught her eye. "How do you like her regular companions of the evening—little Frenchie, who smuggles wristwatches and other small objects for a living; and the big one, who hooligans for his coffee and cakes; and English Harry, whose natural depravity, I would say, has never been lightened with the smallest spark of virtue."

"They are a lovely group, aren't they?" she said, laughing heartily. "And then there's Professor Paul, who takes young girls out in his sailboat—with the sole object of charming them into taking their pesky mothers home!"

As I hardly had a comeback for this, I was glad we were approaching the reef and I could busy myself with the boat. With Jean's help, I pulled down the sail, and then, raising the centerboard, I used the little outboard to bring the Thistle in near a coral branch where I hooked her up.

Wading with my shoes on, as the coral is tough on feet, I carried young Miss Dabwoe onto the reef proper, an enjoyable little duty. And, trying not to puff too much, I showed her a couple of the rock pools, in the biggest of which we were lucky enough to see one of the famous clawless lobsters of St. Christopher.

I was holding her by the hand to keep her from stumbling on the treacherous coral and pitching her five-and-a-half-foot, and not wholly unpleasant, frame into the pool with the lobster, when she suddenly turned to me.

"Why is it professor?" And, seeing my bewildered look, she went on, "What I mean, why do they call you 'Professor' when your name's Paul? You're not somebody like Greasy Thumb Guzik or like that, are you?"

I gave her my most gentlemanly smile. "No, the nickname comes from my being down here on a university fellowship, specifically to study the Carib Indian and the Cuban Palmclimber. Actually, the grant's run out now, but I like the life on St. Christopher and playing poker at the Pirate's far too much to leave."

"Why, then you're an anthropologist!" She backed up a step or two and stared at me in astonishment. "Do you know, I spent a couple of semesters puttering around with that fascinating stuff!"

And so, sitting down by another pool, which was clear and clean, without even a little ghost crab, we pulled off our shoes and dangled the old toes in the water, and were off on anthropology.

Well, you know how it is once you get to talking about the Yurok-Karok basket weavers and the law ways of the Bantu. . . . Anyhow, I suddenly noticed that the sun was not too far from the horizon and, wakening with a wrench from the delights of ethnology, it occurred to me that (1) the afternoon was gone, (2) Mother Dabwoe was still among us, and (3) I had so far accomplished nothing.

"You know what is needed now?" The tiny yacht basin and Warner's anchorage were slowly receding behind us as, in a yellow-fringed gharry, drawn by what must surely have been the two most leisurely paced horses in the western hemisphere, we made our way back to the Dabwoes' guest house. "A jug of martinis and perhaps a bite or two of picnic dinner down on the sand. Or maybe ——"

But at the mention of dinner there had been a marked dilation of the girl's eyes. I knew, from lunch, that food was a serious

(*Continued on Page 82*)

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MERRY-GO-ROUND" BY J. SAFFRON
COURTESY POPULAR PHOTOGRAPHY MAGAZINE

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(*Continued from Page 80*)

subject with Jean Dabwoe. "Give me fifteen minutes," she said.

It took a bit longer to arrange things. And as we bicycled out past the beds of oleander and hibiscus in front of the biological station, on our way to the Ledgelets, I calculated I had roughly two hours of maneuvering left before I was due back at the Pirate's to run the game.

She'd brought a sectioned pole in her bicycle hamper, and we'd hardly hit the beach before she was stripping off shorts and shirt, and, in a startling red-and-white-striped bathing suit, was wading into the surf with the firm intention of hooking a bonefish. Kicking off my shoes, I followed her out a few yards, and, after watching in silence for a minute or two, broke it to her that there hadn't been a sizable fish hooked off the Ledgelets since Juan Domingo de Vasquez discovered the island in 1520.

So, instead of fishing, she swam.

I have never seen a girl who enjoyed herself in the water as much as Jean Dabwoe. She splashed! She plunged! She swam out toward the horizon at top speed, and straight back like the Robert E. Lee steaming into New Orleans. And it was only by pouring out a martini from the vacuum bottle that Lazlo the barman had made up for us, and waving it gently to and fro, that I was able to entice her out of the Atlantic Ocean.

Dripping salt water, and with her fine chest heaving nicely, she drank off half the cocktail—she was hardly the sipping sort—and, grabbing one of those huge straw bags the tourists buy, seemingly, the moment they step off the plane, she retired behind a nearby sugar-loaf rock.

Once more dressed, drying her short dark hair, and fairly radiating health and vitality and all that, she settled down with me to a jar of olives the kitchen girls had thoughtfully included in the food basket.

Now was the time, I decided at once. Smiling contentedly, and leaning back against a bicycle hamper with Lazlo's perfect cocktail in her hand, she would surely, if ever, be *muy simpático* or whatever it was.

"You know," I began, "I don't like to intrude a jarring note, but ——"

"Yes, I know," she said, smiling a little-girl smile; "when am I going to take mother the hell home?"

"Well," I said, not overeagerly, I hoped, "we must face it, you know."

Closing one eye, she squinted at the last rays of the sunset through her glass. "You're not really being too terribly gallant, old buddy. Just to get rid of mother, you are quite willing—nay, overjoyed!—to see me, too, vanish beyond the blue horizon. Not nice at all."

A trifle surprised, I started in with a little fast talk. But she waved me to silence without even looking at me.

"Of course you're right. There is every reason why I should lasso the old girl and put her on the next stagecoach out of here. What I mean, here she is, a woman approaching what is supposed to be the age of dignity, sits around all day reading mystery reprints—and plays cards every night, for rather high stakes, with assorted riffraff. Even if they never resort to any actual violence against her, still hardly ideal society for close relative."

She chewed thoughtfully on a pepper strip, and I waited expectantly, feeling this was a bit more like it.

"On the other hand," she went on, "she could be doing something useful, weaving baskets or making pots like the Yurok-Karoks, for instance, or back home being chairman of her clubs and receiving duty visits from her brilliant children, and off to the doctor with vague aches and pains at intervals.

"You can see I've given the subject a certain amount of thought. After which thought"—she sipped a moment in silence—"I have decided that, even if I could do it, I wouldn't take mother away from St. Christopher, where she is, for the first time I've been aware of anyhow, perfectly happy and content; and also, I've gathered, self-supporting."

Well, I thought, tossing off the rest of my drink in a salute to the occasion and all my useless effort, that was just about that. But it wasn't, really.

"Now you, on the other hand," she said, twisting over and kneeling by me, one hand braced on my shoulder and one dredging in the picnic basket, "you're the one I think should clear out and quit the game." And, with a flick of her wrist, a small deviled egg disappeared.

"Let me point out to you," I said, with perhaps a touch of bitterness, "that I, too, am happy and content on St. Chris. And, until your mother came

... ...

Space Travel

By Elizabeth Searle Lamb

I was orbiting in space
Long before the Sputnik race:
Laundry, ironing, meals and dishes,
TV schedule, hubby's wishes;
All the kids—a hungry horde—
PTA and Library Board;
Chauffeuring and gardening, too—
Do I keep on coming through
Or is my beep about worn out
With all this rocketing about?

... ...

along, at least, I was self-supporting also."

"Yes, but you are much too young, and"—she touched my chin lightly—"nice-looking, and packed with all those fascinating details about anthropology, to spend the rest of your life playing games for money with little pieces of colored cardboard."

Well, it has been my observation, down through the years, that when a girl starts butting into your affairs like that, she is nearly always in what one might term a receptive mood. And so, figuring I should get something out of a day that was, otherwise, pretty much of a tactical loss, I reached out an arm, pulled her to me, and kissed her.

"Well now," she said, when I released her, "that was very nice. But it really doesn't answer my question." And, slowly and carefully, she began to salt a stick of celery.

"What question?" I asked, gazing at this girl with growing wonder.

"What about back to the old ivied halls and the old career and all?" She bit off a couple of inches of celery and offered the pitiful remains to me. "Fair's fair, you know. You tried to con the Dabwoes. Now we're returning the favor."

I chewed thoughtfully on the celery for a stretch. "Well, you know, I do make a note or two out at the Indian reservation at times. And occasionally I take a weekend off for Granada and the Caribbean Arawak artifacts. Not to mention a trip to Cuba now and then, to study the Palm-climbers—and maybe look in at the gambling casinos too, of course."

"What I'd call the true scholar's life!" She was into the fried chicken now, with side forays at the olives and deviled eggs. Kissing the girl only seemed to have made her hungrier.

"And St. Chris is really too nice to leave. I lie around in the sun and read. And I swim, and sail, and play poker."

"And every so often"—she lowered a chicken leg—"some giddy girl tourist comes along to amuse you?"

I gave her the devilish smile. "Well, I could hardly expect, without some extraordinary stroke of luck, to meet one quite as giddy as you again." And, noticing the drumstick was still at half mast, I made a move for her again.

There was the taste of salt on her lips, I noticed, from the wild, wide ocean—or, possibly, just the celery. And this time she closed her eyes. And quite suddenly it struck me that this big healthy female, all for food and jokes and swimming and such, had become very soft—and small—and silent in my arms.

I haven't worn a watch since I came to the Caribbean. So, unfortunately, I'm unable to record the exact number of minutes—or hours—or, possibly, days, that passed, Anyhow, it seemed that I had given Jeanie Dabwoe the merest squeeze or two, and made but the briefest vow of undying love, when, allowing my head to clear for a moment, I looked up to find the moon had replaced the sun in the sky above St. Christopher.

"I'm keeping you from your livelihood, am I not?" she said, smoothing her hair. And when, like a fool, I hesitated in answering, she straightway got up and began collecting the picnic stuff.

"I know." A bit ruefully I watched her as, silent but smiling, she loaded her bike. "I should leave the card playing to the old folks. But if it wasn't for poker there wouldn't be any martinis and fried chicken for the picnics, you know. By way of nourishment we'd be grubbing for shellfish at low tide like the beachcombers."

She was still sunk in that silent-smiling feminine reserve. But as we started back, she recovered to the extent of singing "Beachcombers together!" to some unidentifiable tune, and chomping up a couple of previously overlooked radishes.

That was about the extent of the conversation on the trip back. And as we leaned our bicycles against the Pirate's morning-glory trellis and made our way up to the porch, I reflected on what a truly wondrous clan the Dabwoes were. What I mean, rocket scientists and Rhodes scholars on every hand; not to mention fashion editors and whatnot; and the matriarch the premier poker player of the Lesser Antilles; and the youngest daughter able to shake one to the depths with a single salty kiss.

But it was not until I entered the Pirate's that night, and a hideous sight met my eyes, that I fully realized what a truly devastating force this family was, in the lives of poor passive beings such as me.

For, grouped around the poker table—they had never before dared start without me!—were the regular gang: the Frenchmen, Harry and Gene, plus a couple of new and opulent-looking tourists. But at my place, the chair against the wall, with the white-chip rack and the pile of new decks, sat Ma Dabwoe, tennis-cap eyeshade pulled lower than ever, running my game!

More or less rooted to the spot, I watched this shocking scene for a moment. And then, with Jeanie for support, I tottered over to the bar, where the Pirate was innocently polishing a glass.

"You're letting Mrs. Dabwoe take over, then?" I said, trying, probably unsuccessfully, to keep the strangled note out of my voice.

He looked at me without batting an eye. "I insisted on her running the game, even though she turned the deal down at first. Seems she thought you might be a little put out. Told her not to be silly, you were quitting anyhow."

"You mean I don't even play here on my own?"

The Pirate shrugged. "If there's an empty seat, and no one richer around to fill it—which is hardly the case tonight."

I looked over at the table once more: Harry, Gene, big Frenchie, little Frenchie—eyes dilated with the wild stare of the irrecoverable poker addict (alongside which a fondness for such harmless jolts as alcohol or heroin pales into insignificance); and the two tourists, fat, overconfident—lambs to the slaughter; over all, Mother Dabwoe, cool, commanding, the firm hand at the white-chip rack. And so they would go on through the soft St. Christopher nights, without, it seemed, me.

"Gerald," I said, leaning across the bar and fixing him with what I hoped was a penetrating stare, "doesn't the time we've spent together—friendship, quiet conversation, drinks we've shared at the end of the day's toil—doesn't all this mean anything to you?"

The Pirate pondered for perhaps three-fourths of a second. "No," he said, squinting at the glass he was polishing, "it doesn't."

I looked at this stony-hearted specimen without surprise, and finally, after a moment of thought, I walked over to the cooler and lifted out a bottle of champagne, one of a couple always kept there in the hope some money-dripping customer would begin calling for madder music and stronger wine and all that.

"Well, for all these years I've put up with you, you iron-handed old skinflint, I feel I deserve a farewell present. And this," I said, holding up the champagne, "is it."

"What do you mean, 'all these years'? You've only been here six months. But take the thing if you want it," he added grudgingly, his tiny conscience finally giving him the elbow.

There seemed little more to say, and I turned to go, only to find Ma Dabwoe, deck of cards in hand, confronting me.

"Paul," she said, putting her hand on my arm, "I just couldn't say no. I've always dreamed of having a game of my own like this."

"You did exactly the right thing, mother. Think no more about it. And now, if you will permit us, your daughter and I are going up to the moonlit balcony of the yacht club and drink this champagne. And then, quite possibly, we may elope or something."

"And go raise batches of little anthropologists and things in some ivy-covered cottage," put in Jeanie.

Mrs. Dabwoe smiled at us vaguely, her mind obviously already back at the poker table. "Don't forget you promised to go shopping with me tomorrow, dear." And, riffling the deck impatiently, she bade us good night.

I watched her return to the table—one who, on the verge of a shapeless old age, had, quite evidently, found her niche in life. And then, clutching the champagne and young Jeanie firmly to me, and stiffening up the spinal column a bit, I resolutely turned my back on the game.

THE END

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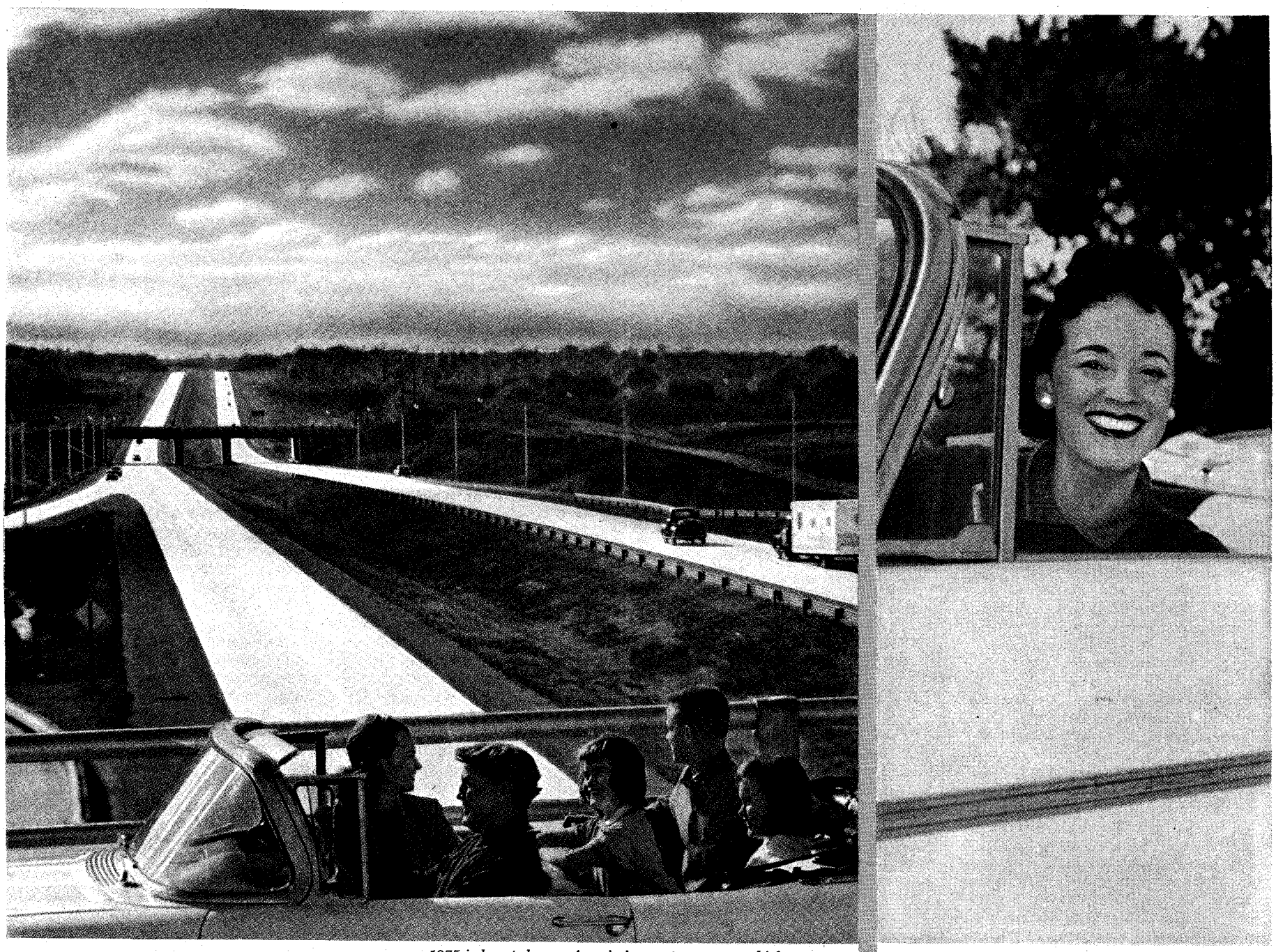

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The Case of the Greedy Grandpa

(Continued from Page 39)

guest. If you wanted to look around, it was quite all right. What in the world are you leading up to?"

"Simply," Mason said, "that in the storeroom Miss Allison found the printing press on which she believes those envelopes had been printed. She found some of the envelopes with the address on them, and her name and address were all set up in type in the printing press. Moreover, the press showed evidence of having been recently used. There was, I believe, printer's ink glistening on the steel table over which the rollers operate."

Barton Jennings motioned his wife to silence. "Just a minute, Mr. Mason. You say that Norda claims she found that in this house?"

Mason nodded.

"Well," Barton said, "that's very easily solved. First, we'll go take a look at that printing press and then we'll try and determine where it came from."

"I want to warn you," Mason said, "that that printing press is evidence. I suggest that no one touch it. Miss Allison will show you where it is, but as soon as we have done that I intend to call the authorities."

"You intend to?" Barton Jennings said. "What about us? We want to get at the bottom of this thing just as much as you do."

Lorraine Jennings arose, looked at Norda, and for the first time there was angry exasperation on her face. "Norda," she said, "if you found anything, why didn't you come to us? Are you absolutely certain you found what you said you did?"

"Of course, I am!" Norda snapped. "I found a whole package of envelopes waiting to be used. I know now where those clippings came from. You pretended to ——"

"Just a moment—just a moment," Mason interrupted. "I think Mr. Jennings and I understand the situation. It's going to be advisable for all of us to withhold comments until after we've appraised the evidence and called the officers. Now let's go take a look at that press. . . . Which way, Mr. Jennings?"

"Just follow me," Barton Jennings said, stepping quickly forward, then grimacing with pain. "I guess you'd better do the honors, Lorraine. I forgot about the knee for the moment."

"This way," Lorraine said, and stalked across the living room, through the dining room. She flung open the door of the kitchen, crossed it and stood on the stairs leading to the rumpus room.

"Now where, Norda?" she asked.

"Down the stairs," Norda said, "then into the storeroom. It's just under the big shelf to the left of the stairs."

"It's going to be a little crowded for all of us to get down there," Jennings pointed out. . . . "Why don't you and Mr. Mason go down, Lorraine? Norda can stand at the head of the stairs and direct you."

"Very well," Lorraine said. She descended to the storage room. "Now where, Norda?"

"Right to the left of that box. You can see the handle of the printing press," Norda said.

"I don't see any handle of any printing press," Lorraine Jennings retorted.

Mason said, "Just a moment, please."

He moved over around Lorraine Jennings and peered under the shelf. "Is it behind these boxes, Miss Allison?" he asked.

"Behind nothing," she said. "It's right there in plain sight!"

She ran quickly down the stairs; then paused, open-mouthed. "But it's no longer here!" she exclaimed.

"Let's move these boxes," Mason said. "You said that there was a box containing a package of envelopes?"

"Stamped envelopes that had been addressed and were all ready for mailing to me," Norda said. "But the press was right in plain sight, and now it's gone."

"Well!" Lorraine exclaimed. Her tone showed extreme skepticism.

"I suggest you look around, Lorraine," Barton Jennings said, "and I'd like to have Mr. Mason look around. Let's be absolutely certain that there's no foundation for this charge before we have any further discussion."

Mason prowled around through the storage room, moving boxes.

"Well," he said, "it would certainly appear the press is no longer in the exact place where Miss Allison saw it, at any rate."

"No longer!" Lorraine repeated after him furiously. "I never heard such a story in my life! I ——"

"Just a moment, dear," Barton Jennings cautioned from the top of the stairs. "Let's all go back to the library and sit down."

"Where's Robert?" Norda asked.

"I took him out to join the other boys on that camping trip," Barton said. "I told you about it last night. He's been looking forward to it for some time. Rover went with him."

"I'm not going to get to see him?" Norda asked.

"I'm afraid not," Lorraine said coldly. "Your abrupt departure prevented that. I'm afraid, Norda, that you've been influenced by some bad dream, to put the most courteous interpretation on it."

"Well, I like that!" Norda exclaimed. "You found out that I'd been down in that storeroom this morning and happened to stumble onto that printing press. So you've been very clever in getting rid of it. I suppose you've been smart enough so it can never be traced."

"I think," Barton Jennings said, "that it's going to be a lot better for all concerned if neither party makes any accusations. . . . What do you think, Mr. Mason?"

"I think you're right," Mason said, noticing Della Street seated at a table in the rumpus room, her pen flying over the page of her shorthand notebook as she took down the conversation. "Let's go into the living room and see if we can discuss this matter quietly and intelligently."

"As far as I'm concerned, there's nothing to discuss," Lorraine Jennings said. "We invited Norda Allison to be our house guest. We tried to help her. I presume she had some drug-induced nightmare, and now she's trying to hold us responsible ——"

"I didn't dream up those two envelopes I took out of the box," Norda Allison flared, "and which are now in Perry Mason's office!"

"Now, just a minute," Mason said. "Let's keep our heads, please. We are faced with a peculiar situation. Let me ask you, Mr. and Mrs. Jennings, do you have any objection to calling in the authorities for an investigation?"

"I certainly do!" Lorraine said. "Not until we have some tangible evidence to go on. I'm not calling in anyone. If your client wants to proceed with this absurd charge against us, Mr. Mason—well, you're a lawyer and you can tell her what the consequences will be."

Mason smiled. "I can appreciate your position, Mrs. Jennings, but under the circumstances my client is not going to be frightened. She isn't making any accusations against you. She is simply stating that she found an important piece of evidence in your house this morning, and, as it happens, she had the foresight to take two of the envelopes with her. I am going to have an expert examine those envelopes to see if they are the same as the envelopes she has been getting through the mail. If they are, we are going to report the entire matter to the postal authorities."

Barton Jennings said, "I think that's the wise thing to do, Mr. Mason. I can assure you that this is all news to us."

"It isn't news at all!" Lorraine flared. "She's been sending herself those notices, Barton, and now, for some reason that happens to be to her personal and selfish interests, she's taken advantage of our hospitality. She brought two of those envelopes down here with her in her purse, got up this morning before anyone was up, sneaked out, went to a lawyer with those envelopes and ——"

"I repeat," Barton Jennings interrupted, "that neither party should make any accusations at this time. If it's all right with you, Mr. Mason, we'll disregard any statements and accusations which have been made by your client, on the ground that she is naturally somewhat nervous and upset. And it will be agreed that your client will disregard any statements made by my wife, who is also quite naturally nervous and upset."

"I think that is probably the best way of disposing of the entire matter at this time," Mason said. "We now offer to make such an agreement with you."

"We accept that offer," Barton Jennings said.

"And now," Lorraine Jennings said to Norda, "if you'll kindly leave my house, Miss Allison, we will chalk off our attempt to befriend you as another unfortunate experience in misjudging human nature."

Mason turned to Norda Allison. "Come on, Miss Allison, let's go."

Inspector Hardley Chester listened carefully to Norda Allison's recital of facts, then turned to Perry Mason.

"There's nothing out there now?" he asked.

"No sign of the printing press, no sign of the envelopes," Mason said.

Inspector Chester ran his hand up over the top of his head, down back of his ears and stroked the back of his neck with his finger tips. "We can't very well go out there and accuse anyone of anything on the strength of evidence like that, Mr. Mason."

"I don't expect you to," Mason said.

"What do you expect me to do?"

"I expect you to do your duty," Mason told him.

"What's my duty?"

"I don't know what it is," Mason said. "I'm not telling you what it is. My client made a discovery. She discovered some evidence in a case that has been bothering the postal authorities. I told her it was her duty to report what she found. She's reported it. Her duty has now been discharged."

Inspector Chester turned to Norda Allison. "You are quite certain this was a printing press?"

"Of course it was a printing press."

"You saw it plainly?"

"I saw it, I felt it, I touched it."

"And you think it had been used?"

"Of course it had been used."

"Recently?"

"It had been used for printing my name and address on those envelopes. If you don't believe me, how do you account for the fact that I have two of the stamped envelopes which bear uncanceled stamps with my name and address printed on them and that they're identical with the envelopes which were sent me through the mail?"

"I'm not saying I don't believe you. I'm asking questions. Do you have any evidence which would indicate the press had been used recently?"

"The ink was still moist on it. That is, still sticky."

"How do you know?"

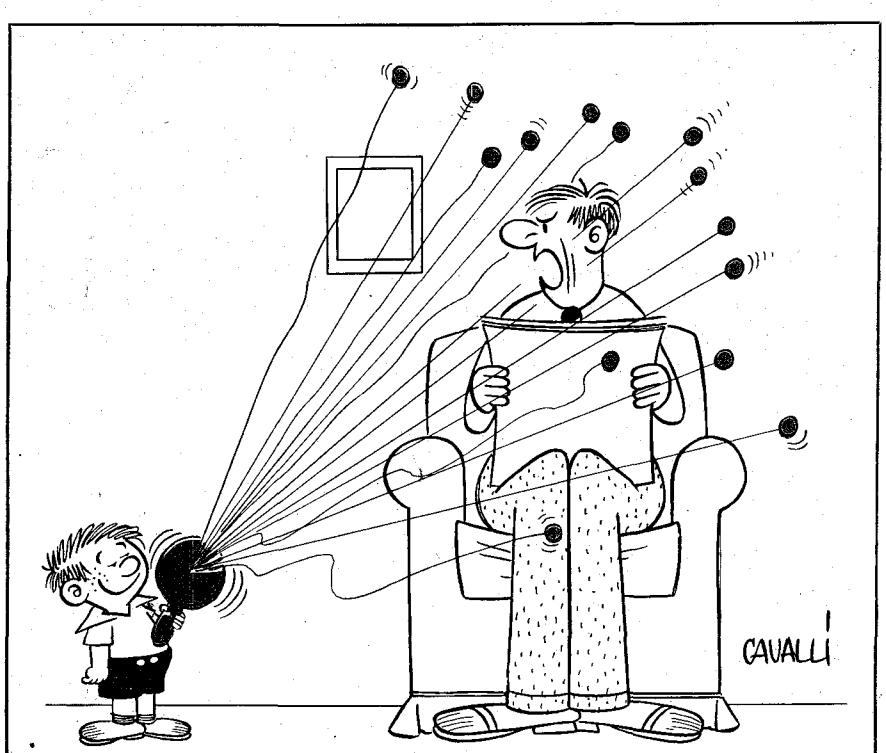
"I touched the tip of my finger to it and then pulled the finger away. The ink was sticky and my finger tip was black."

"How did you clean it?"

"I opened my purse, took some cleansing tissue from a little package I carried and scrubbed my finger off."

"What did you do with the tissue?"

"It's still in the purse, I guess. I didn't want to just (Continued on Page 89)



"Well, if you haven't anything else to do, why don't you sit down and write a thank-you note to Uncle Neil for that miserable thing?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Built for the 1 man in 4 who wants a little bit more:

Cars that can do what they look like they can do

Engineered to be the finest driving cars in America.

The new cars of The *Forward* Look for '59 from Chrysler Corporation.

Now ready for you to try at your dealers.

Now turn the page for details

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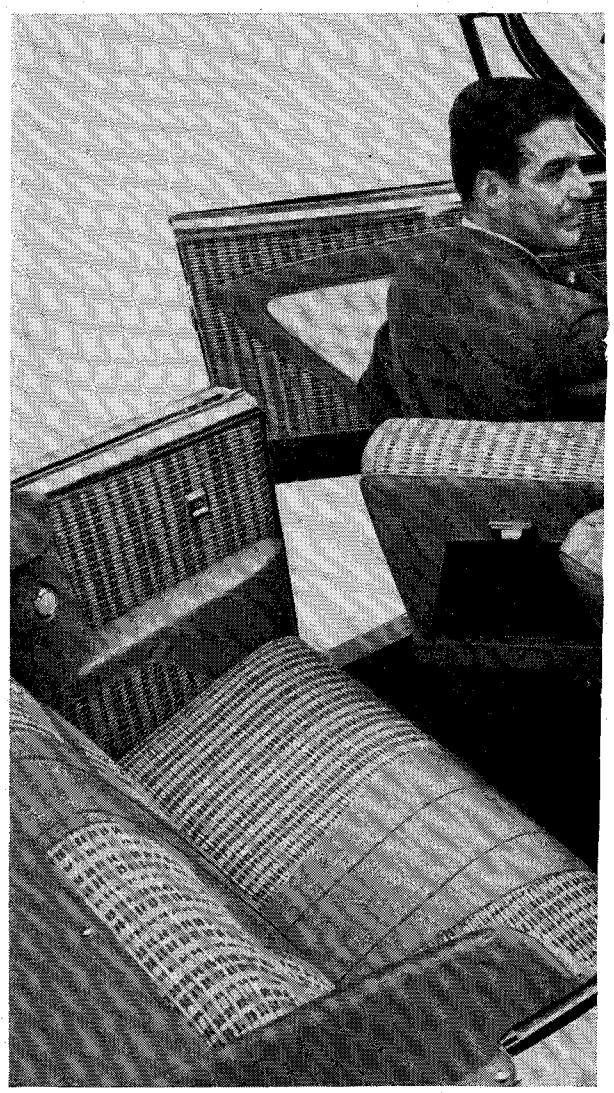
BUILT FOR THE 1 MAN IN 4 WHO WANTS A LITTLE BIT MORE

Why new 1959 Cars of **can do what they look**



The smell of a new car is heady stuff.

And when it's a new 1959 Car of The *Forward* Look, the beauty of it makes it tough to be hard-headed.

But the best part comes next—

These cars are engineered to be driven.

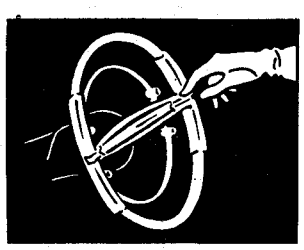
At their best when they're in motion as your hand and foot command!

Here's why they *can* do what they look like they can do:

All the controls are at your fingertips. The pushbutton driving controls are all in one handy cluster of buttons, just under your left hand. (Easy for you to get at—keeps your right hand on the wheel. And the youngsters can't reach 'em!) Another set of buttons to your right controls the heater and air conditioning. And the instruments on the new panel are grouped where you can see them, without looking too far away from the road.

Touch the button—and go! Push-button TorqueFlite controls are simple, mechanical and proved by over 15 billion miles of driving.

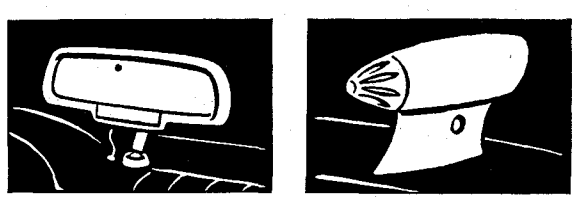
The steering works for you full time. We call it Constant-Control full-time power steering, because it doesn't just "cut in" at sharp turns, the way some power steering does. Ours helps you all the time, so you have a constant, steady "feel of the road." It makes these the best-driving cars in America.



Constant-Control power steering. Steering that works for you full time, never has that "on-and-off" feeling—makes parking easier than ever before.

They don't bob their noses or scrape their tails when you start and stop fast . . . and they take corners flat and steady as if they were on rails. Only the cars from Chrysler Corporation have Torsion-Aire Ride. It gives you a firm, sure-footed ride, even over railroad tracks and rough country roads. (And for '59 you can also get The *Forward* Look cars with added *air units* in the rear. This gives you automatic leveling—so even if you have a heavy load, the car rides as level as it does when you're alone up front.)

The seats swivel to let you in and out. These are the easiest cars you've ever seen to get in and out of. As you can see in the picture, the seats turn like an office chair, on noiseless nylon bearings. They lock in place while you drive—and adjust to suit your driving comfort. Our new, roomier body design for '59 gives you extra head and knee room besides—especially in back.



New Mirror-Matic Electronic Mirror and Automatic Beam Changer give you new night driving security.

Mirror and headlights adjust themselves for night driving. You've never driven a car that did so much to make you

New swivel seats, available only

feel secure at night! The headlights dim automatically when another car approaches from up front. And the rear-vision mirror adjusts itself electronically to take the glare out of lights coming at you from behind.

A few of the other safety features: an outside fender mirror you can adjust from *inside* the car . . . electric windshield wipers that don't slow to a gasp on hills or when you step out to pass somebody . . . and Safety-Rim Wheels designed to keep the tire from jumping the rim if you ever have a sudden blowout.

Compound windshields that sweep all the way across and wrap around the front of your field of vision—and curve up into the top of the car, so you have clear, unobstructed vision in all directions—can even see overhead sig-

Chrysler

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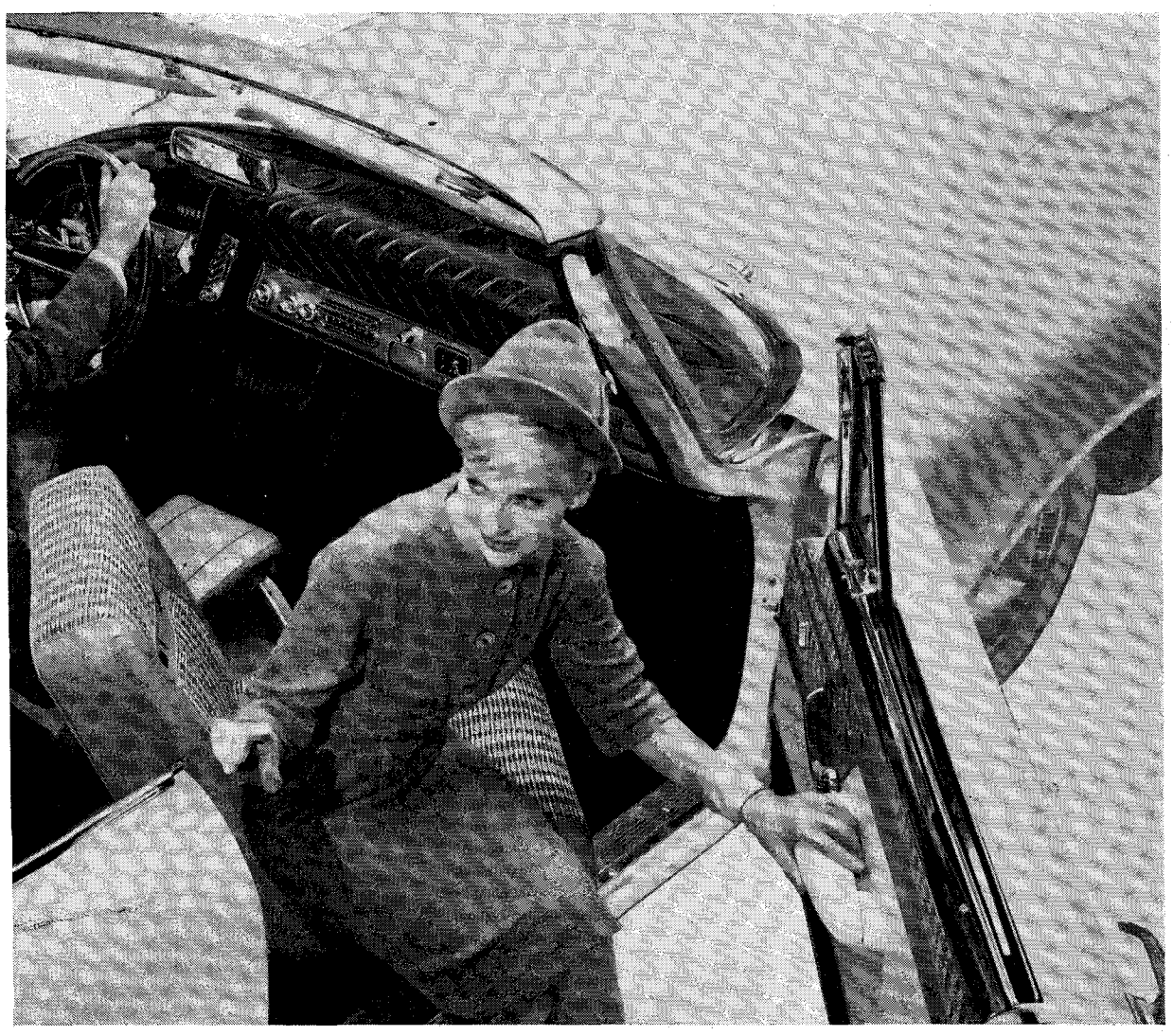
The *Forward* Look
like they can do

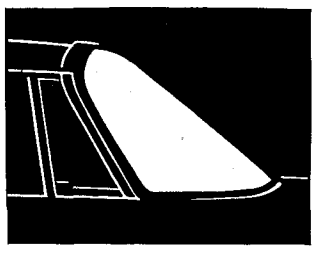


on Cars of The *Forward* Look, make them the easiest cars to get in and out of you ever saw

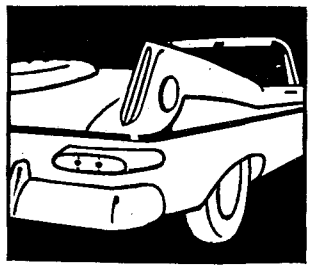
nals without having to "crane your neck." And there's safety glass in every window.

New power up front—and brakes with the muscle to hold it. You may remember that Chrysler Corporation cars walked off with top performance honors in the famous Mobilgas Economy Run for the past two years straight—with every other major car in America pitted against them. The new '59 models are available with new engines—even better than those that set the pace in '57 and '58!

And they've got the brakes to go with 'em—Total-Contact brakes. *Two* hydraulic cylinders up front, where other cars have only one. And the brake makes contact all the way around the drum—not just part of the way, as in other cars. Touch the power brake pedal—and you STOP.



Compound windshields, introduced first by Chrysler Corporation, let you see all around—even watch overhead signals without having to crane your neck.

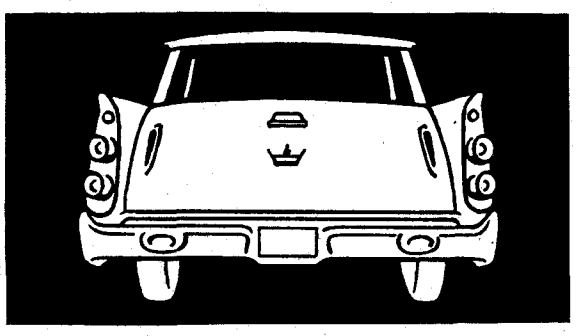


True aerodynamic styling not only sets the pace for design but also makes a real contribution to your car's driving stability on the highway.

The Look that started the trend is handsomer than ever in The *Forward* Look cars for '59. There's no mistaking them on the road, with their low, sleek, powerful look, and true aerodynamic design that helps keep the car steady on the road.

And to protect their looks (and your investment for the future)—even the paint on the outside is new this year. New "Lustre-Bond" super-enamel finishes, so tough and glossy, a light wash and wipe makes your car look like you spent the whole weekend polishing. Inside—new textured upholstery fabrics and trim are more durable and beautiful than ever.

And the quality of workmanship built into these cars is apparent everywhere you look—inside and out.



More room to sit, more room to carry things than any other station wagons on the road.

America's biggest, best-looking wagons. We build our wagons family-size, with more sitting and carrying room than any others at any price. More Chrysler Corporation pioneered features too—third seat that faces back, spare tire hidden in the fender, windows that roll down into the tailgate, seats that fold flat to the floor in less time than it takes you to read this sentence.

But words are a poor substitute for the real thing, when it comes to describing cars like these. You've got to *drive* one to believe it!

Stop in this week. The dealer has a car waiting for you and the family to try out. Take a new 1959 Plymouth, Dodge, DeSoto, Chrysler or Imperial and put it through its paces. Pick the roads you know are toughest. One drive will convince you—these are the cars that can do what they look like they can do!

Corporation

PLYMOUTH • DODGE • DE SOTO • CHRYSLER • IMPERIAL

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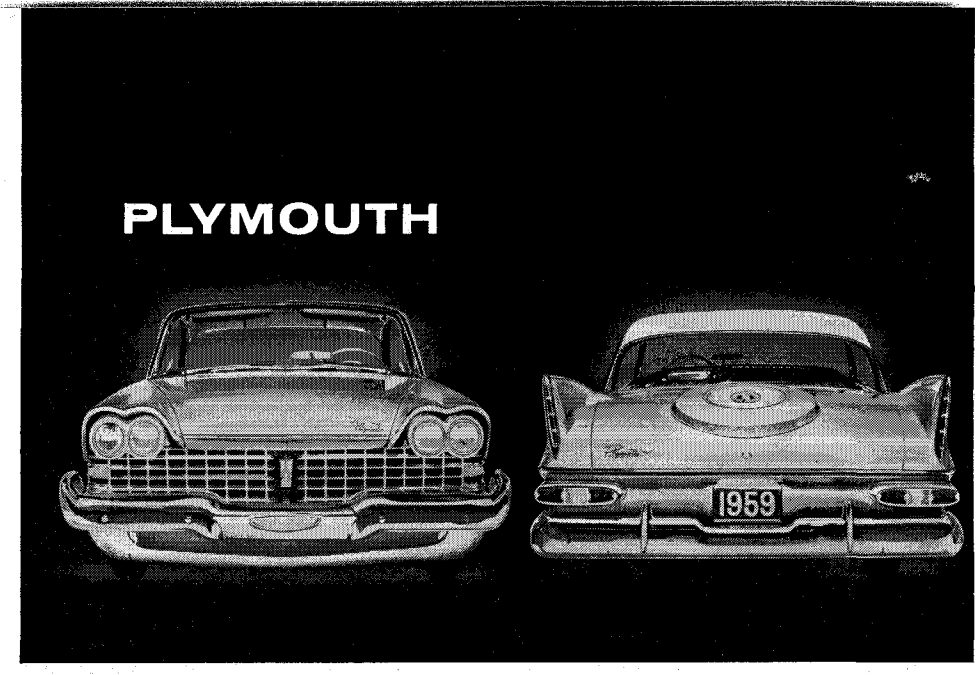
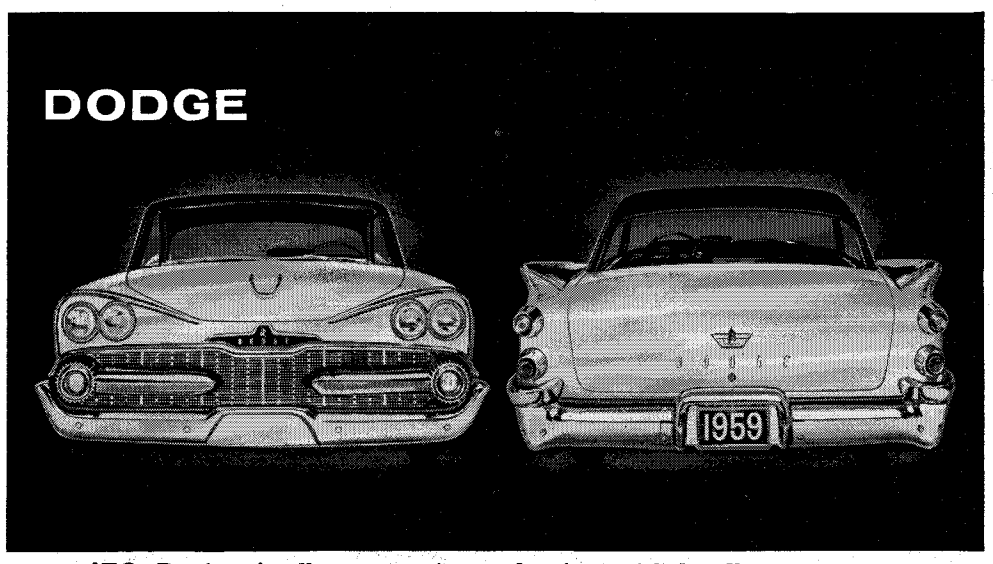
How to spot
The New 1959 Cars
of The *Forward* Look



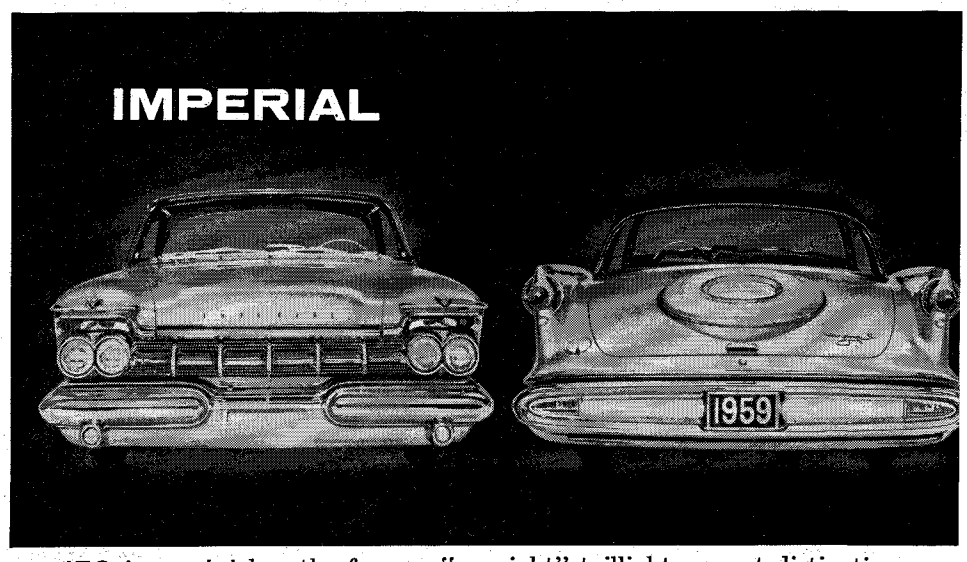
'59 Plymouth is longer—looks more sleek than ever. Massive grille and low-slung bumper give it a "take-off" look. Note the clean, sweeping fins, and new optional sports deck—an added touch of elegance.



'59 Dodge is all-new, coming and going, with headlamps set under sweeping brows, sculptured fins and lights in back. Note the easy-to-get-at trunk of *all* Cars of the *Forward* Look from Chrysler Corporation.

'59 DeSoto has black rubber bumper guards, big functional bumpers, triple taillights. Notice the seeing-area of our compound windshields and big wide rear windows (13 sq. feet of glass in rear window *alone!*)

'59 Chrysler has new engines—looks as powerful as it *is*. Headlamps and signal lights are blended into the handsome aluminum grille. In rear, tailpipes are hidden, to help give it that clean modern look.



'59 Imperial has the famous "gunsight" taillights—most distinctive style "trademark" on the road. Notice how big protective bumpers and low-set headlamps give Imperial new richness and look of leadership.

And they can do what they look like they can do

(A drive will bring out the difference great engineering makes)

PLYMOUTH · DODGE · DE SOTO · CHRYSLER · IMPERIAL

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(*Continued from Page 84*) throw it down on the floor. I must have put it back in my purse, intending to throw it away when I had an opportunity."

She opened her purse, fumbled around inside, then triumphantly produced a crumpled piece of cleansing tissue. There were black smears on the paper and Inspector Chester took possession of it.

"Well," he said, "I'm going out and ask Mr. and Mrs. Jennings if they care to make a statement. I'm going to ask them if they object if I take a look around."

"Will you let us know if you find anything?" Mason asked.

The inspector smiled and shook his head. "I report to my superiors."

"But Miss Allison is an interested party," Mason said.

"All the more reason why I shouldn't report to her." Chester got to his feet, shook hands with Mason and bowed to Norda Allison. "Thanks for the information. I'll check on it."

"Now what?" Norda Allison asked when Inspector Chester had left.

"Now," Mason said, "we do a little checking of our own." He turned to Della Street. "Please ring the Drake Detective Agency and ask Paul Drake to come in."

Della nodded, went to the outer office and a moment later returned to say, "Drake said to tell you he's coming right away."

Mason said, by way of explanation to Norda Allison, "You talked with him. He's a very competent detective."

"I know. He's nice. That's how I got in touch with you. I ——"

She broke off as Paul Drake's code knock sounded on the corridor door of Mason's private office.

Della Street opened the door. Paul Drake, tall, informal, loose-jointed, said, "Hi, Della," flashed Norda Allison a keen glance of professional appraisal and said, "How is everything, Miss Allison?" then turned to Mason.

"Sit down, Paul," Mason invited.

Drake sat crosswise in the client's big, overstuffed chair, one of the rounded arms propping up his back, his long legs draped over the other arm.

"Shoot."

"You're familiar with Norda Allison's story?"

"Up to the time she came in to see you this morning. What's happened since then?"

Mason told him.

"What do you want me to do?" Drake asked.

"Get on the job," Mason said. "Get out there and see whether the postal authorities are going to let Mr. and Mrs. Jennings give them a routine run-around, whether they're taking Norda Allison's story seriously and if they're making a search of the place. Visit around with the neighbors. Pretend you're getting magazine subscriptions or selling books or something of the sort at first. See if you can get some of the women gossiping. And I want shadows on Mr. and Mrs. Jennings."

"One to each?" Drake asked.

"One to each," Mason told him.

Drake heaved himself up out of the chair. "On my way."

Mason smiled across at Norda Allison. "Well, that's the best I can do," he said. "Now I'll try getting back to that brief. Where did you say you were staying?"

"The Millbrae Hotel."

"We'll call you if we learn anything," Mason told her. "In the meantime, don't talk to anyone. If anyone calls on you or tries to pump you for information say that I'm your attorney and am answering all questions."

Norda Allison gave him a grateful hand. "I don't know how I can thank you enough, Mr. Mason."

"You don't have to," Mason said. "I hope we can get the thing straightened out. We'll do the best we can."

It was three-thirty in the afternoon when Paul Drake called in on Mason's unlisted telephone. Mason, who had been dictating steadily since one-thirty, regarded the ringing telephone with annoyance, knowing, however, that only Paul Drake and Della Street had the number of that phone.

Mason picked up the receiver and said, "Hello, Paul. What is it?"

Drake's voice over the wire said, "I have an idea you better get out here, Perry."

"Where's here?"

"Next door to the Jennings house."

"What's it all about?" Mason asked.

Drake, speaking guardedly said, "I'm visiting with a Mr. and Mrs. Jonathan Gales. The address is Six-two-eight-three Penrace Street. They have some information that I'd like to have you check. How soon can you get here, Perry?"

Mason thought that over and said into the phone, "I take it you have some information that's important?"

"Yes."

"About that printing press or something?"

"About the bloodstains," Drake said.

"About the what?"

"The bloodstains," Drake said. "You see, Perry, the postal authorities started an investigation, and then, after they found this gun under the pillow of the bed where Norda Allison had been sleeping, they called in the local police. She's been taken to headquarters for questioning. For some reason, the authorities are hot on her trail. Now, Jonathan Gales knows something about the bloodstains that I think you should know. There's some evidence here that you'd better get hold of before the police ——"

"I'll be right out," Mason interrupted.

"Don't come in your car," Drake warned. "Get a taxicab, let it go as soon as you get to the house. I have an agency car out here that is rather inconspicuous. I'll drive you back when you're ready to leave."

"I'll be right out," Mason promised. He dropped the telephone back into the cradle.

"What was it?" Della asked.

"I'll tell you in the taxi," Mason said. "Come on, let's go. The address is Six-two-eight-three Penrace Street. Apparently that's next door to where the Jenningses live. Grab a shorthand book and we'll take a cab. Hurry!"

They raced down the corridor to the elevator, found a cab waiting at the cabstand at the corner, climbed in and Mason gave the address.

"Now tell me what it's all about," Della Street said.

"Bloodstains," Mason told her.

"I heard you say that over the telephone. What's the significance of the bloodstains?"

"Apparently," Mason said, "the police have been called in. They found a gun under the pillow where Norda Allison had been sleeping. You remember she told about having found an ejected empty cartridge case in front of the tent where Robert was sleeping, out on the patio. Now apparently bloodstains enter into the picture, and from the way Paul Drake talked, I have an idea the police don't know anything about those stains as yet."

"Well," Della Street said, "we seem to be getting into something."

"We seem to have got into it already," Mason told her, "up to our necks."

The cab pulled up in front of the address on Penrace Street.

"Want me to wait?" the driver asked.

Mason shook his head, handed him a five-dollar bill and said, "Keep the change."

The cabby thanked him.

Mason glanced briefly at the police car which was parked next door at the Jennings house, walked rapidly up the concrete walk to a front porch and extended his thumb toward the bell button.

The front door was opened by Paul Drake while Mason's thumb was still a good three inches from the bell button.

"Come on in," Drake said. "I was waiting at the door, hoping against hope you wouldn't drive up until after Lieutenant Tragg had left."

"That's Tragg over in the other house?" Mason asked.

Drake nodded and said, "Come on in and meet the folks."

Drake led the way into a cozy living room which had an air of comfortable simplicity. There were deep chairs, comfortable in appearance, books, a large table, a television set, floor lamps conveniently arranged by the chairs, newspapers and magazines on the table. Through an archway could be seen a dining room with a big sideboard, a glass-enclosed cupboard for dishes.

A somewhat elderly couple arose as Paul Drake escorted Mason and Della Street into the living room.

"This is Mr. and Mrs. Gales," Paul Drake said by way of introduction. "They have quite a story; at least Mr. Gales has."

Gales, a tall, bleached individual with a drooping mustache, bushy white eyebrows and gray eyes, extended a bony hand to Perry Mason. "Well, well," he said, "I'm certainly pleased to meet you! I've read a lot about you, but never thought I'd be seeing you. Martha and I don't get out much any more and we do a lot of reading. I guess Martha has followed every one of your cases."

Mrs. Gales reached out to take Della Street's hand. "And I've seen photographs of Miss Street," she said. . . . "I'm really a fan of yours, my dear, as well as of Mr. Mason. Now, do sit down, and if we can do anything that will be of any help we're only too glad to do it. How about making a cup of tea? I could ——"

Drake glanced at his wrist watch, then looked significantly through the windows over toward the Jennings house. He said, "We may be interrupted at any minute, Mrs. Gales. If you don't mind, I'd like to have you tell your story just as briefly as possible—what you have to say about Robert."

"Well, do sit down," she said. "Let's be comfortable. Heavens to Betsy, I certainly feel shoddy having people like you here and not being able to offer a cup of tea. I've got some mighty nice cookies I baked yesterday ——"

"About the gun," Drake said. "Tell Mr. Mason about Robert and the gun."

"Well, there's not much to tell. Robert is a mighty nice boy; a very sweet, sensitive, well-behaved chap. But he's just crazy about guns. He's always watching those Western television shows—'Pistol Pictures,' Jonathan calls them. They have a baby sitter over there who takes care of him when Mr. and Mrs. Jennings go out, and I've noticed that when the baby sitter is there Robert has a real gun to play with."

"A real gun?" Mason asked.

"An automatic," Jonathan Gales supplemented. "Looks like a Colt Woodsman model. I think it's a twenty-two caliber."

"He has that only when the baby sitter is there?" Mason asked

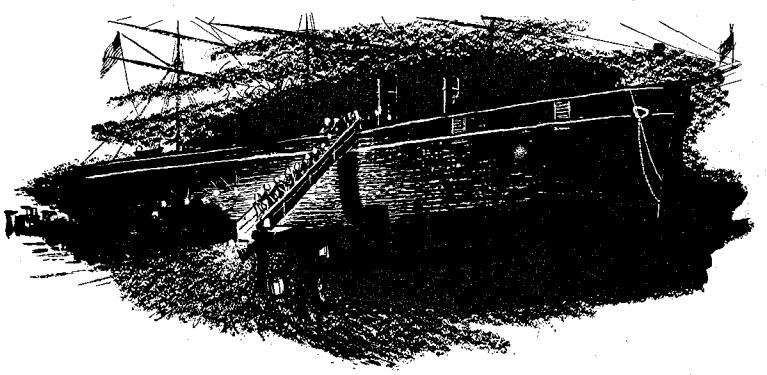
"Well, now, that's the only time I've seen him with it," Mrs. Gales said, "but if you ask me, a seven-year-old boy has got no business playing around with a real pistol."

"Do you know who this baby sitter is?" Paul Drake interposed.

"No, I don't. They have a couple of them. This one I'm talking about has only been working there about six weeks. The Jenningses aren't much for being neighborly and —— Well, this a peculiar neighborhood. People seem to live pretty much to themselves. Time was when people used to swap a little gossip and borrow things back and forth, but now there's a car in the garage and whenever they have a minute they get up and scoot off someplace. Then, when they're home, they're watching television or something. Seems like times are changing right under our eyes."

"This baby sitter," Mason prompted, "is she an older or a younger woman?"

"The one who lets him have the gun is an older" (*Continued on Page 91*)



What's Going On Here?

Just a century before the North Pole cruise of USS Nautilus, another United States naval vessel completes a difficult transoceanic voyage in the interest of scientific advancement and world progress. Arriving finally at Newfoundland, the remainder of the ship's cargo is hurried ashore at night by an American merchant and promoter, aided by the ship's crew. What ship was it, and what did it bring?

C. A. Wright

(*Answer on page 91*)

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(*Continued from Page 89*) woman—oh, I'd say somewhere in the forties." She laughed nervously. "Of course, that's not old at all, you understand. It's just that she's older than the other one, and, of course, older than some of the baby sitters they have these days—girls going to high school who come and sit with kids for an evening. I don't know what would happen if there was any sort of an emergency. I don't know what one of those girls would do."

"Well, as far as that's concerned, what could a woman of forty-five do?" Jonathan Gales commented. "Suppose some man walked in and ——"

"We have to hurry along," Drake interrupted, his voice apologetic. "I would like to have Mr. Mason hear your story just the way you told it to me. We'll have time only for highlights. You've seen the child playing with this automatic?"

Mrs. Gales nodded emphatically.

"How about you?" Drake asked, turning to Jonathan Gales.

"I've seen him two or three times," Jonathan Gales said. "The very first time I saw it, I said to Martha, 'It looks to me like that kid's got a real gun over there,' and Martha said, 'No, it can't be. That's just some kind of a wooden gun. They're making imitations these days that look so much like the real thing they scare a body to death.' Well, I took a good, long second look at it, and I said, 'Martha, I'm betting that's a real gun,' and sure enough, it was."

"Did you ever have it in your hands?" Mason asked.

"No, but I did think enough about it to get my field glasses and take a look at it—Martha and I do a little bird watching out in the back yard and we've got a mighty good pair of glasses, coated lenses and all. They're sharp as a tack."

"All right," Drake said, hurrying things along. "The child at times plays with a real gun. You've noticed that only when this one baby sitter was there."

They both nodded.

"Now, about the bloodstains," Drake said.

"Well, that's the thing I can't understand," Gales said. "This morning Barton Jennings was up before daylight. He had a hose and he was out there washing off the sidewalk and pretending he was watering the lawn. It wasn't five o'clock yet. Now, of course, that's not unusually early for people that are accustomed to getting up early, but over there in the Jennings house they like to sleep late; you take on a Saturday or a Sunday when they aren't going anywhere they'll stay in bed until nine-ten o'clock in the morning. You'll see Robert up playing around by himself out there on the patio."

"Not that we're the nosy kind," Martha Gales interposed, "but we do our bird watching, a lot of it, in the morning. That's when birds are moving around, and both Jonathan and I are early risers. There's a hedge between our properties, but you can see through it if someone is moving around."

"Jennings was watering the lawn?" Mason prompted.

"Well, it wasn't so much watering the lawn," Gales said, "as hosing it off. He was pretending to water the lawn. He was holding the hose down and walking it along the lawn, using too much force to really just be watering the grass. He was putting the full stream of water along a narrow strip—oh, maybe two or three feet wide—walking right along with it. Then he came to the sidewalk and he hosed off the sidewalk, and a couple of places he put the nozzle right down within eighteen inches of the sidewalk, just like he was trying to wash something away.

"Well, I didn't think too much of it until I went out to get my paper. The delivery boy had tossed the paper, and usually he tosses it right up on the porch. This morning it didn't seem to be on the porch and I went out looking for it, and I found it in the gutter. Evidently it had slipped out of the delivery boy's hand. It looks like there had been blood in that water that ran down the gutter."

"You have the paper?" Drake asked.

Gales handed the newspaper to Mason. "Now, it was rolled up this way," he explained, rolling up the front page, "and then there was a rubber elastic band around it. You can see the water had quite a reddish tinge to it."

"But what makes you think it's blood?" Mason asked.

"I'm coming to that," Gales said. "When I went out looking for the paper, Jennings was just finishing up with watering along the sidewalk. I said to him, 'Good morning,' and told him it looked like it was going to be a nice day, just sort of neighborly-like, and he seemed right startled to see me out there. And before he thought, he said sharply, 'What are you looking for?' Well, I told him I was looking for my newspaper; that it wasn't on the porch or on the front lawn, and sometimes when the boy threw it out of the car it would hit against the side of the door and drop down in the gutter. So then I looked down in the gutter and said, 'Here it is, right here in the gutter.'

"I picked it up, and Jennings said, 'Gosh, I hope I didn't get it wet. I was watering the lawn.' Well, I looked at it and I seen it was wet, and I said, 'Oh, well, it'll dry right out. It isn't very wet; just this corner.'

"And then I seen him looking at it sort of peculiar-like, and I looked at it and I could see this reddish stain on the paper. Well, I didn't say a word, but I brought the paper in and dried it out, and Martha and I had our cup of coffee. We both like a cup of coffee first thing in the morning, and then we read the newspaper. Sometimes we don't actually get around to breakfast for an hour or two. We sit out in the yard and watch birds and maybe sip coffee, and ——"

"There was a bloodstain," Drake said.

"That's right. I'm coming to that. I got to thinking about the reddish color on the paper, and along about ten or eleven o'clock I see there was a lot of unusual activity over there at the Jennings house, with people coming and going, and I got to wondering about the way he was washing off that sidewalk with the hose. You see, he'd quit the minute I got out there; acted as though he was a kid that had been caught in some kind of mischief. Well, I went out to look where the paper was lying, and up there in the gutter, just alongside the curb above where the paper had been lying, there was a red blotch of blood that hadn't been washed away yet. I'm pretty sure it was blood, and out a little ways from the curb you could see two spots of blood. Looked like somebody had been bleeding over there and had left the place, walking along the lawn instead of along the walk, and then stood for a minute at the gutter, getting a car door open, then had stepped into the car and driven away.

"Now, you probably think I'm—well, maybe you'll think I'm a little mite too nosy or something, but I just got to wondering about that blood. I said to Martha, I said, 'Martha, suppose that seven-year-old kid was playing with a gun? Suppose they let him have it and took the shells out of it whenever he was playing with it, but suppose this time they didn't get all the shells out. Suppose there happened to be a shell left in the barrel and suppose he'd shot somebody?'"

"Anything that makes you think he did?" Mason asked.

"Well, of course, it's only just a surmise, but Robert was going out on some kind of a Scout trip or something this morning—now why in the world would anyone get up to take a kid out on a Scout trip at four o'clock in the morning?—and I thought I heard a shot sometime last night."

Mason and Drake exchanged glances.

"They took Robert out at four o'clock in the morning?" Mason asked.

Gales nodded.

"And it was after that when you saw Jennings washing off the sidewalk?"

"That's right."

"His arthritis is bothering him this morning, I believe," Mason said.

"Yes, he had his cane with him this morning."

Drake, looking out of the window, said, "Oh-oh, here comes Lieutenant Tragg."

Mason said, "All right. Quick now, tell me about the baby sitter. What do you know about her? Does she drive her own car?"

"That's right."

"What kind is it?"

"I can't tell you the make. It's an older type of car—a sedan."

"She's in the forties?"

"I would say so."

"Heavy-set?"

"Well, not fat, just—well, rather broad across the beam."

"How long has she been baby-sitting for them?"

"Well, I guess maybe six-eight weeks or so. Robert is only there for part time. You know, he's a child by another marriage; Selkirk, his name is, and ——"

The doorbell sounded.

Martha Gales said, "I'll get it."

"Never mind Robert," Mason said. "I know about him. I'm interested in this baby sitter. Do they say anything about her or ——"

"No, we don't visit much back and forth. I ——"

"You don't think she's some relative or ——"

"No, I think they got her through an agency. I think they said ——"

Lieutenant Tragg's voice said, "How do you do, madam. I'm Lieutenant Tragg of the homicide department. I'm making an investigation and I'd like to ask a few questions. Do you mind if I come in?"

Tragg didn't wait for an answer, but pushed his way into the interior of the house, then jerked back in surprise as he saw Mason, Della Street and Paul Drake.

"Well, well, well," he said. "What brings all of you here?"

"What brings you here?" Mason countered.

Tragg hesitated a moment, then said, "Well, you'll read it in the papers, so I guess there's no harm in telling you. Mervin Selkirk was found dead in his automobile in the parking lot of the San Sebastian Country Club shortly after one o'clock this afternoon. He'd been dead for some time. There'd been an extensive hemorrhage from a chest wound. The doors of the car were closed and the windows were all up. The fatal bullet was of twenty-two caliber and there's reason to believe it was fired from a Colt automatic."

Lieutenant Tragg looked at the horrified faces of Martha and Jonathan Gales. "You folks know anything about Mervin Selkirk?" he asked. "Ever meet him? Know him when you see him? Did you see him here last night?"

They shook their heads.

"We don't know him," Gales said.

"Anything unusual take place next door during the night?" Tragg asked.

Martha Gales shook her head.

Jonathan Gales said, "Not that we know of. The only thing I know about is the bloodstains."

Lieutenant Tragg snapped to attention as though he had received an unexpected jolt of an electric current. "Bloodstains! Where?"

"Next door and on the sidewalk. I was telling Mr. Mason, his secretary and Mr. Drake here about what we saw ——"

Tragg said, "Hold it, hold it! . . . O.K., Mason, I guess you've beaten me to it, but from now on we'll follow standard procedure. We'll excuse you. This is a police investigation of a murder."

As Mason hesitated, Tragg added, "We can, of course, just take these people up to the district attorney's office and interrogate them there, but it will be more convenient for all of us if we do it here. And," he added with a wry smile, "if you're as fast as you usually are, you already have all the information you need."

Mason shook hands with Mr. and Mrs. Gales. "Thanks for your co-operation," he said. "You'll find Lieutenant Tragg likes to adopt a hard-boiled exterior. He barks and he growls, but he really doesn't bite."

"On your way," Tragg said gruffly.

Mason led the way to the door.

"I'll drive you folks to the office," Drake said, as he held open the door of his car.

"No, you won't," Mason said. "There isn't time for that. Drive us to the nearest taxi stand, then get out to the San Sebastian Country Club and find out everything you can dig up out there. I also want you to locate the Selkirk boy. I want to interview him. You'd better telephone your office, and, while you're about it, tell them to find out who the Jenningses' baby sitter is."

"That's like looking for a needle in a haystack," Drake protested.

"No, it isn't, Paul," Mason said. "We don't give a hang about the haystack, so that will help. Burn up the haystack and wash away the ashes. That will leave the needle where you can find it. It's the needle we're interested in, not the haystack. Now get busy."

TO BE CONTINUED

Answer to

What's Going On Here?

(Page 89)

The steam frigate Niagara landed the western end of the first transatlantic telegraph cable at Trinity Bay, Newfoundland, in August, 1858, after a perilous voyage slowly paying out the cable across the Western Atlantic. Promoter Cyrus W. Field lost no time in hooking the cable to the U.S.-Newfoundland wire. His men and the Niagara crew hauled it ashore without waiting for daylight, and he roused telegraph operators from their sleep to open direct cable communications with Europe. The eastern half of the cable had been laid by H.M.S. Agamemnon.

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Executive's Wife (Continued from Page 22)

was able then to do it. "It's your wife, Mr. Walker." She stopped, and went on: "Cynthia Crane, Mr. Bannock's secretary, came to me with this matter. Cynthia's a very dear friend and we could discuss it quite freely." She felt moisture begin between their hands, but it did not deter her. And he made no motion. "I won't suggest that Mr. Bannock told her to tell me, but I know she wouldn't have done it if it would have been against his wishes."

"Go on."

"It's—it's a well-known thing; well, even a joke, that files are kept—are kept on the wives of those young men who seem most likely to become important executives of the company."

Now the heat between their hands was distinctly uncomfortable, but Miss Coburn would not withdraw hers or he might feel a kind of renunciation. But Cord was more dynamic, and took his hand away and dried it on his napkin and touched the napkin to his forehead. She did not know what emotion was burning in him, but she would have testified that it was anger rather than fear.

"My wife?" he said. "Theo?"

Miss Coburn scrounged hurriedly in her purse. "Here," she said, handing him a half sheet of paper.

The sheet was evidently a transcript from the file on his wife, Theo. The words galled him at first, even the fact that they were there and regardless of the sense they made. Then he settled down to digest them, thrusting his anger aside until he should do so.

"Theo Walker. Warm, energetic, completely loyal to her husband. However, overly demonstrative. Uninhibited, whimsical. The type who might take off her shoes at a White House reception if the mood struck. Question whether her high intelligence could control this exuberance. Otherwise could be embarrassing in the many activities a corporation executive's wife must undertake."

He crushed the paper with slow violence. "Do you think I should divorce Theo, Miss Coburn? Maybe the company attorneys would like to handle the case." She looked shocked and dismayed.

"Maybe you'd like me to volunteer as the corespondent," snapped Miss Coburn, company loyalty overriding her affection for him.

He looked at her quickly. "I'm sorry. Forgive me. But this—this jolted me." The control left his voice. "By what unspeakable right does the company dare to judge my wife?"

"Please, Mr. Walker." She was melting inside, with pity, and yet she was firm in her belief in the company file and its intent.

"I won't be dictated to in my private life! Does this mean"—and he mashed his hand down on the paper—"does this mean that my career in the company could be jeopardized by what they think of Theo?"

"The wife of a company officer is a pretty important person, Mr. Walker," Miss Coburn said seriously. "I have known a great many of them and have seen how they could help or hinder their husbands." When he started to interrupt, she lifted a commanding hand. Now she was not merely his secretary; now she had the authority of many years of intelligent experience. "Now please don't think I'm insulting Mrs. Walker, I'm merely giving you the fruits of my observations. So much can depend on a wife. The state of mind of her husband when he has a major decision to make can be in her hands. The attitudes that employees and colleagues and customers take toward the officer can depend to a—a surprising extent on the impression she makes." She paused, to let him absorb her careful, strong words. "A remarkable man could lose the respect of his associates because of actions of his wife. He could even invite ridicule." She nodded her head, remembering instances. "And don't think harshly of the company, Mr. Walker. Its policy about wives is based on just what I've told you. After all, Mr. Walker, if the company selects you to be entrusted with the fates of thousands of other men, or with millions of dollars, or with plans that affect all that—then I do believe the company has a right to judge whether, all things considered, including wives, you are more suitable for such responsibility than anyone else."

Her words were entirely reasonable to Cord, but they were not palatable for all that. She had told him things which, put her way, were self-evident, and in an objective talk he would not have denied them. But now emotion interfered, emotion that was not yet tempered by time and experience.

He waved away her cool argument. "But you know Theo, Miss Coburn; she's pretty wonderful." He bridled. "I won't be dictated to, I won't be held to some ridiculous company policy or psychology on wives. I do the work, I hold the responsibility, and what Theo does is no concern of anyone's but ours!"

She was quiet, letting him break it up inside him and sort it around and throw it and put it together again and stamp on it all over again. Still, he grated, "I won't be dictated to in this fashion. I don't intend to educate my wife into some tomfool company norm."

She gave him the rest that she felt and knew, softly but clearly. "You don't have to, Mr. Walker. It is only a suggestion."

And the truth of that sounded like thunder and then hit him with rain and he was damp and sticky all over. It was not a command that he could fight—it was only a suggestion, and he could take his chances with it.

Theo didn't look as though she had had three golden children; but then, few of the trim young women in the neighborhood looked as though they had had children. But Theo seemed to be the prettiest of them all and the one most enchantingly young and destined to remain that way the longest. Only Cord seemed to know that she was not really pretty, a secret that he kept way down in himself. He had been one of the few guys or girls who hadn't liked her much on first meeting her; thus he had had the opportunity to see her features and body as they really were, aside from the veils of posture and animation that shone around her. She had seemed flighty to him until the day in his last year in college when he fell in the campus food shop and broke his ankle. With surprising calm and presence, Theo had taken charge. With all the pretensions wiped from her face like make-up under a hard shower, she had looked grave and exceedingly plain—and strangely beautiful, a tenderness and competence lying pale on her face.

It was the way she looked when the children were coming and the labor pains drained her artfulness away. But in the neighborhood she was known as a real gasser. You could tell her silhouette a couple of blocks away without much light, because no one else moved so much and could project a hip awkwardly in one direction and yet maintain guileless balance on the very heel of the opposite leg.

Once, about two years ago after a Saturday party during which a spiteful female friend had told her to act her age, she had decided to ask a question. In bed on Sunday morning while bells made songs on the air around them, she said, "Hey, dopey?" She had said it in such a low key that he was more wary than if she had shouted.

"Um'm?" His eyes were fully open and on her.

"You like me?" she asked.

"A little."

"Think I'm funny? Not funny-funny, the other variety."

"Cute," he said.

She hugged her knees and looked at the light that seemed to have the bell tone in its fabric. "I was homely as a child," she said. "And very shy. But I suspected another me. I think that most of us have other me's. I took the one that seemed most joyous, and I have been happy with it." She looked off into space, and then turned to him: "Well, solemn Sam, or morbid Cord, or whatever?"

"I love you just the way you are," he said. "Very much."

"T'anks," she said. "For that, you get another child, in a year or two. On my honor." She flung herself from bed and ran around the house doing things and soon he couldn't have taken that extra nap even if he had wanted to.

He hadn't remembered that scene and its implications, or rather it had fallen into the tapestry of all their living scenes; but tonight when he came home after talking to Miss Coburn, it emerged to trouble him. She had asked a question, and he had honestly given her his approving answer. And she had asked it in such a way that he could not help wondering how fragile was this rainbow of personality on which stood the girl who had been homely and shy. He was afraid to push her off and find her crushed on the stones of reality that too heavily coated the bottom.

"I have a most wonderful dress for tomorrow night," she told him. "And do you know what I did?"

"What?"

"I bought new things from the skin out. On a theory."

He was looking at her with renewed curiosity, seeing her as he saw her, and as others might. And she tickled him, and he felt sorry for her, and he felt contrite for wronging her with such an emotion.

"What theory?" he asked.

"Well, I decided that lingerie is the soul of a dress. That is to say, what lies underneath gives some of the character to what you wear outside. If it's new and bright under there, it allows the gown to be itself. Is this too deep?"

"It borders on it."

"Posh. If I wore Aunt Hettie's bloomers under the sexiest gown in the world, I would act one way. If I wore nothing under it, I would seem another way. Do you follow me?"

He was grinning, and a hurt was easing. How could he break the stem from this flower? How could he even consider it? Tell her about the file and what it said and the potential danger she was to him? How could he?

"I follow you," he said, going along with it. "What I'm wondering is what this lingerie soul you got is like. Now, that's the big question."

"I show thee, friend," she said.

She showed him. There were pink, rosebuds, film, a little daring and a bit of modesty. She peered at him. "Wouldn't you say I took a neutral stand in rather a nice way?"

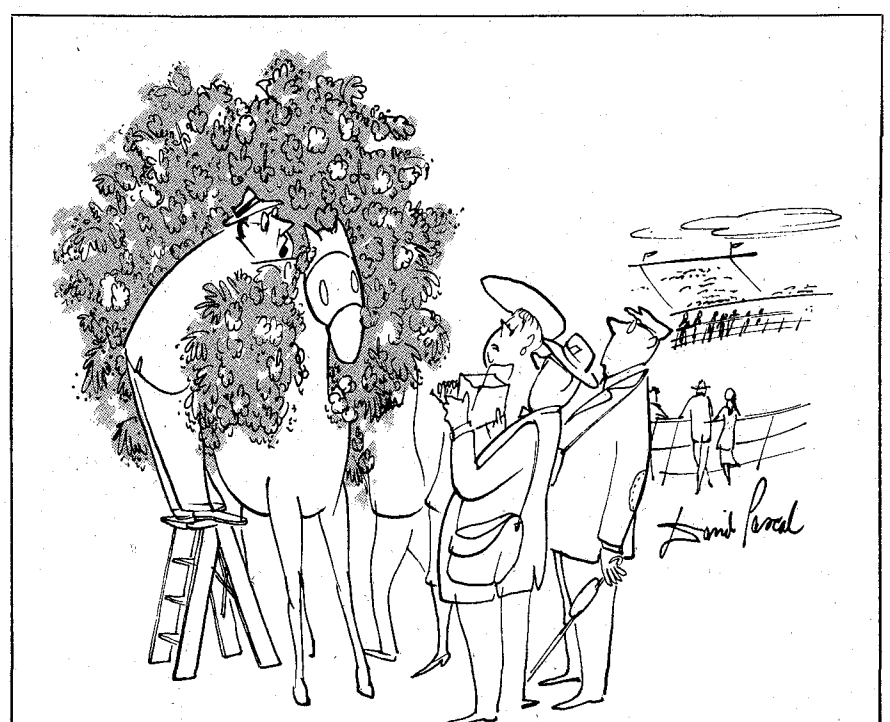
He laughed with delight and lifted her and swung her around. He got three charges out of this life—the fine glistening battle of career, and the spell of his woman, and the immortal hope that reposed in his kids. And as he swung her around, he knew that he chose her above that with which she unwittingly contested—the job.

He set her down, both breathless, and he looked deeply into her eyes.

"We will take thee to the party, friend," he said, "in the finery that thou art."

Mrs. Bannock was an austere woman of about sixty, who wore dignity much as she wore her fashionable clothing. Excellently, and as if both were honored and couldn't be without each other. No one could imagine Mrs. Bannock nude or sneezing. Yet she had wisdom and a twinkle in her gray eyes. But they were things you could not ask for, or cater to, or they would change to blankness and polite coolness.

Theo, two months ago, had played golf with Mrs. Bannock, spending almost a whole day with her. The occasion had been a milk-fund tournament, sponsored by Mrs. Bannock among others. Theo had scored a mild success in the first few days of the tournament, and had talked to Mrs. Bannock (*Continued on Page 94*)



"We can't find the jockey."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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(*Continued from Page 92*) over luncheon. At home, Theo had said, "There's one grand dame."

Cord had said, "Fine. Did you tell her that?"

Theo had laughed and shrugged. "I just played equals with her."

Cord said, "It's a game that few enjoy." But the interchange had meant little to them, and they had attached no significance to it. Once in a while, as a running gag, however, they would consider some project that was on the fire, even outdoor grilled steak for friends, and ask each other whether Mrs. Bannock would approve.

"Her new teeth, you know," Theo might say.

And Cord would say, "Ridiculous. It's the expense. Us kids have to prove our gigantic thrift and overwhelming lack of compromising city marshals coming to the office."

Now the running gag was over. Mrs. Bannock was no joke, at least from Cord's standpoint. But Theo entered the Bannock household and met the hostess as if "playing equals" was still simple and prescribed. "Hi!" said Theo, accepting the long white extended hand. Mrs. Bannock's head nodded slightly, and her smile was an overlay, as Cord could so easily see. But Theo must not have. She turned to Mr. Bannock, and said succinctly, "We're old buddies."

A slow hell began for Cord. Theo was irrepressible. She took no cocktails, but she was the most giddy female in the place. When canapé replacements seemed slow in coming and Mrs. Bannock was annoyed and said she would go to the kitchen and get things working, Theo frankly offered to help.

"I think the maids will manage," said Mrs. Bannock. "Thank you."

Unabashed, Theo turned to Mr. Bannock and asked him about his golf scores. "I understand you're slightly fanatic," she said, in a clear voice. "Well, I agree with you. If I didn't have so many funny little family commitments, I'd actually spend my life on the golf course."

Mr. Bannock gave her a stiff grin. "My commitments also have a habit of interfering at times." He turned away. "Oh, Mrs. Cross, and how is the son? The school doing him good? Fine!"

When Mrs. Bannock was making one of her glides through the room, she stopped beside Cord, who was momentarily alone. "I hope you're enjoying yourself, Mr. Walker?" she said, giving him a quizzical glance.

"Very much," he said, feeling frozen.

"You have a very interesting wife," she said strangely.

"Thank you."

She murmured, turned and elided into another conversation, and he felt as if she were still with him in some fashion. Such was her skill.

The few words had left him warmed and partially serene, but the sensation did not last. Mrs. Bannock took a chair at the north end of the room under the bookcases, and after a few people drifted to her and past, Theo was there, with her ungainly joy. She talked, as her hands moved, as her feet struck out in small-girl poses, and at length Theo was convinced of some solidarity in the conversation and made herself wholly and unconventionally comfortable. First, she knelt, but not in tribute. Then she slanted sideways, on one buttock and a palm. Theo was very definitely sitting on the floor.

The flow and rhythm in the room did not seem to be interrupted. Maids and the white-clad waiter came through with their trays. But Cord saw that no one drifted close to Mrs. Bannock and Theo now. They were incongruously alone, with Theo bending forward speaking and Mrs. Bannock listening in a gray-white matriarchy that did not seek beyond Theo's head and that included no one else in the room.

Mrs. Bannock seemed to flow from her chair. She seemed to go to the floor in one slow deliberate motion, as if her chair had developed an invisible slide. She settled herself beside Theo.

Mrs. Bannock seemed incredibly out of place on the floor. But her high gray head and alert detached smile became banners over absurdity. In effect, she was still sitting in a chair. But Theo was not. Her neck and shoulders turned crimson. Her gestures stopped as if agitated strings of a puppet had been dropped and laid inert around her.

The mood of the room was in tatters; and no one could attempt to select them, pick them up and put them together again into a pleasant fabric. Then the others turned to themselves, spoke, gestured and made secure unobserving areas of their own. Above them all, Mrs. Bannock was heard asking, "You were saying, Theo?"

And limelighted, small, lost, Theo replied, "Wh-what, what?"

At the base of her neck, Cord saw the throbbing of a taut muscle, like the throbbing of a small captured animal.

Cord hardly knew he moved. He passed through the places of silence and pretended unawareness, and went to Theo and Mrs. Bannock, saying, "I think it's about time for the buffet," not knowing whether it was at all. And both women stretched up and took his outstretched hands.

Then, when both were before him, at the ends of his hands, Mr. Bannock said over his shoulder, "If everyone is ready, I wonder if Mrs. Walker would take my arm for the march to the feast?"

Theo winked both eyes at once. Her soft mouth did not compromise. It firmed and laid out valiant across the white of her face.

"I'd love to," she said.

Mr. Bannock advised Theo on the best selections at the long buffet. Theo held herself like the American flag after a good battle, and then held herself like the writer of a poem about it. With some tatter and some splendor. And not a cringe.

She ate well, and Cord did not. Later, she went about again, in the rounds that she had made before; and she walked like a mannequin. But her neck was not stiff, and her words were not merely posed. In a sheath of light, she went with delicacy, as if she walked on a balance beam and disdained to look down and watch the sureness of her feet.

At the door, she said, "Thank you, Mrs. Bannock. Thank you very much."

A well-adjusted person is one who can play golf and bridge as if they were games.

DAN BENNETT

The tensions of the evening had made Cord terribly weary. He drove in brooding silence, harassed by Theo's ordeal. She broke the silence.

"Did you ever hear the one about the big rich man who had the country boy for dinner? And when the finger bowls came, the country boy squeezed the lemon into it and drank it? And then the rich man drank his, too, but with sugar already?"

It was the first time that he knew words could scratch your throat and make you want to cough. "Yes," he said; "something like that."

The night was swimming with light. The stars were a wash on the blueness, and the trees along either side of the road were an unbelievable green.

After a long pause, Theo continued. He could not tell her state of mind from her tone. "But the example isn't really a good one," she said. "Mrs. Bannock wasn't trying to play herself down to me, to protect me. But I don't think there was any malice."

The compulsive post-mortem was not to Cord's liking. But he did not remonstrate with her. He turned into the hollow that was only a mile from the house. There was a sweet prevailing wind here that always refreshed him.

Theo's voice altered a bit, alerting him. Then it came, swift, thin and tense—that which she had been holding back as she examined it.

"Don't you think you should have shown me how wrong I've been, instead of Mrs. Bannock doing it? Well, speak up; don't you?"

He turned the car into the drive. Pulled to a stop. Sat still, with his hands on the wheel. His decision came rapidly. He would be completely honest with her. "I don't know," he said. "I thought that I shouldn't."

"You've known for some time that I—I sort of overdid it, haven't you?"

He opened the door of his thoughts for her. "I have thought so," he admitted; "but I didn't think I had any right to. I didn't want anything about you to be changed."

"Bah," she cried with bitterness that appalled him. "Would you let me run around in red rompers, swinging a hoop?"

"I think that's quite a bit of an exaggeration."

Suddenly, she was pummeling him. "Don't—don't act so damned controlled and—and considerate!"

He was flinching under the flurry of blows, not because of their force, but because of their very existence. He reached out for her, not to protect himself, but somehow to take her humiliation and wrestle it away from her. But she fought away from him and ran into the house.

It took him a half hour to take the sitter home and return. It should have taken him longer and the traffic officer told him so, letting him off with a warning. When he got in the house, he found the door of the master bedroom locked. He rattled the knob and called out to Theo.

She cried out, "Go away—away, away!" And he could tell she had been weeping.

He performed a violent and symbolic act, breaking open the door; breaking through to her. As he stumbled into the room, she rose from her crumpled position on the bed, challengingly. Before he reached her, she brushed away the tears and stood straight, with her arms held out to ward him off. "That was as crazy, foolish, infantile as I've been! If the children wake up ——"

"Now, listen ——"

"No, no; you listen to me." She evaded him in a little struggling dance around the perimeter of the bed. "Don't make me cry again—don't."

He stood where he was, a couple of feet from her. She was red-eyed and her pretty dress was a rumpled ruin. Her hair looked wind-scattered. But she looked fierce, determined and sure of herself. Her voice was husky from the crying, but it was confident.

"It's all over," she said. "I know what to do and I'm going to do it. No more sukiyaki on the floor—no more such play. Do you know I could bury your career under a pile of whimsey?"

"I'm not going to have you become another regulation drone just to please the Bannocks and people like them!"

"It's not for the Bannocks. It's for you, and me—and the kids." She regarded him narrowly, with a sudden suspicion. "Are you protecting me, my entrancing little personality and right to self-expression?" Theo shook her head, flinging her hair. "I used to want freedom. I wanted to be a sculptress, did you know that? I wanted to live rustically and not care for anything or anybody and make things"—she made kneading and sharp chisel motions with her hands—"and fulfill my little cotton-pickin' self. But do you know what—I wasn't cut out for it." She took a lungful of breath. Proudly, she said, "I was cut out to be a wife, a helpmate. And I'm going to sculpt that to perfection." She was blinking again, but it was a bold, willful passion that was in her. "Conformity? It isn't that only. It's—it's respect—for you and what you want to accomplish. That's what it is."

She flung herself into his arms, gripping him around the neck so hard that she almost choked him. Then abruptly she was at arm's length again. "I'm ashamed. Ashamed that you thought I was so soft you couldn't ask me to throttle down without hurting me." Her eyes flashed. "I'm tougher than you think."

Then, once again, she changed tack, and came against him this time with a soft luster around her and her hands tender. "And you? You, Cord Walker, are not so tough as I thought. And I'm glad—glad there's a flicker of indecision in you, and that little weakness about me. You're not just the hard-driving young businessman—you're gentle—deeply gentle," she murmured. And he held her with tenderness to match her own.

On Sunday, after finishing financial and business sections of the papers and after reading the funnies to the kids, Cord felt an unaccountable urge. He started walking around the house, and soon his peregrinations brought him face to face with his thick briefcase. He touched the roughened top of the leather, and told himself that today he was not going to do any work, none at all. He still had a bit of a mad on for the company. He heard a sound and turned, to find his usual pot of coffee on the table by the windows that he used for a desk. Theo closed the door softly. Soon she was outside romping with the kids. Ruefully, he put the case on the table and zipped it open. He pulled out the thick pile of work and it came alive under his hand. The wonder and intensity with which he did his work rose up in him, and soon he was hard at it.

Intermittently, he heard the voices in the yard, Theo and the children. Their vitality played a background for that of his own, as the hours sped by for each in his own fashion.

A couple of days later, Miss Coburn laid a small strip of paper on his desk and walked swiftly away. A glance showed Cord that it was an addition to Theo's dossier. He winced, but read it. "Add: Obviously Theo Walker is alert and socially adaptable." And Cord wanted to crush the paper in his hand. But the last two words caught his attention and held it. They were, "And brave."

He felt a swelling of pride, and knew the words were warm and true and that there was humanness in the man who had written them.

He slipped the paper into his pocket and sat a while in thought. He felt a surging sureness that someday he was going to be president of the company. He allowed the thought to wash over him and refresh him, and then a little laugh broke in his throat. Then, by George, everyone would sit on the floor.

He went back to work, and every once in a while he chuckled, as the absurd fancy hovered over him in the brightness of the afternoon. THE END

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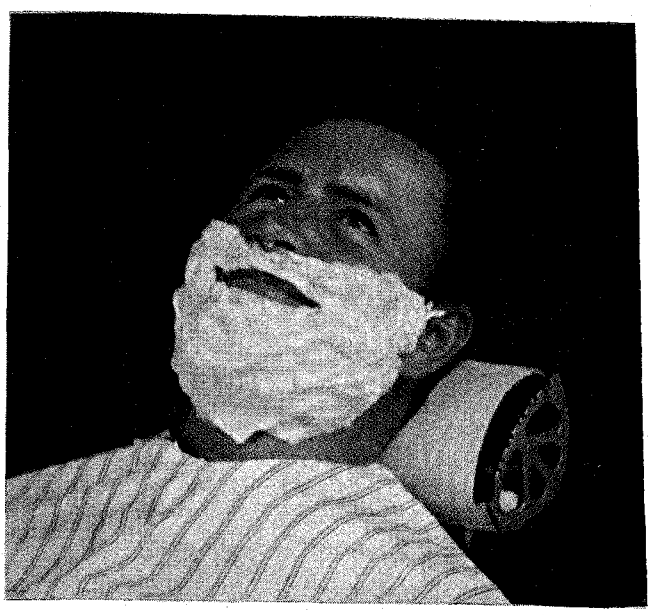

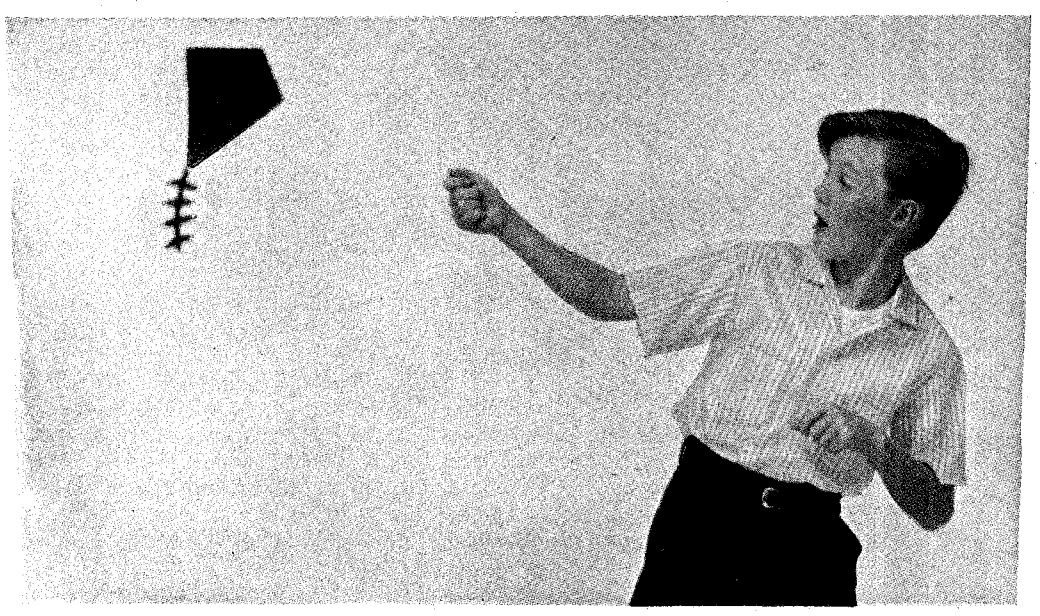

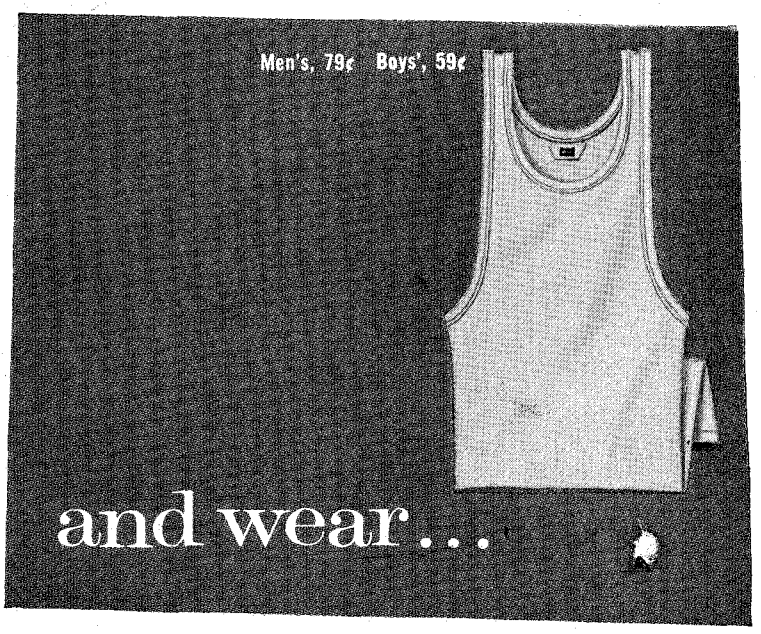

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Crazy Over Pretzels (Continued from Page 41)

difference in taste is almost unnoticeable. The dough is rolled out into rods which are twisted into shape, by machine or by hand, after which the pretzels are permitted to "proof"—to lie on tables while the yeast works, that is. Then they are dipped into a soda solution, sprinkled lightly with salt—or heavily, depending upon the baker's habit and the preferences of his customers—and baked for about six minutes at 520 degrees. The soda solution is responsible for the finished pretzel's satiny glaze.

Emerging from the oven, the pretzel is as soft as new bread. This is the pretzel of antiquity, still manufactured in some cities, but fast disappearing from the American scene.

A soft becomes a hard pretzel by a drying-out, or toasting, process. According to a legend which pretzel bakers like to repeat, and which they cheerfully admit may be nothing but a nice story, hard pretzels were born one day over a hundred years ago when a boy who was tending an oven fell asleep and allowed the fire to die down. He awoke, thought the pretzels had not baked long enough and baked them a second time. His boss, enraged, was about to throw out the whole batch when he noticed some of the other workers eating them with enjoyment. He took some home to his wife, who also pronounced them good. Next day he was in the hard-pretzel business.

Today there are more shapes and sizes of hard pretzels than even Alex Tisdale can count. The most popular, comprising about 80 per cent of production, is known as the "thin." Bakers pack between seventy and 108 thins to the pound. A slightly thicker thin is known as the "butter," which comes sixty to seventy to the pound. The "Dutch" is the type that most people call the "old-fashioned," or "beer," pretzel. It is about a half inch thick and is packed at between thirty and fifty to the pound. Then there are "big boys," or "giants," which used to sell for one cent apiece, but are disappearing from the market because grocers now must get three cents for them or sell them at two for a nickel. A close relative of the big boy is the "rod," which is about a half inch thick and between ten and twelve inches long; the rod's little brother is the "stick," sometimes known as the "cocktail stick." Then, there are "bits," or "nuggets," pieces of pretzel about the size of a man's little fingernail; and there are nontwisted little pretzels which are stamped out by machine. Some of these are shaped like twisted pretzels; some are stamped in the form of three interlocking rings.

The oddest-shaped pretzel now being manufactured is the "loop" or, more accurately, "Papa Grippo's Loop," made and sold only in the Cincinnati area by the Grippo Cone and Pretzel Company.

After Papa Angelo Grippo died, his wife, Emma, carried on the business, as she does today; she recently purchased land to build a new bakery. She is one of three widows who in recent years became prominent in the pretzel business. The two others are Mrs. Anna Quinlan, of Reading, Pennsylvania, whose most notable contribution has been the development of a teething pretzel for babies—there is wheat germ in its dough; and Mrs. Cora L. Miller, who until recently, when she turned it over to her son, operated a bakery her husband founded in Allentown, Pennsylvania.

Arthur T. McGonigle, Republican candidate for governor of Pennsylvania, uses a gigantic pretzel as a campaign symbol and wears a pretzel-shaped lapel pin. In 1931, McGonigle took over the bankrupt Bachman Bakeries Corporation in Reading, Pennsylvania, and helped make it into one of the world's largest pretzel companies. McGonigle, usually a nononsense businessman, becomes poetic when he speaks of his emblem. "To ridicule the pretzel," he says, "is not to know the pretzel."

The many shapes and sizes of hard pretzels are further subdivided into colors, which result from the length of time pretzels are toasted. Around St. Louis the pretzel connoisseurs prefer a dark mahogany shade. In the East, especially in the Pennsylvania Dutch area, they like a light yellow one. In other sections, the more or less standard color is a light brown similar to that of bread crust. There are, in addition, endless varieties of the shapes and sizes. There are chocolate-covered pretzels, pretzels flavored with cheddar cheese, pretzels with caraway seeds, pretzels made with rye flour and even bald, or saltless, pretzels, for people who are forbidden salt. Mrs. Quinlan recently developed a "pizza pretzel," flavored with Italian cheese and tomato.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Water Babies

Our earliest games delight
us still,
For lo! the child who can't
resist
The urge to splash in
puddles will
Grow up to be a motorist.

Laurence Eisenlohr

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Such offbeat pretzels are comparative innovations which have come along during the past fifty years. Old, die-hard pretzel bakers become enraged when they think of them. They point out that the simple, undecorated pretzel has a long and honorable history that dates back to the seventh century. Alex Tisdale's one literary achievement that may endure, a magnum opus called The Pretzel Romance, which he presses upon anyone who happens to ask anything about pretzels, begins as follows:

The architecture of the pretzel was developed by a monk, about 610 A.D. in one of the monasteries of Southern France or Northern Italy. It seems that with the ends of dough left over after bread baking, this imaginative monk devised a strip of dough from these ends and formed it to represent children's arms folded in prayer. It was such an intriguing looped twist that he gave it to the adept children for learning their prayers. Eventually this baked twist of dough became the symbol for excellence in many accomplishments and was called in Latin "Pretiola" or little reward.

Eventually, says Tisdale, the pretzel made its way over the Alps—he gives the impression that it walked under its own power—to Austria, where it picked up its present name, and thence to Germany, where "pretzel" was corrupted to "bretzel."

Pretzels were brought to the New World by the earliest settlers. Perhaps the first reference to pretzels in America was unearthed by Carl Carmer, the eminent, indefatigable New York State historian, who has related that in 1652, near Albany, a man named Jochem Wessels and his wife, Gertrude, were hauled into court and fined for selling pretzels to the Indians. Wessels' fellow townsfolk were indignant because they were using their best flour for pretzels and baking the remnants into bread. "The heathen are eating flour while the Christians are eating bran," the charge read.

The first man to make pretzels on a relatively large scale was a baker in Lititz, Pennsylvania, Julius Sturgis. In the late 1850's a hobo, passing through the town, stopped by the bakery of Ambrose Rauch and begged for food. Sturgis, an employee in Rauch's establishment, fed him. In gratitude, the bum gave Sturgis a recipe for hard pretzels. Sturgis opened his own bakery in 1861. It has been operating more or less continuously on the same site ever since. In 1951, amid an elaborate ceremony in which several politicians made many sonorous pronouncements, some of them dealing with pretzels, a bronze plaque was placed on the outside of the bakery, marking it forever as the birthplace of the pretzel industry.

The pretzel bakers flourished in their own way, which was the quiet, plodding way of the primarily agricultural Pennsylvania Dutch country in which the industry was born. The bakeries were mainly small, neighborhood operations, handed on from fathers to sons to grandsons. It was the conceit of the old-time pretzel men that no machine ever could replace them. Like carriage makers who would not believe that the horse could be outmoded by motors, they were spectacularly incorrect.

There is some dispute, most of it amiably tepid, as to who invented the first pretzel-bending machine. Exact dates are lost to record. But around 1927 the late Bill Quinlan, of Reading, Pennsylvania, began experimenting with a bending machine, assisted by Harrison Gipe, an ingenious mechanic who worked for him. The machine rolled out dough, metal fingers grasped it, and after a good deal of grinding and wheezing, managed to twist out a finished pretzel. At approximately the same time Quinlan began work, perhaps a little later, in Canton, Ohio, a pretzel baker named Earl Curtis was enjoying a round of golf with some friends who were kidding him about working in a dying industry. "Everything else is being mechanized," they said, "but nobody will ever develop a pretzel twister."

Curtis, a sporting type, stewed and fretted and took up the challenge. He worked for years and finally developed a Rube Goldbergian gadget, also equipped with metal fingers, which he placed with Bachman Bakeries Corporation.

The old-fashioned hand-twisters had strong wrists; they refused to let go even in the face of mass production. Even today they are holding on to the old methods.

"No pretzel made by a machine tastes like a handmader!" Bill Lichty, of the Hammond Bakery in Lancaster, cries vehemently. Lichty knows he cannot hope to compete with the machines, but he and other old-timers around Lancaster, Lititz and Reading refuse to go modern. "What was good enough for our grandfathers is still plenty good for us," says Larry Fasnacht, a Lancaster soft-pretzel baker.

How the industry has expanded owing to machines may be observed in microcosm in the story of the H. K. Anderson Bakery, of Lancaster. Shortly after World War II, a sports writer, Donald McCullough, deciding that he was never going to get rich in the newspaper dodge, thought he would try to get into TV, which he regarded as the coming thing. The trouble was that he had no talent as performer or engineer.

"Then it came to me," he said recently, "that people would probably get hungry while watching TV, and it might be a good idea to manufacture something they could eat without much mess or grease."

One day he happened to run into an old pal of his, an industrial engineer named Clarence Yohn, known as the Judge because of his sober visage and judicial manner. The Judge allowed that Don might be right, and the two of them went to see a pal of theirs, Herb Anderson, who was running a pretzel bakery his father had established in 1889.

"You know of any pretzel bakeries that might be for sale?" McCullough asked.

Anderson was plagued by the usual hand-twister troubles—unreliable help, high costs of materials, inability to meet orders. "I'll sell you this one," he said.

McCullough and Yohn had about $5000 apiece. They raised another $14,000 by borrowing from their wives and various banks, and Anderson agreed to give them a year to pay off the balance of his asking price. They were in business.

McCullough, a born salesman who had been wasting his time writing sports, took off to look for orders. Yohn began reorganizing the plant on a more efficient basis. Some mornings, when some of the twisters did not show up, both men went to work at the dough tables, working sixteen to eighteen hours a day.

Last fall, about ten years after they started, McCullough and Yohn moved the H. K. Anderson Bakery into a brand-new $300,000 plant, equipped with machines that would twist the old-fashioned Dutch pretzels that Anderson always had made. Other machines in use in the trade had made only thin pretzels; Yohn, working with engineers from American Machine and Foundry Company, had helped develop the first Dutch-pretzel twister. This is regarded as a landmark in the industry. The bakery turns out around 500,000 pretzels per week.

American Machine and Foundry spent nearly $450,000 developing the new machines, which are not sold, but leased to bakers. The machines are fascinating to watch. After rolling out dough in rods approximately eleven inches long, the machine's fingers seize each rod and twist it deftly with an over-and-under motion that is uncannily human. It is somehow reassuring to know that the machines can make mistakes—they mistwist, or drop, or otherwise foul up about five pretzels in every hundred. But they can twist and bake 700 pounds in an hour, or about 21,000 pretzels. An old-time hand-twister could do no more than about thirty-five pretzels per minute, or 2100 if he worked a full sixty-minute stretch, which was almost humanly impossible.

McCullough and Yohn already are thinking of expanding again. They are happy at the prospect, naturally—but not quite as happy as that premier pretzel apostle, Alex Tisdale.

"What's happened to those boys is happening everywhere in the pretzel industry," he avowed one recent afternoon as he and a friend were enjoying a drink in his firelit parlor. "This thing is fabulous! Between 1939 and 1952, the whole industry did only about $6,000,000 worth of business per year. Last year it did fifteen times that much! Mass production! It's sending pretzels all over the country—all over the world! Billy's, a bakery in Reading, ships them everywhere all the time. Think of it! The pretzel is becoming international!"

Tisdale smiled. He shook his head in wonder. Then he crossed his arms—in the shape of a pretzel, of course—and sat back in his chair, still smiling, the perfect picture of a pretzel man at peace.

THE END

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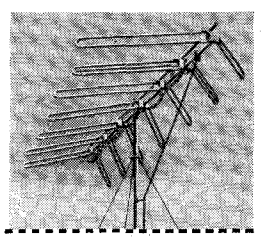

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The Ugly American

(Continued from Page 47)

palmists hung outside their places of business indicated that these practitioners had doctors' degrees.

Well, thought Colonel Hillandale, at last I've found a place where my hobbies will be welcome. I'm sure glad I brought my ephemeris and log tables with me. And that slide rule. Oh, boy, if I can find my diploma from the Chungking School of Occult Science, I'll really be in business here.

He then played The Little Whistling Pig on his harmonica, a tune he reserved for special occasions, such as the day he had put the donkey in the general's suite, or last March fourteenth, when he had been promoted to full chicken colonel.

After he had seen enough of Haidho to get the feel of it, he returned to the American Embassy and began to read. He went through biographies of all the Sarkhanese politicians, and many different analyses of the current political situation. He submerged himself in these studies for several days and probably would have continued for longer, except that he was interrupted by the embassy protocol officer.

"Colonel, is your nickname The Ragtime Kid?"

"That's what they call me in Manila."

"Then you're the one. The Philippines ambassador is giving a dinner tomorrow and asks that you attend. I've already accepted for you. Ambassador Rodriguez seemed particularly eager ——"

"So, Don Phillippe wangled himself that job after all, the old buzzard. Sure, I'll go."

"Eight o'clock," said the protocol officer hastily. "Black tie. And be a little early. The prime minister and the foreign minister and several other Sarkhanese dignitaries will be there."

"You have a guest list?"

"I'll get you one."

The Philippines ambassador's dinner party was fully attended because Don Phillippe had established his reputation as a charming host. It was rumored that he paid his chef thirty thousand pesos a year, and that he had stolen him from a famous American hotel.

After an hour of cocktails and hors d'oeuvres, a servant whispered something to Don Phillippe. A cloud of disappointment shadowed his face; he thought a moment, then went over to Colonel Hillandale and took him aside.

"Kid," he said, "a terrible catastrophe. The first course for this evening is *sole escabeche*. I had the fish caught this afternoon from my own boat. But Henri just told me the ginger has disappeared—stolen, probably—and it'll take half an hour to get more. So I've got to stall. Do you remember the palm-reading stunt you pulled at my house at Baguio? Do you think? . . ."

"Why, Don Phillippe," The Ragtime Kid said, "I'd love to. I'm in a great palm-reading mood tonight. The humidity is just right, and it so happens that Venus is in conjunction with the moon."

"Come on then," said Don Phillippe. "I don't care what lies you tell these people, just amuse them for a half hour."

"Lies? Don Phillippe, you've hurt my feelings."

The Philippines ambassador tapped on a glass with a spoon and, when he had everyone's attention, introduced Colonel Hillandale.

"Ladies and gentlemen. We have with us this evening a most distinguished palmist and astrologer." He paused. During the pause the Americans present laughed, and a few, including George Swift, the chargé d'affaires, cried, "Fake! Fraud!" The Sarkhanese, somewhat embarrassed by the Americans' comments, leaned forward with interest to hear the remainder of the announcement.

Don Phillippe continued. "This distinguished man is my old friend and associate, Col. Edwin Hillandale of the United States Air Force. He is the only living westerner who is a graduate of the Chungking School of Occult Science. I have seen him perform many times, and the things I have heard him say have been both fantastic and miraculous. I remember the day he read the palm and cast the horoscope of Ramon Magsaysay. The colonel told Ramon that the sixteenth of the month would be his lucky day, but only if he were in the vicinity of Barang. Out of curiosity Ramon went to Barang, a small town in Ilocos Norte province. And on that day in that town Ramon surrounded and captured the leaders of the terrible Huks and broke the back of the Huk movement."

The Sarkhanese prime minister and his foreign minister nodded at each other appreciatively. George Swift laughed and slapped his knee.

"I asked the Kid if he would read some of your palms after dinner, but he told me that astrological conditions are perfect right now when Venus is in conjunction with the moon. The next half hour is the best time to read palms, and my chef says he can hold dinner up for that length of time, so, I give you Colonel Hillandale."

"Bravo! Bravo!" said the prime minister, clapping his hands.

Swift turned to his wife and whispered, "I wonder why MacWhite shanghaied this amateur performer. Can you imagine vaudeville tricks at a state dinner!"

Colonel Hillandale stood up and raised his hand. "Now, ladies and gentlemen, frankly I don't like to do this in public. When I read palms I must tell exactly what I see. Sometimes the information is the kind you don't want others to know. I must tell you this ahead of time."

"Start on me, colonel," said Swift sarcastically, holding out his hand. "I've got nothing to hide. Come on, I dare you."

They sat down under a light. The colonel spread Swift's hand flat on his knee. Everyone crowded around.

The colonel said, "When were you born?"

"You tell me, Mister Prophet."

The colonel peered closely at Swift's hand and then said gently and without reproach, "I know that you were born on April 28, 1913, in Santa Clara, California. I was hoping to get the exact hour and minute, since it would have helped me. But never mind."

The chargé d'affaires smirked.

"You came from a poor family," Hillandale went on. "Your father ran a saloon. I'm not sure, but there are indications that he went bankrupt and deserted your mother."

Mrs. Swift sucked in her breath.

The colonel continued, "You wanted to be a doctor, but you couldn't pass the entrance exams for medical school. You left college after your third year because ——" The colonel raised his head and looked at Mrs. Swift, saw the anguish in her face and skipped to the next subject. "You got a job as the office manager for a real-estate company and held it until 1944, when a client of yours got a big job in Washington. He took you along as his office manager, and you did lots of little liaison jobs with Congress. Then you went to the State Department in the same capacity. This is your first assignment overseas. I can see in your

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hand that you don't read much, but you have a capacity for scanning reports and for putting them in proper order. This is your great talent. You hate being scolded, and when you are, you take it out on your wife. I could easily tell you what will happen in your future, but as long as you don't want to tell me the exact time of your birth, well ——"

Swift started to blurt out when he was born, but Colonel Hillandale had already let go his hand and moved on to the next person.

The prime minister said, "I would like to have my palm read, but I would prefer it to be in private."

"Your Excellency," said the Philippines ambassador, "of course." He led the prime minister into the study. The Ragtime Kid followed.

With the door closed, The Ragtime Kid and the prime minister remained in the study for almost a half hour. What went on there none of the other guests knew. But when the door opened the two men came out arm in arm, and the prime minister was gazing up at The Ragtime Kid with obvious awe.

Dinner was announced, and everyone went into the dining room to enjoy Henri's celebrated cooking. The meal was superb, and the conversation was spirited and clever; the general subject was palmistry and astrology. The Philippines ambassador made a mental note that he was considerably obliged to The Ragtime Kid and someday would do something for him in return.

Three days later Ambassador MacWhite returned to Haidho. He stepped briskly off the plane and saw that his deputy chief of mission was waiting for him. He put his hand on George Swift's shoulder and said, "Everything in good shape, old boy? Where did you get that shiner? What a beautiful mouse! You look as though you'd done a few rounds with Marciano. How'd you get it?"

Swift's face flushed with anger. "That vaudeville colonel of yours from Manila!"

"Hillandale?"

"Yes, sir. I have an official letter of reprimand ready for your signature."

"Tell me about it," he said, and Swift did.

When MacWhite reached the embassy, he sent for Colonel Hillandale. MacWhite was severe and formal with him and demanded his version of the fight with the deputy chief of mission.

"It started like this, sir," said the colonel. "May I have your permission to sit down and smoke?"

"Yes. But let me tell you right now, I have a feeling you're in serious trouble."

"Well, sir," Colonel Hillandale began, "first I have to give you some background. Every person has a key which will open his heart. If you use the right key, you can influence any person—or any nation, for that matter.

"The keys to Sarkhan—and to several other nations in Southeast Asia—are palmistry and astrology. It's obvious; just walk the streets and look at the occult establishments. The men who operate them are called doctors, and they're respected. There are chairs of palmistry and astrology in every Sarkhanese university, and the prime minister himself has a Ph.D. in occult science.

"There are many things which we know little of in the United States which are held in high regard by Asians, and in which they have developed skill. Palmistry and astrology are among these.

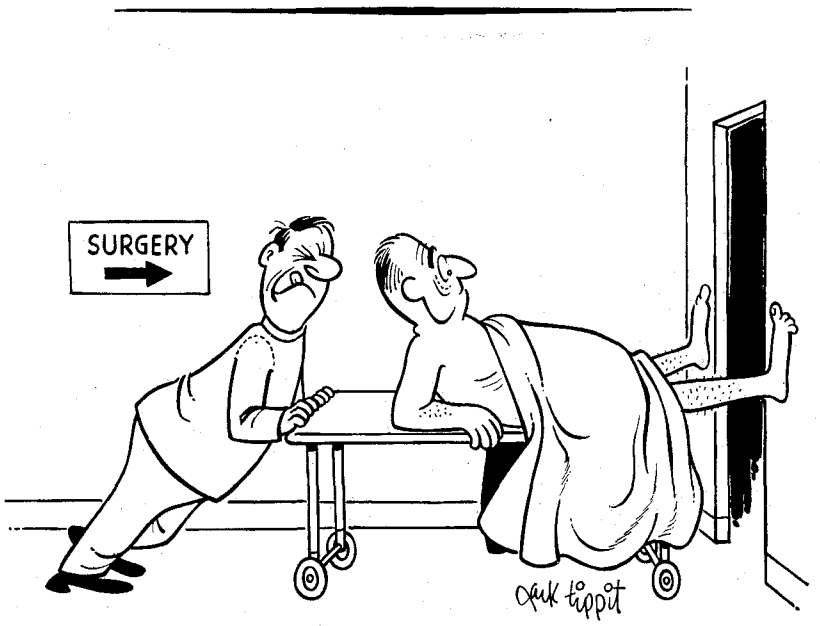
"No Sarkhanese official would make a major decision without consulting a doctor of the occult. Shortly after I arrived here a well-known astrologer announced that on the eighteenth a 'big man' would die in Sarkhan. Well, sir, on the seventeenth almost every important official in Sarkhan flew to Rangoon so as to be out of the country on that day. Even the king and the prime minister went. They make no bones about it—they believe.

"It so happens that palmistry and astrology are hobbies of mine; I studied them when I was in China. It was immediately clear to me that I had knowledge which would be helpful in furthering United States interests out here.

"When I was asked to read palms at the Philippine ambassador's dinner, it was a rare opportunity. All of the Sarkhanese brass except the king were present. And then that knucklehead of an assistant of yours, instead of helping me, started laughing at me and trying to make a fool out of me. If he had an ounce of brains, he would have noticed how serious the Sarkhanese were. And if those fools in the State Department had briefed him properly, he would have known all about palmistry and astrology before he even came here."

"But," interrupted Ambassador MacWhite, "George Swift told me that you insulted him."

"He dared me to read what was in his palm, and I read it. The things I told him were true, and he knows it. Mr. Ambassador, when I move to a new place, I make a point of finding out about everyone with whom I have to deal. I ask questions, read their dossiers and do a thorough investigation. For example, I know that when you were in college you wanted to marry a burlesque girl. Your father threatened to disown you."



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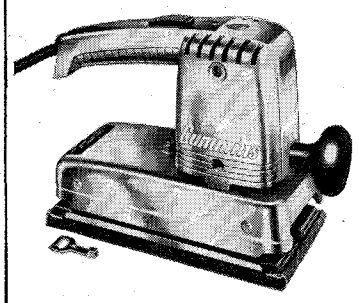

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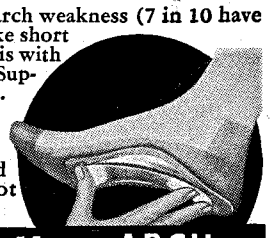

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"Never mind about me," said Ambassador MacWhite. "Go on with your explanation of the deputy's black eye."

"Well, the prime minister asked me to read his palm. Naturally I was familiar with his background, and I described it to him. Everyone is always amazed if you tell him intimate details about his youth.

"Then I told His Excellency that he was planning a six months' trip around the world, and he almost jumped out of his underwear.

"Of course, you haven't heard about it, sir. No one in your embassy knows what the score is until it explodes in his face—if you'll pardon me for being frank. But about a week ago I was passing the prime minister's residence and I saw the servants airing the furniture in the back and putting cotton covers on it. All it took was a little discreet questioning to find out that His Excellency was planning a trip around the world. Then I found out from the airline when he was going and who would accompany him. This was supposed to be a secret."

"What did His Excellency say when you told him he was making a trip?"

"He was surprised, and then he asked me why he was making the trip. Well, I know what the political situation is here; and I told him that two men, both old friends of his, were fighting for power under him, and he didn't know which one to pick. So he was delaying the decision by making a trip around the world."

"Then what did he say?"

"He walked up and down the room for a few minutes, sweating, and then he asked me what the men's names were. I told him I couldn't tell that from his hand, and that I was too new here in Sarkhan to be familiar with officials' names. But I could describe the men from looking at his palm. I told him one was small, emaciated and had liver trouble. The other was big and red-faced.

"He paced and sweat some more. Then he sat down with a groan and asked me which of the two he should have killed."

Ambassador MacWhite jumped up. "Great Scott, man, you were speaking of General Saugh and General Bhakal."

"Yes, sir."

"What did you tell him?"

"I didn't know what our policy was, so I advised him that it would be a mistake to kill either one. I further suggested that a smarter thing to do would be to send them out of the country for about six months instead of his going."

"You did! Well, of all —— They announced not an hour ago that Saugh is going to America as special ambassador plenipotentiary, and that Bhakal is going to Russia with the same title. They're leaving next week."

"Well," Colonel Hillandale continued, "before the dinner party broke up, the prime minister and the foreign minister asked me if I would read the king's palm and cast his horoscope. I told them that it would be the greatest honor of my life, and I would show up day or night at His Majesty's pleasure.

"You see, sir," said Colonel Hillandale, beginning to show excitement, "the Chinese Communist armies have been mobilizing near the northern border. I knew that if I could get to the king, I could tell him that the stars ordered that he send the Royal Sarkhanese Army up north for maneuvers. If this were done, the Communists would interpret the move as a clear indication that Sarkhan was definitely pro-American and anti-Communist. It would be a defeat for the Commies and a great propaganda victory for us throughout all Asia. And, sir, I was positive that the king would do what the stars ordered him to."

"What happened?" MacWhite asked.

"As we were leaving the Philippines Embassy residence, the prime minister called George Swift over. He said, 'My friend here is going to read the palm of his majesty the king. But in Sarkhan we do these things with strict protocol. You, Mr. Ambassador, must telephone the Sarkhanese minister of protocol—that's Prince Moyang, here—and tell him that Colonel Hillandale accepts the honor of His Majesty's invitation to cast his horoscope and read his palm.'

"'I understand. I understand these things perfectly, sir,' George answered.

"'Now,' said the prime minister, 'when you have rung Prince Moyang, he will tell you exactly the time and the place and the costume, and all of the other details which the colonel should know before going to the Royal Palace.'

"'I understand completely,' George said. 'I will personally telephone Prince Moyang at nine o'clock tomorrow morning if that time is convenient for him.'

"'That will be fine for me,' said Prince Moyang. 'I'll be expecting your call at nine o'clock.'

"This was the climax of the party. It broke up just after that.

"As we were leaving, Swift turned to me and said, 'Now look, you stay in your room tomorrow morning. The minute I make that call, I'll let you know. I want to discuss it with the staff before I let you have the details of it. I'll ring you a little after nine o'clock.'

"'Yes, sir,' I said and shoved off.

"I went home feeling fine. I thought I really had the situation under control. I had, of course, prepared horoscopes of all the big shots in Sarkhan ahead of time—the king's included. And I visualized the whole thing while I undressed and turned in.

"I knew I might have to go to the palace and work the old boy over two or three different times. In the first reading I planned to tell him about his past life. I knew a great story about how he had tried to seduce the niece of the king of Siam in 1928 and had nearly started a war. I got it from the caretaker. This first session would give me an opportunity to know the king and estimate his personality and reactions. It's important for a palmist or an astrologist to know his man inside out.

"Later, I planned to get gradually into the military and political situation, and to bring it up in such a way that the king would ask me what should be done about this critical situation; or, at least, what the stars say should be done. If everything went smoothly, I felt I might be able to polish off this job on the first visit to the palace.

"Well, next morning I was up early because I was excited and I wanted to be entirely ready. I had all kinds of clothes laid out, just in case I had to rush to the palace about ten minutes after nine. I didn't even go to breakfast because I was scared I might miss Swift's phone call. All I had was two bottles of warm beer and a tin of salami from my emergency rations. I went nuts waiting for the phone to ring. But at ten minutes after nine nobody called me. By ten o'clock nobody had called. So I had two more bottles of beer. By eleven o'clock nobody had called, so I knew damned well that something had got fouled up. I couldn't stand it any longer, and I borrowed the dispatcher's motorcycle and went over to the embassy to George Swift's office.

"He wasn't in, but his secretary, a popeyed girl named MacIntosh, looked at me, and said, 'Oh, Colonel Hillandale, we've been looking all over for you for the past hour.'

"I told her I'd been in my room all morning, exactly as instructed, biting my fingernails up to the elbow.

"'Gracious,' said Miss Popeyes. 'And I've rung every place in town except your room.'

"'Did Mr. Swift get the call through to Prince Moyang?'

"'Oh,' said Popeyes, 'Mr. Swift had to go to the commissary with Mrs. Swift because the Under Secretary of State is expected here at noontime, and they had run out of liquor and they're giving this party for him tonight, and Mr. Swift felt that he personally ought to go down to help with the shopping because the liquor store normally isn't open today.'

"'He didn't ring Prince Moyang at nine?'

"'No, sir; but he telephoned me from the commissary and told me to call Prince Moyang.'

"'Did you call him?'

"'Yes, sir, I called him about ten minutes after ten.'

"'What did the prince say?'

"'Well, it was a little confusing, sir. You see, I didn't quite understand from Mr. Swift what this was all about, so when I got Prince Moyang on the telephone I told him that you, Colonel Hillandale, would be delighted to attend His Majesty's reception for the Under Secretary.'

"'What did Prince Moyang say?'

"'Well, he asked me, who is it that's speaking.'

"'And?'

"'And I told him I was Mr. Swift's secretary.'

"'And then what did the prince say?'

"'Oh,' said Popeyes, 'he acted so strange, he didn't say anything, he just hung up on me.'

"Well, I knew that we had insulted the Sarkhanese pretty badly. I thought maybe I could fix things up, so I rushed over to Prince Moyang's office to apologize. But the prince's secretary politely informed me that Prince Moyang was out of town.

"That afternoon I met George Swift, and before I could start to blow my stack he apologized for having neglected to call Prince Moyang at nine. 'You know how it is,' he said. 'The Under Secretary of State is arriving and, after all, he's really here to inspect us. I had to make sure we were ready for him.

"'Oh,' he added, 'by the way, we're really lucky that I went down there,' he said. 'You know I've just had phone calls from the prime minister and the foreign minister and Prince Moyang, and they all ate something that didn't agree with them and they're all indisposed. None of them will be able to come to the party for the Under Secretary. So, colonel, you can see how it would have looked with none of them there, and no gin either, so don't stay mad at me.'

"'But dammit,' I said, 'I told you last night about my plan to get the king to move his troops up north for maneuvers.'

"'Oh, come on, colonel,' Swift said. 'Those little vaudeville tricks are O.K. to liven up a dull dinner party, but when you get into big-time diplomacy ——'

"And it was at that moment," said the colonel, "that I busted him in the eye."

When Colonel Hillandale had left his office, Gilbert MacWhite sat quietly for a moment. He felt something between laughter and anger, but the longer he thought of it the more the anger prevailed. When he finally pushed the button and asked for George Swift to come in, his mouth was drawn thin.

"Yes, sir," the deputy chief of mission said, as he came in the door, anticipation in his face.

"George, have you ever been in downtown Haidho?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you ever noticed the number of palmistry shops and practicing astrologers?"

"Well, look, sir, we have lots of pawnshops in the States, but we don't run our foreign policy by what the pawnbrokers say."

"Have you ever had your palm read? No, of course not. Do you know the kind of people that do?"

"Look, sir, this kind of stuff is a fake—a vaudeville stunt."

"George, your business is not to judge whether things are fakes, but who believes them and why and what it means."

George Swift could not believe his ears, and a flush started to crawl up his cheeks. In some incredible way *he* was getting the chew—not that chicken colonel.

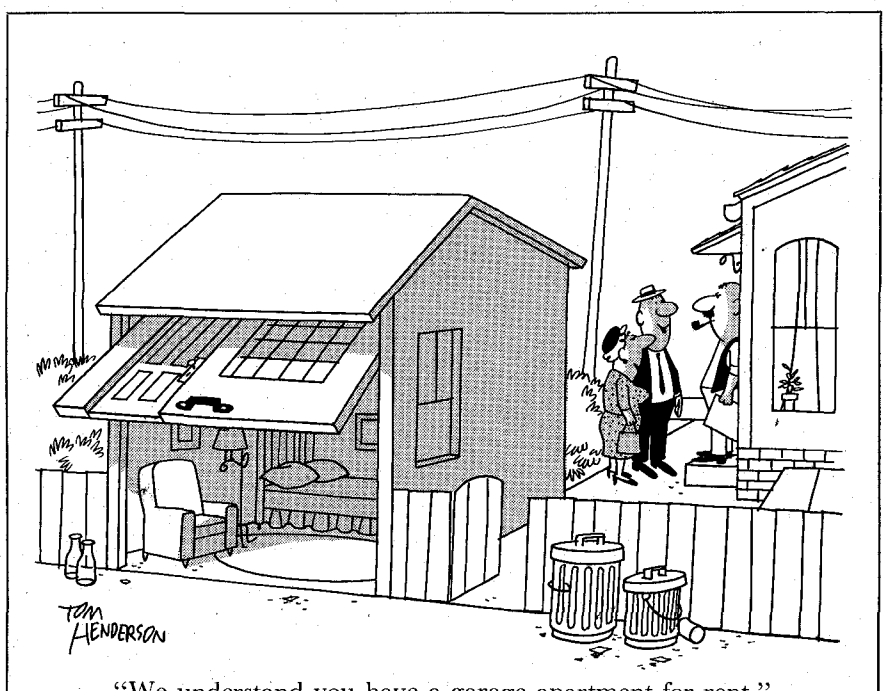
"George, I'm going to cable the department and ask for your transfer," MacWhite said wearily.

"On the grounds that I didn't cooperate with a palm reader?" George asked; and for the first time MacWhite was aware of the animal ability to survive which was responsible for George's rise.

"No; I'll probably tell them that two years here is long enough for anyone and that you deserve a change."

George's eyes narrowed. He knew he could not change the ambassador's mind—but he also knew that the last word was not in.

TO BE CONCLUDED



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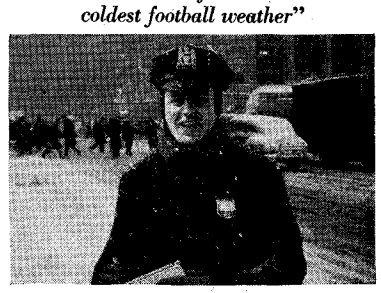

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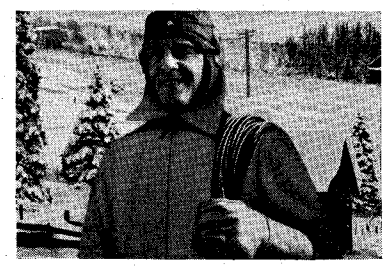

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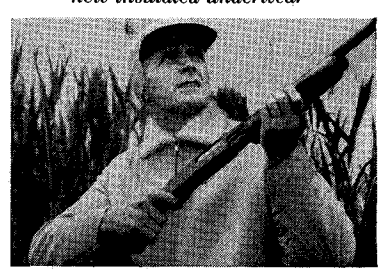

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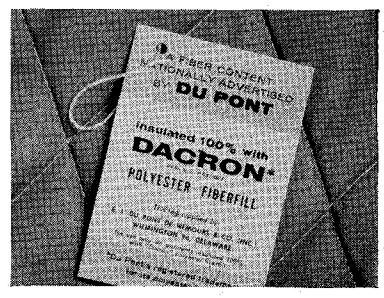

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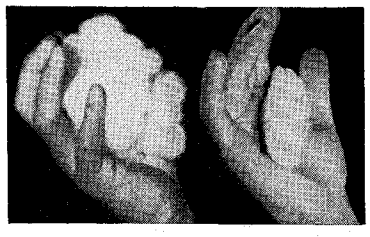

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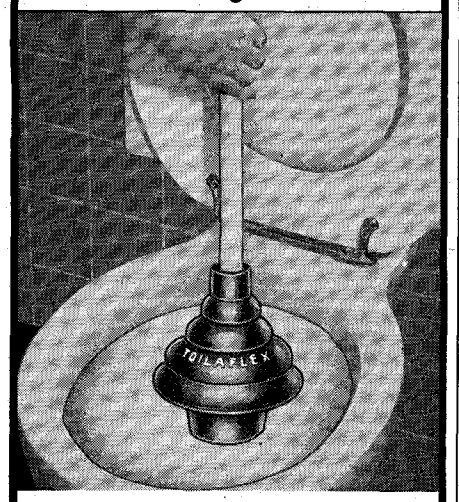

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The Immovable Man

(Continued from Page 30)

it exercises the will power. If she had been of the yielding type, I might have softened. As it is, I have never given way one inch. Vara dies, but he does not surrender."

It was difficult not to laugh at this preposterous little fellow, but I asked, with gravity, "What's the battle?"

"Ah," he said, "you are a man of culture. One can talk to you. Have a cup of tea."

"I should prefer my trousers."

"Since when do you need trousers to sit down and have a quiet chat?"

"But I have an appointment."

"In New York everybody is always late. And if they are in a hurry, let them wait until their hurry is over."

Just then a youth came in with a tartan jacket over his arm, which he threw down, saying, "I wanna new zipper on this."

Vara felt the cloth, rolled the jacket up and calmly tossed it out of the shop. "Follow it," said he. The youth was too astounded to do anything but pick up his jacket and go away.

"And that is the battle," said Vara. "The philosopher says that you cannot be a clean man unless you learn to wash your hands in dirty water. But there is no need to drink the stuff. There is the battle that has been raging all these years between me and mine. I won't touch anything shoddy.

"Sir, I learned my craft with sweat and pain. It is a humble one, but I am the master of it, and the work of these two hands shall not go into such stuff as that. This is what has kept me poor, and for this I have sacrificed my peace at home. 'Take what you want,' said God, 'and pay for it.'

"Only two years ago there was a crisis about this, and my wife hit me on the head with a frying pan. Only a light aluminum frying pan, but she is very strong for her weight. . . . I went to the Metropolitan Museum and stood for a whole hour, looking at that bronze Aphrodite they just bought—how beautiful!—and comforted myself, thinking: *Would that sculptor have put so much of his heart and soul into a lump of butter?*"

I replied, "Canova did. He carved a lion in butter."

"Yes. And whoever heard of a lion in butter? And who remembers Canova, that abominable mediocrity?"

"What is the matter with a slab of butter? If nothing else is available, why not?"

"I hate discussion," said Vara, and so he went on:

I have had some little trouble with my family, especially with the younger ones. My youngest son is a sort of infant prodigy. He reads the Basic Writings of everybody under the moon. He knows everything and understands nothing. Only the other day he called me an Underdog.

There is only one cure for this kind of juvenile disease—a bang on the jaw. Underdogs are in and out of my shop day and night; I have no affection for them and still less for their protagonists.

Thomas Carlyle in one of his turgid works refers to "a mad doggery of Pandours"—meaning a wild charge of heavy cavalry. I could stand up to that. But heaven protect me from an Underdoggery of Intellectuals. Better to be cut down like a man than gnawed like a bone by rats in a drain.

I got a prodigy—two, actually; one male and one female. The girl, Elisabeth, is a prodigy in psychology. She has written a thesis proving that the abnormal is normal, and vice versa; and all the world is wrong. Not bad for a girl of fifteen, what?

Then my eldest, Frank, he is an inventor of cosmetics. I should hate to tell you what he has cost me in damages; he removed acne from a lady's face, only part of the face came with it. Cyril, the middle one, wants to take up some madness called sexology, though girl-shy, and has given me lectures that have brought a blush to my face, although, as far back as my great-grandmother could remember, we Varas have always been fecund as codfish.

But I will not bore you with details, except to say that it all costs a mint—a fee here, a fee there—to say nothing of the fact that landlords need their rent, taxes must be paid, insurance must be attended to, in a large family somebody gets sick, cloth wholesalers require a little on account, a man needs a new pair of glasses—no detail.

But if you are ever blessed with a large family you will notice that things like shoes and socks do not wear out one at a time. The whole lot invariably goes simultaneously. On Sunday, say, everything is all right. Comes Monday morning, and you might be in a family group out of Huckleberry Finn; and when you start to

... ...

As Brooks Rush Headlong

As brooks rush headlong
down their hills
To meet and merge as
heaven wills,
We love. And loving, we
rejoice
To prove this destiny is
choice.

Georgie
Starbuck Galbraith

... ...

think, the gas-and-electric company is on your doorstep with a third notice, the telephone company with a punctured card, the groceries withheld, and always, as Kipling says, "Boots, boots, boots, boots." Added to which, a harassed lady with bad nerves.

In a nutshell, there was a day a couple of years ago when I had to find a few hundred dollars or perish dishonorably. Personally, I am not to be shaken. Consider Socrates. But you cannot go to a cafeteria for a cup of hemlock, and even if you could, it would be improper to leave poor Xanthippe to starve, let alone the children you have brought into the world. A dog doesn't do it, neither does a rat. And am I less?

I opened the shop and put the irons on the fire, and tried to figure. But nothing figured. It was one of those days when—I don't mean to say two and two make three—I mean, when there is no one, no two, no three. Only zero, which is nothing bounded by a line. And there is no such thing as a line. Fear is hollow in the center, and around it is nothing.

So I reasoned, basting a coat, that a line is imaginary and that which it encloses is only a figment of the imagination. The simple zero does not exist. The shortest distance between two points exists, not as a line, but as a distance. And what is distance? A pathos and a confounded lie! What is perspective? It is what you don't see.

And I can tell you that by the time my irons were hot I was ready for anything. Throw me out into the street and I'll manage. My wife, indeed, might enjoy it, and let the children ride the boxcars.

All of a sudden a peculiar cheerfulness took hold of me. It does, you know, when you are in despair. Nothing like a good hopelessness to brisk a man up. No tonic like the dark night of the soul for a proper man.

So, I start to press a pair of riding breeches, when there drives up to the door an imported car, driven by a chauffeur in green—facecloth, excellent quality—and in comes a big blond woman.

I have a predilection for big blond women, but this one I could take or leave alone, as the saying goes. Although her entire physique was thrust out, her whole soul was sucked in. You could read it in her mouth and her empty eyes. Yes, she was wearing $20,000 worth of diamonds, and some crook had made her a hat for $250. But she says to me—smelling of perfume that cost $100 an ounce—that she is Mrs. X, and I have been recommended to her by Mrs. Y. She has, says Mrs. X, a quantity of cloth from Paris, together with certain patterns, also from Paris, pirated from the *haute couture*. And will I make them up, every stitch by hand?

What is my reaction? I say, "Let us have a look at the material."

Then she calls to the chauffeur and he brings in five suit lengths of stuff and puts them on my counter. At which she slaps the cloth with her paper patterns and asks me, "How much? I won't pay a penny more than eighty dollars for making this up."

I gave her a look. I know the type. They will make a splash on a transatlantic liner, wearing a different evening dress every dinnertime—and tip the stewardess fifty cents. They boast to high heaven of their husbands' riches, but haggle and bate for pennies like a Rivington Street junk dealer.

They are clever, they are impregnable, they are not to be taken in. They are the easiest persons to be taken in, however, and always come home with bargains. These bargains are generally in the form of jewelry or cloth. They find some delight in believing that they have swindled the downtrodden—who, I may say, live off the fat of the land by letting themselves be swindled.

It pleased me to observe that Mrs. X, coming to the cheap old skate on Columbus, was under the impression that she had with her cloth from Rodier, Dormeuil Brothers, and goodness knows who. Whereas, she had the most appalling load of ersatz nonsense that ever passed into the hands of a sucker.

She said, "Make this excellent cloth up according to these exclusive patterns, and I will pay you as I've said."

Now I told you my circumstances, which were not bright, but I said to her, "Madame, I am a poor man. Yet what I know I know. Here are the eyes and the fingers, but somewhere inside is the soul. The soul will not let the brain and the fingers put their life into rubbish. Because, humble tailor as I am, my life has gone into my work; this is sacred. It shall not go into such material as this."

"Ninety dollars," says this blonde.

"Try ten thousand dollars and I will still say no," I say, "because the devil himself shall not buy the work of these fingers to put it into muck. Take it elsewhere."

Just like a bargain hunter, and they are always fools, she felt that I was holding out for mercenary reasons, and so she said, "A hundred dollars a suit!"

I said, "Go to So-and-So up the avenue, and he will do it for forty dollars. And now before you go away, remember that it is only a hyena or a jackal or a

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coyote that puts his teeth into rotten stuff. I want your money, but I will not have it. Elsewhere—please go elsewhere. One thing the devil himself cannot take away from a man, and that is his integrity. Take your rotten cloth out of my shop. Allow me to help you, madame."

So, I helped the chauffeur with these lengths of rubbish with which she had been swindled, and I can tell you that she called me quite a few nice names. But that was not the end of that, because my wife—who had come to the shop for grocery money—had been listening.

Being a woman of extraordinary restraint, she had restrained herself during the conversation. She dropped that as soon as the shop door closed, and I swear to you that the invective of Alexander Pope was nothing to hers. Here we were, about to be put into the street to beg. Here was my numerous family. Here was she, and so ashamed, so terribly ashamed!

I said, "Ashamed? Woman, you should be ashamed of being ashamed! What? Would you be proud if your husband disgraced himself by putting the good into the bad? Why, the silk itself that I sew with would blush to be stitched into such vile fabric.

"And as for the brats, let them shine shoes, let them sell newspapers! Look at them—the eldest is twenty, and he thinks that Spinoza is the name of a gangster. All they know is comic books and psychology with a capital P. Let the credit company take the television set away."

This last was more than she could bear. She hit me on the head with a boxwood yardstick with such force that tears came into my eyes, and ran out of the shop to complain of my cruelty to her sister before going home.

And I can tell you that I felt pretty low. Many another man in my state of misery would have taken the easy way out. The gas was not yet cut off, and a fur-cutting knife is quite as sharp as a razor and much more maneuverable.

But that is not Vara's style. I simply got angry instead, especially when the landlord came in and reminded me that the rent was considerably overdue, and the mail carrier handed me three letters which even I had not the courage to open, because I was somewhat in debt for cloth and some other items. And in my abstraction I burned a pair of corduroy pants. It was no use. I could work no more that day.

I was namelessly afraid. But Fear can be harnessed, and good come of it—if it is harnessed. Consider the horse, so proud in running away, its whole system being geared for flight—and so proud under the direction of a man. So it is with me. I am absurdly afraid of petty creditors, and would run away; only there is Mr. Vara on my back, and I retreat forward.

So I sat down and communed with my soul, being too miserable even to read a book which I had hidden in the drawer of the sewing machine. My wife does not like me to read books, so I have to do it as other men drink; once, under the cover of Mickey Mouse, I read Thus Spake Zarathustra.

But soon a familiar car drives up, and I think to myself: *If it is that woman again, I am just in the mood* —— Then I hesitated, tempted by the devil, and I thought, *Anything for a little peace and quiet. I will do as she says.* But, praise the Lord, my true spirit revolted, and I said to myself: *No. Shall I play Chamberlain to her Hitler? Death rather than dishonor. No appeasement. This is not Munich.*

I knew what I was going to get when I got home that night, but I steeled myself. However, there got out of the car not the blond woman but a plump man of middle age, who came into the shop and said, "You are Vara?"

"I am Mister Vara."

"I am Mr. X."

"I wish I could congratulate you."

"I hear you have insulted my wife."

I said, "No such luck. How can you insult a person of no sensibility? I merely threw her out of my shop because she wanted me to put good work into bad cloth. That's all."

Imagine my astonishment—I was expecting trouble—when this man begins to laugh, and he says something like this:

"Sir, I honor you for your integrity. Mrs. X has been taken over by every junk peddler in Paris and Rome. She thinks she has a shrewd eye for a bargain. As for New York, when she sets foot in a store, most of the salesgirls find it absolutely necessary to go and wash their hands.

"Mr. Vara, you are a man of genius. I never saw a woman so broken in spirit. And yet," he says, looking about him, "I imagine that, not being in a large way of business, you can't afford to throw away five hundred dollars?"

"I can't," I said.

"My tailor," says he, "is Tom, Dicky and Harry"—excuse me, but I never mention real names—"on Fifth Avenue, and I pay them two hundred and fifty dollars for a suit. I buy ten a year. Now what do you charge?"

I said, "Not having their overhead, two hundred dollars."

"Get out your patterns, and you can make me five, and we'll see how they go."

I said to him, "They will go. I received my basic training at Schultz's in Savile Row in London, and it was a hard school. But Schultz was a great man. He once threw King Edward VII out of his shop for criticizing the fit of a body coat. There was a true artist for you!"

He said irrelevantly, "You've heard of me, maybe? My name is X. I'm in the greeting-card line. My office is on Madison Avenue and I've got a lot of friends. My recommendation goes a long way. You may not know it, but you did me a kind of a favor today. Have a cigar! Now being, as you say, in a small way of business, you can't give credit, you know. I suggest I pay you in advance."

And out comes a checkbook.

So I made him five of the best suits he ever had, and have got a living from him and his friends ever since. So, you see? There is no art without truth. Therefore, art must prevail! . . . Here are your trousers. You had better let me make you a couple of suits.

I said, "As soon as I can afford them. What did you say the man's name was, Mr. Vara?"

He said, "I never mention names. What do you want me to do, stick autographed pictures of my clients in my window? Put up coats-of-arms? I charged Mr. X a little extra because he could afford it. But for a man of culture I would make a suit for a hundred and fifty dollars."

"As soon as I get around to it," I said, putting my trousers on. "And what did your wife say?"

"For the first time in twenty-five years, she said nothing for fifteen minutes. Then she said she had told me so all along, and that I was a fool not to have opened an establishment on Park Avenue. . . . Well, think it over. Take your time."

I have been thinking it over and taking my time. But I am somewhat uneasy in my mind. I have met an eminent manufacturer of greeting cards, a plump man. I do not know him well enough to ask the name of his tailor, but he dresses in a peculiarly out-of-date Edwardian style and is the laughingstock of Madison Avenue—which (the pun is accidental) is demonstrating a lamentable tendency to follow suit.

THE END

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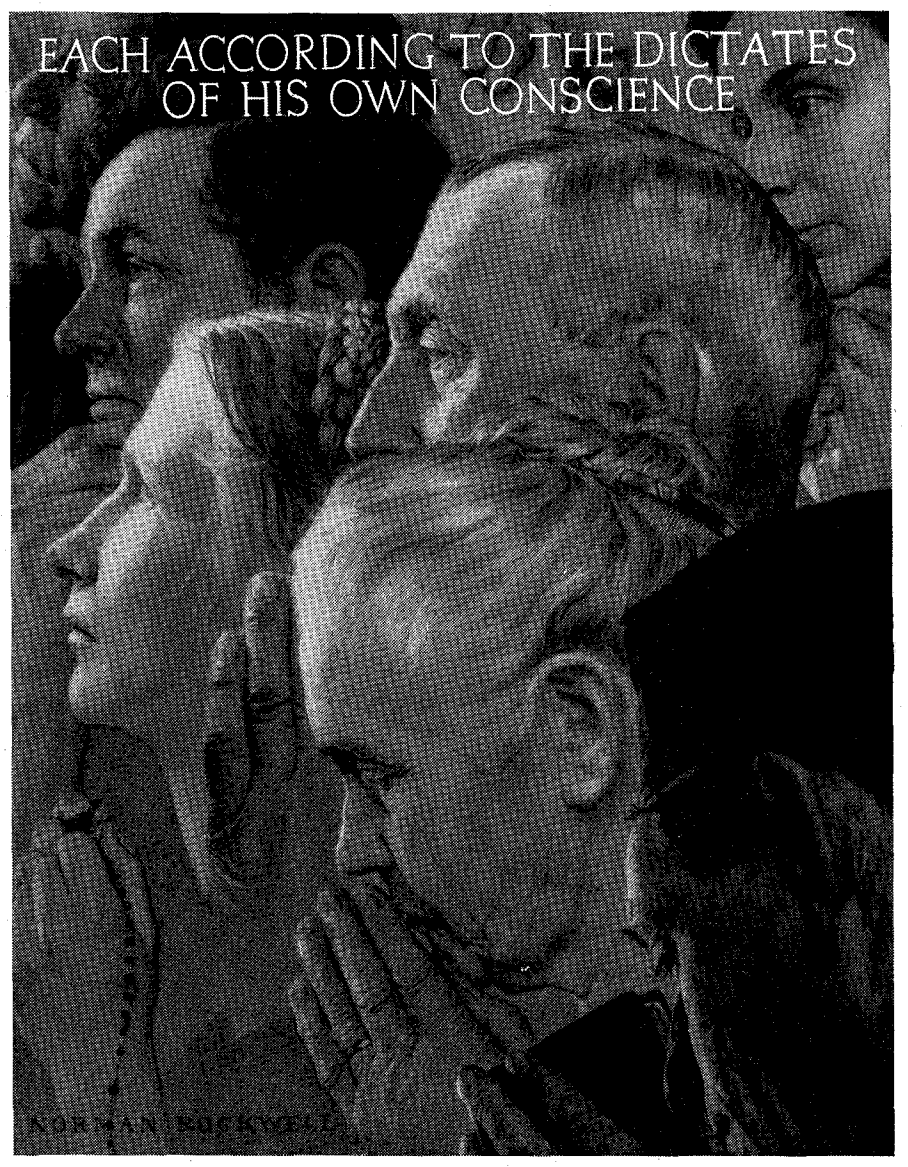

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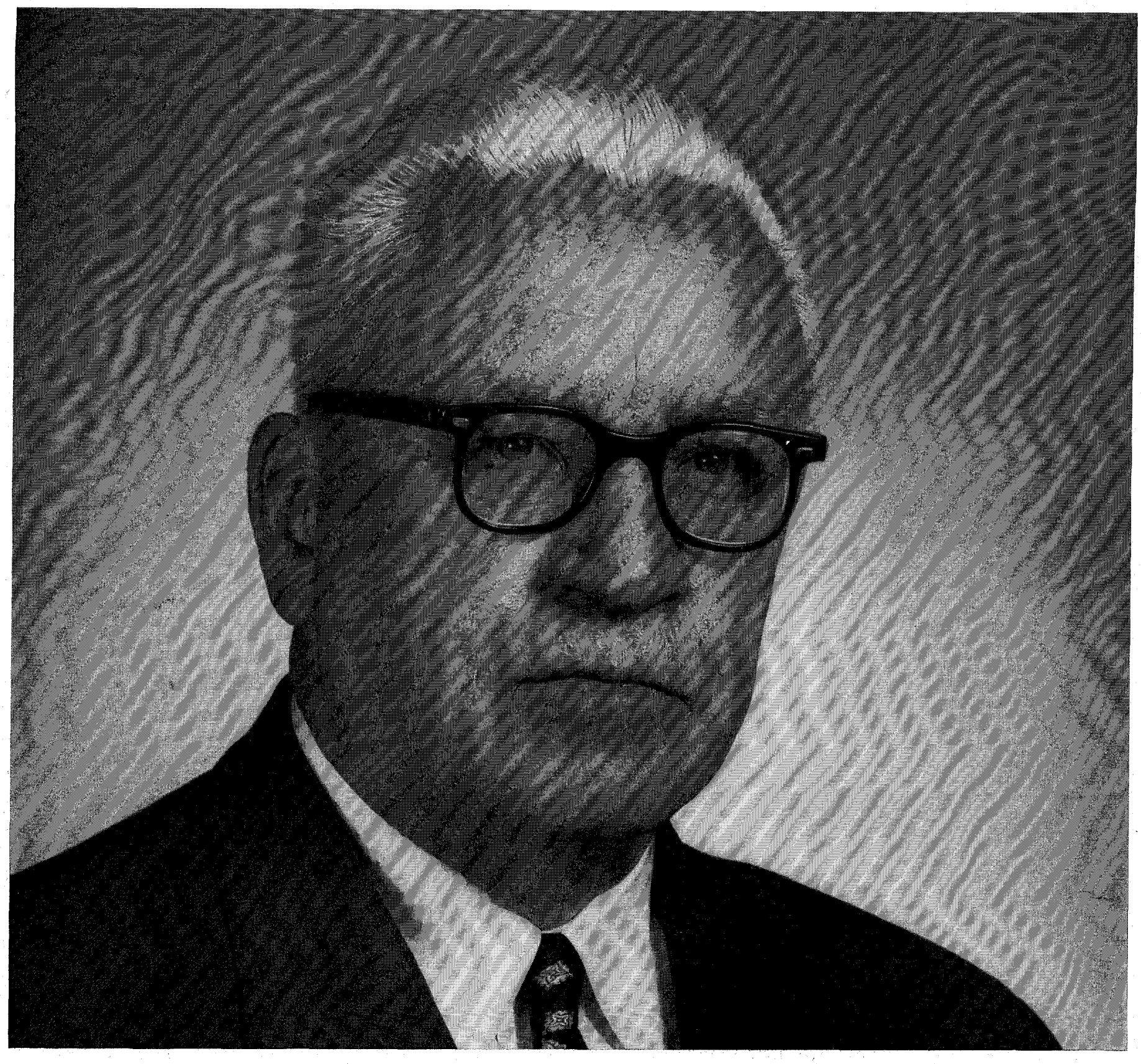

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The Passer Nobody Wanted

(Continued from Page 36)

the league's most valuable player for 1957, and he was generally regarded as the man most likely to make the Colts succeed in 1958. He started off this year by passing for two touchdowns in a 28–15 opening-day win over Detroit, and then for four touchdowns in a 51–38 conquest of the Chicago Bears before a record 52,622 turnout in Baltimore.

"He doesn't let anything bother him," Sid Gillman, coach of the Los Angeles Rams, moodily observed late one Sunday afternoon last season. "He just stays in there until he's ready to throw. I don't know what he uses for blood, but whatever it is, I guarantee you it isn't warm. It's ice-cold."

Unitas gave a spectacular display of his deliberateness under fire on the next-to-last Sunday of the 1957 season, when Baltimore played in San Francisco. A victory would have assured the Colts of at least a tie for their division title. They lost a heartbreaker, 17–13, when the Forty Niners scored on a desperation pass in the final minute. Baltimore had taken the lead largely because of Unitas, who completed twenty-three out of thirty-seven passes for 296 yards.

In the third quarter, with Baltimore stuck on its own eighteen-yard line and trailing, 10–6, Johnny called for a side-line pass to halfback Lenny Moore. Moore was to go downfield, then cut sharply to the side line. The pass was to reach him a step away from the boundary.

From the center's snap to the halfback's reception, no more than four seconds are allotted in the Baltimore timetable for this play. Unitas faked, faded and turned to throw as Moore went downfield and made his cut for the side line. It was now time for Unitas to let fly. But J. D. Smith, a Forty Niner defensive halfback, was gambling. He was coming up full tilt to get between Moore and the ball for an interception.

Moore promptly violated all orders and broke his pattern. He swerved downfield and got behind Smith, hoping Unitas would not stick to the book and aim for the side line. Johnny didn't. He had taken the extra moments necessary to spot Moore, and he spiraled the ball downfield. Moore, who runs as if a Sputnik were after him, took the pass in full stride and went all the way to a touchdown.

"Lenny shouldn't have broken the pattern," Unitas says. "But he had confidence that I'd wait and look downfield before throwing."

The ability to wait is part of Johnny's basic make-up. He has had to rely on it for most of his football life. At twenty-five, Unitas now seems ready to become one of the enduring stars of the game. As recently as 1955, though, he was a player wanted by nobody except the Bloomfield Rams, a sand-lot team in his native Pittsburgh. The Pittsburgh Steelers had looked him over in training camp and turned thumbs down.

Johnny's whole career had been like that. After playing with St. Justin's, one of the smaller Pittsburgh high schools, Unitas had been rejected by the only two major colleges which bothered to give him tryouts—Notre Dame and Indiana. He wound up at the University of Louisville, which lost a majority of its games—often by lopsided scores.

When he failed to make it with the Steelers after finishing up at college, Johnny's chances of ever reaching the big time seemed ended. He already had family responsibilities. Married in November, 1954, with one child and another expected, Unitas was living with his wife's parents until he could find a suitable apartment—and money to furnish it. He worked that fall with a tiling company and later with a pile-driving gang, putting in enough overtime to average $125 a week. He was, it seemed, going to become just another ex-athlete making his living at construction work.

Unitas saw it differently. He looked on his job situation as temporary. As for his football playing with the Bloomfield Rams—at six dollars a game—he considered this just a way of staying in shape until he could get another crack at the big leagues. Unlikely as it seemed, that's exactly the way things turned out.

Don Kellett, the Baltimore general manager, recalls, "One afternoon I was going over some old draft lists. This was in February of 1956. I noticed Unitas' name on one of them. He had been high up on the Pittsburgh list when he was a senior at Louisville. And I had heard from someplace about his sand-lot playing. So I called him.

"We didn't particularly need quarterbacks. But you cover all the angles in this business. The call cost us eighty cents. We've come out so far ahead it looks like a swindle. It also makes me look brilliant, which is fine with me, except I didn't have any idea at all that this would happen."

The Colts watched Johnny throw in a special one-day spring workout that May and were impressed. Later on, when he showed his full ability in training camp, they were sold. Johnny came off the bench in the fourth game of the 1956 season and finished the year with a record of 55.6 per cent completions in 198 attempts—the highest percentage by a rookie passer in league history.

Unitas says that in 1956 he was basically the same football player who had sadly hitchhiked home from the Pittsburgh camp at Olean, New York, the year before. "I just got a chance to show my stuff here," he declares. "That's all I've ever needed. But nobody ever gave it to me before."

The pro league normally prides itself on being able to spot the most obscure prospects, from barber college to the Big Ten. The Unitas case appears to fall into the just-one-of-those-things category.

Weeb Ewbank, the Baltimore coach, says, "It happens every place. How many good people get lost in business? The football business is the same as others. A fellow on the way up needs breaks to make it, and the people on the top need luck not to miss anybody valuable."

Ed Kiely, blunt-talking assistant general manager of the Pittsburgh Steelers, won't accept this consoling explanation. "We just blew one," he snaps. "The kid didn't get a full chance with us. The coaches thought he couldn't cut the mustard. It was their private opinion that he could throw as well as anybody, but that he was not bright enough for pro football."

In actual practice, Unitas has proved himself to be unusually quick-thinking as a play caller. Take the Colts' second game last season, a 21–10 victory over the Chicago Bears. In the third quarter, with the Bears leading, 10–7, Baltimore drove to the Chicago eight-yard line. It was fourth down and three yards to go. A logical play was for Alan (The Horse) Ameche, the Colts' big fullback, to hit off tackle behind maximum blocking. There was the added chance that Ameche could bump off to either side of any pile-up and get the necessary three yards.

Unitas called for this in the huddle. However, when he got into position, he saw that the Bears' outside linebacker was laying for an off-tackle play. The linebacker was stationed well inside Jim Mutscheller, the Colts' right end.

Unitas promptly checked off—meaning that he yelled a verbal code which nullified what he had said in the huddle. Then he called out the code numbers for a new play. This was done in a matter of three seconds.

Unitas hunched over the center for the snap. The Chicago linebacker braced himself for the off-tackle play. He never saw Mutscheller take off for the end zone. Johnny tossed Mutscheller a pop pass—a quick jump throw—and Baltimore got not merely its first down but a touchdown.

Later in the game, from the Chicago nine, with three yards needed for a first down, Unitas faked a hand-off to halfback L. G. Dupre. Then he wheeled and pitched out in the flat to Ameche, who was alone and went into the end zone in the same condition. It was another well-conceived gamble.

Coach Weeb Ewbank is quick to say that these two touchdown calls were strictly Johnny's own ideas. "I didn't call the plays," Weeb says. "In fact, with John in there I find I'm calling fewer and fewer plays from the bench. I'd say 70 per cent of the Colts' plays come from him."

No one has a finer command of language than the person who keeps his mouth shut.

HERBERT V. PROCHNOW

Underlying Johnny's mental and physical affinity for the game is the determination that kept him going in football despite repeated turndowns. Unitas comes by his perseverance naturally. All he had to do was follow the example of his mother.

Helen Unitas is a gray-haired, cheerful woman of fifty-five, who has come through a lot. There were four children in the family when her husband died on a damp fall day in 1938. Leonard Unitas, Sr., had owned a small coal-delivery business. The relatives who gathered at the funeral agreed that his widow would be unable to run it. They also decided that caring for four children would be more than she could handle.

"When the funeral was over," she recalls, "I found the family had everything lined up. This one was to take this child, the other would take that one. They meant well, but I was having none of it. I wanted to keep my family together."

To accomplish this she kept the coal business going with the aid of a hired driver. Later, the oldest son, Leonard, helped out. When spring weather reduced the demand for coal, she took a job cleaning offices in downtown Pittsburgh four nights a week, from ten in the evening until six in the morning. She earned three dollars a night for this.

"My uncle was a bachelor and he lived with us," Mrs. Unitas says. "He was seventy and couldn't work, but at least he could watch the children when I left. We got by all right. Nothing fancy, but I made enough at the cleaning job and the other work I did to make ends meet."

The "other work" consisted of clerking behind the counter in a bakery during the day on Saturday, and serving as a waitress at a Pittsburgh restaurant that night.

In 1941 a temporary job in the Pittsburgh city comptroller's office gave Mrs. Unitas the idea that office work would be far better. She enrolled in a special industrial-accounting course, attending classes two nights a week and studying at home on off nights. In 1943 she came out first in a civil-service test for bookkeepers, and now is chief bookkeeper for the city treasurer. She was remarried four years ago, to Howard Gibbs, a retired coin collector.

Leonard Unitas, John's older brother, says, "What mom did for us, we can never forget. I remember John told some writer in Washington about her scrubbing floors, and mom got mad. 'They'll think I'm some old, fat scrubwoman!' she started yelling. But we think it's something to be proud of, and we tell everybody."

Her son John demonstrated the same stick-to-itiveness in his football at St. Justin's High, which since has given up the game rather than compete with more powerful Pittsburgh secondary schools.

Unitas says, "I remember playing Ambridge High. That's one of those big schools that send a lot of players to college. They had four or five teams dressed for the game. Up at our end there were only twenty-five of us—not big either. We just stared at them. They murdered us."

His coach, James Carey, saw a lot of football player in Johnny, however. Through a constant flow of talk and letters, Carey was able to get a University of Notre Dame alumnus to arrange for Unitas to visit the South Bend campus. Bernie Crimmins, an assistant to Frank Leahy at the time and now serving in a similar capacity with Terry Brennan, had Unitas work out in the school field house.

"I only weighed about 145 then," Johnny recalls, "and Crimmins watched me and said, 'Thanks.' Then he wrote a letter to Carey saying I was too small, and they were afraid I'd get hurt. But I had a good big frame, and I thought anyone could see I was going to be heavy enough." Today Unitas plays at about 190 pounds, and stands six-feet-one.

Crimmins does not like to be reminded of the matter today. "I just thought he looked awfully small at the time," Bernie says. "Actually, I never would have remembered him except for what happened, since that jogs your memory quite a bit. Not pleasantly either."

Unitas also worked out at Indiana University for Clyde Smith, then the head coach. "That guy never even wrote," Johnny says. And the home-town University of Pittsburgh made no direct overtures to him.

The University of Louisville came into the picture through Carey's letter writing. John Dromo, a Louisville assistant and friend of Carey's, got interested in Unitas. When Frank Gitschier, the Louisville backfield coach, checked out Johnny with other Pittsburgh-area players at the school, the interest became more than passing. Unitas was offered a scholarship. He accepted it quickly, enrolling in 1951. There was nothing else in view.

Louisville was a college-level St. Justin's. As Gitschier recalls, "We had nothing outside of Unitas. Freshmen were eligible for varsity play then, and we used him from the start. All the other team did was abuse him.

"I remember we played Tennessee, and they came in and beat us real bad, 55–0 or so, and they really jumped Johnny. After the game, General Neyland, of Tennessee, came over and raved about Johnny's guts. It was the same thing when Sid Gillman came down with that Cincinnati club of his. If you could have seen Johnny stand there and get off those passes you wouldn't have believed it."

Unitas figured that his hard knocks at Louisville had all been worth while when

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the Pittsburgh Steelers included him on their draft list in 1955. However, Jim Finks was the regular quarterback from the time the training season opened. The coaches, headed by Walt Kiesling—now a Steeler assistant to Buddy Parker—made it plain that Vic Eaton, out of Missouri, was their choice for second-string. Unitas didn't get off the bench for even one play during the five preseason exhibition games.

Johnny relates, "The first scrimmage I got into at camp was a good one for me. At least I thought it was. I threw for a couple of touchdowns and got off one good run, for twenty-five yards or so. But nobody cared. Ted Marchibroda came back from service a few days before the fourth exhibition game. He hadn't practiced at all, but Kiesling put him into the game ahead of me. Just before the season was to start, the coach called me in and said he was sorry, but he couldn't use four quarterbacks."

Johnny hitchhiked home to Pittsburgh. His wife, Dorothy Unitas, remembers the day well. That morning she had left the baby, Janice Ann, with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Hoelle, and gone to the Steelers' office to buy two tickets for the regular-season opener and then do some shopping. She neglected to buy a morning paper and didn't know about her husband's release until she got home late in the afternoon.

"A couple of minutes later Johnny came walking up the block," she says. "He looked like half past six. He came into the living room, and the two of us just sat there all night looking at each other. Playing football was his job—at least we thought it was—and now he'd lost it."

The next morning Unitas sent a wire to Paul Brown, of the Cleveland Browns, requesting a trial. Brown wired back that Otto Graham was coming out of retirement and no quarterback help was needed.

"But he did say I should contact him for the next season, and he thanked me for wiring him," Johnny says. He always wants that mentioned. He should. It was the one hope he had for seven months.

Johnny took a job with a tiling company. Through an ex-Louisville friend, Fred Zangaro, he hooked up with the Bloomfield Rams, who were in a semipro organization called the Greater Pittsburgh League.

The Rams played on Thursday nights at the Arsenal Street School on a grass-bare playground which had a stone-littered surface. The players sprinkled oil on the field before games to keep the dust down. Spectators numbered about 100.

Johnny received his six dollars a game from Chuck Rogers, a squat, enthusiastic, ex-high-school player who ran the Rams from a meeting room in the basement of Parise's Dairy, on Liberty Avenue, in the Bloomfield section.

Fred Zangaro says, "He was the best player the league had. But when he'd mention that he was aiming for the pros, it didn't seem right. None of the other guys could imagine anybody from the Bloomfield Rams going to the National Football League. 'Did you hear? I'm going with the Chicago Bears,' they'd say when they wanted to kid him."

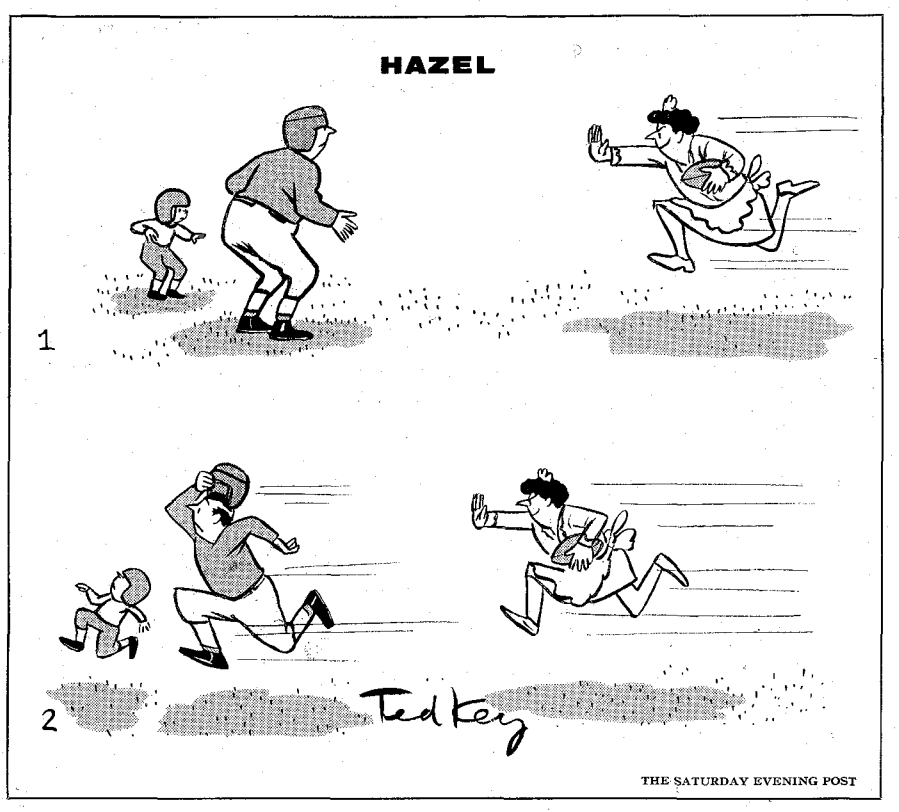
Unitas was vindicated when Don Kellett called him from Baltimore the following February. Johnny was away at work. Dorothy Unitas says, "I couldn't wait for Johnny to get home. We sat by the phone and waited all night until Kellett called back. It was so important. You see, football was all Johnny ever wanted. Why, when we were going together he'd come over to the house for Thanksgiving dinner and sit in front of the television and watch the professional game. I'd stand in front of the set and try and make him pay attention to me, but he'd make me get out of the way so he could watch that football."

Kellett's proposition was simple. He would pay Unitas $1000 more than Pittsburgh had offered him—if he made the team. With the Steelers the year before, Johnny hadn't survived long enough to draw a single pay check.

Unitas was supremely confident about this new chance, however. "I knew Baltimore had George Shaw and Gary Kerkorian, and I figured I could beat them out," he explains.

As it developed, he was set from the beginning. Kerkorian decided not to return to pro football, so Unitas became the No. 2 quarterback behind Shaw, a former Oregon college star and an N.F.L. rookie sensation the previous season.

Shaw was the starter and Unitas a bench warmer when the season opened.



But early in the second quarter of the fourth game, Shaw tried to twist away from a pack of Bears, didn't succeed, and had one of them land on his left leg. Shaw was carted off, and a nervous, hesitant Unitas took over.

When Unitas went back for his first pass, he threw it directly to J. C. Caroline, the Bears' halfback. They have not touched Caroline yet. After the kickoff, Unitas bumped into Ameche deep in his own territory and fumbled. The Bears recovered and quickly moved to a touchdown. On the next Baltimore offensive series, L. G. Dupre moved around for a Unitas hand-off in time to see Unitas mess it up and lose the ball. Chicago scored again. When the afternoon was over, the Bears had won, 58–27.

"That was all timing," Unitas declares. "I wasn't used to working with the first team and messed up the detail work. You've got to be in tune with them. It didn't bother me long. Oh, I felt badly, but the big thing was I knew I'd get more chances. I had to—Shaw was out for the season and they had nobody else."

Johnny settled down. He finished up with 110 pass completions, good for 1498 yards and nine touchdowns. A plain, straight-ahead runner, he moved through the pros for 155 yards in twenty-eight tries for a 5.5 rushing average. He closed the 1956 season by pulling out a game against the Washington Redskins in the last fifteen seconds with a fifty-three-yard touchdown pass to Jim Mutscheller. This boosted the Colts to fourth place in their division, and is generally believed to have done much to save Coach Ewbank's job.

Last season Unitas was an even greater menace to opposing defensive backs as the Colts advanced to third place with a seven-and-five record—the first winning season in Baltimore's six-year National Football League history. Johnny became one of the league's most dangerous long passers, which helped open things up for the Baltimore ball carriers. The Colts led the N.F.L. in yards gained passing, and were fifth in rushing yardage.

Johnny Unitas now lives in a $20,000 split-level house in suburban Towson, Maryland. He has a selling job with the Columbia Container Corporation that nets him $125 a week all year, and he also does promotion work for Spalding. He has three children now—Johnny, two, and Robert Francis, born last summer, followed his daughter. Baltimore people, who take their football seriously, bother him so much that he has had to have his phone unlisted.

A strict conditioner, Unitas allows himself no more than a beer once in a while. His square-shaped face is rarely seen around Baltimore at night. He is pleasant and plain and dead-serious about his career. "It was too long in coming and it might end tomorrow," he says.

Coach Ewbank predicts, "This boy is the kind of professional football player who will be around for a long time. He works at the job seven days a week all year round. We've had fellows on this squad who can go out and do what they please at night and still play a good game on Sunday. But how long do they last?"

Johnny feels that he still has things to learn—particularly about sizing up defenses quickly. "That's the whole story of playing quarterback as a pro," he says, "and I'm still not satisfied with how I do it. Telling the difference between a zone defense and a man-to-man, for example. It isn't easy to spot when you get to scrimmage. But I should recognize it quicker than I do.

"You make it or you fail on the ability to spot things. I remember the first season I was up here, we ran a pass play to the outside against Los Angeles, and it worked well. When we went out to the Coast and played them a second time, I was silly enough to think we could work it again. The Rams moved Les Richter, the linebacker, wide just to stop it. I never noticed it until we ran the play. My pass hit Richter right in the back of the head. If I had any sense I would have seen him, and also spotted how wide open they were for a flare pass—you know, a quick pass to the fullback when he starts running. He could have cut inside for plenty of yardage.

"If you make up your mind you are going to do one thing and stick to it, you're dead. I call a play in the huddle, but sometimes, as high as seventy per cent of the time, I change it at scrimmage. The other club has changed so much, I have to change too. If I don't spot their switches, we're through."

A thick, black, leather-bound loose-leaf notebook is Johnny's bible. It contains the Colts' offensive and defensive plays. Each night of the season he goes over every one of the Colts' 200 plays. Three nights a week he also runs off a movie of the upcoming opponent in his darkened utility room, studying the action as closely as possible. This is in addition to his daily practice schedule at Memorial Stadium. All told, a football day for Unitas takes up nearly nine hours.

None of this is used up in head bashing. "We save that for Sundays," Unitas explains. "Pro football teams don't even put on pads during the week. It's gotten so scientific you have to use all your time on that. The physical stuff is taken for granted. If you can't bang a guy around by the time you get up here, no amount of practice will teach you that."

Unitas takes the rough stuff in stride. "All that business about pro players 'getting somebody' and being deliberately dirty makes good reading, but it doesn't mean a thing," he declared not long ago. "Look, if I'm a quarterback and a guy comes in on me and gives me the business, and I take it and don't do anything about it—heck, then they'll really go to work on me. When you first get into the league, if somebody gives you a rap, then rap him back. I did it. After that you never have a bit of trouble.

"The only injuries I've had as a pro were three cracked ribs and a sprained ankle. I never missed a play because of them. You could get hurt worse on a big Saturday night. And I've been hit by the best of them—Robustelli of the Giants, Joe Schmidt of the Lions, fellows like that. Sure, they can black a man out. But so what?"

What interests Unitas most is finding a new "pigeon" in somebody's defensive backfield. "I live on that meat," he says. "You spend all season long trying to find the defensive halfback who turns his head when he goes back to cover a pass, or the one who is jumpy and tries to intercept everything. You find them, too, no matter how well they get trained here."

When National Football League players, in a poll conducted by NEA Service, named Unitas the most valuable player in the league last season, it had no visible effect on him. Apparently his rough road up has hardened him against developing any big-shot complex overnight.

"He is the perfect ad for pro football," declares Bert Bell, the N.F.L. president. "Except I wish you'd say our people don't make a rule of missing out on players like that. If we did it very often, you wouldn't find us operating on Sundays."

Don Kellett, the Baltimore general manager, has only one complaint about Unitas. "Those fellows who played with Johnny on that Bloomfield Rams team," he says. "What can I tell them? I think I've gotten letters from half of them. They all say, 'If Unitas can make it, so can I.'"

THE END

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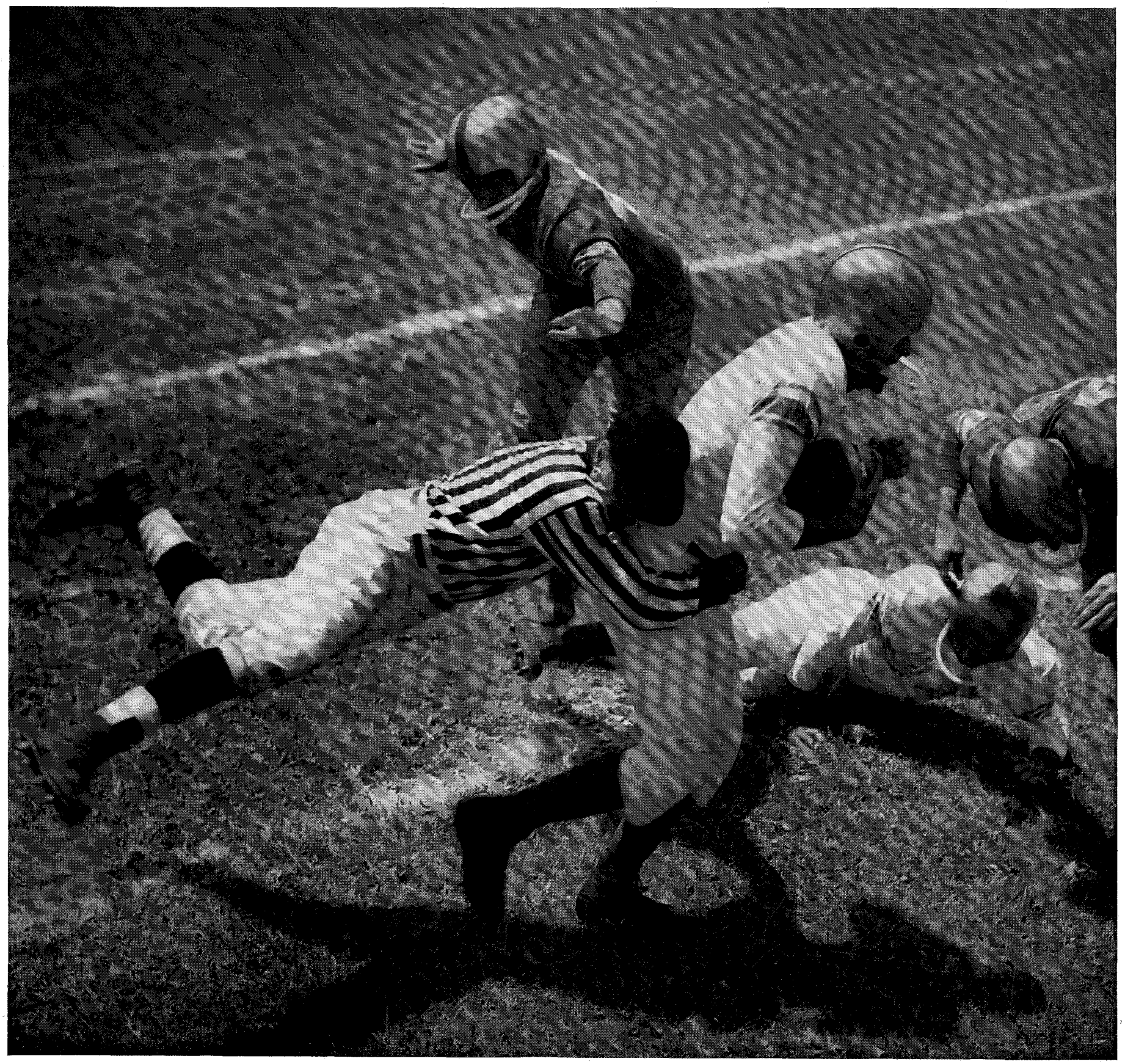

Would you call this fair play?

Hardly—yet you face the same kind of unfairness with some of your taxes

The referee in this picture is doing something no official in his right mind would do. He's tackling the ball-carrier, and thus giving an unfair advantage to the opposing team. In a similar way, federal laws give certain people an unfair tax advantage over you and most Americans. Here's how:

About 23 cents out of every dollar you pay for electricity goes for taxes. But under present tax laws, several million families and businesses escape paying most of the taxes in *their* electric bills that you pay in yours. They are people whose electricity comes from federal government electric systems.

And what's more, the taxes they escape have to be made up by other people—including *you!*

Most Americans think everyone should pay his own fair share of taxes. Don't you agree?

America's Independent Electric Light and Power Companies*

** Company names on request through this magazine*

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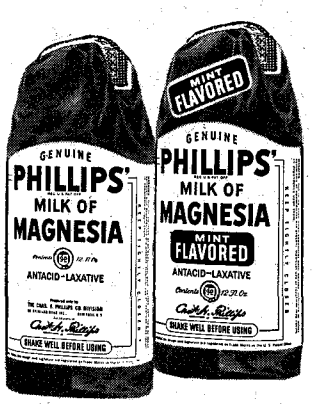
My constipation worries are over!

Milk of Magnesia gives more complete relief than laxatives which act only on constipation...*better* relief than *all* of them! For Phillips' is *more* than just a laxative. It's also an *antacid* that relieves any accompanying acid indigestion. And Phillips' works *leisurely*. Taken at bedtime, it lets you sleep undisturbed—brings wonderful relief the next morning. Get Phillips', either regular or in new, mint-flavored form that tastes clean and refreshing.



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Keeping Posted

20 Candles for Jack and Jill

Ada Campbell Rose.

Twenty years ago The Curtis Publishing Company gave thought to founding a children's magazine, and Mrs. Ada Campbell Rose, a former newspaper reporter and textbook editor, and mother of two sons aged four and eleven, was commissioned to make a study of the situation and state in her prospectus what she thought such a magazine should be like. In brief, Ada Rose got the job—she edited the first issue of Jack and Jill, dated November, 1938, and now, as the 20th-anniversary issue comes out, she is enthusiastically pursuing her job as the guiding mind and spirit of this well-beloved magazine. To mark the occasion, Little, Brown is now publishing a birthday anthology of J. & J. material, titled Jack and Jill Round the Year Book, and you can imagine who edited it.

Some folks assume that the preparation of appealing stories, articles and illustrations for children is a relatively simple job; actually success in this field calls for the same careful thought and creative talent that go into an adult periodical. In Jack and Jill's case the most valuable indices of what young readers are thinking, doing and wanting are the 18,000 letters a year they spontaneously write in; you might say the magazine is edited not only for children but by them. As for editor Rose's own children, they are now big fellows; Malcolm is an editor in a publishing house and Donald is studying to be a mathematics teacher—he wants to teach math to children in such a way that they'll love it.

Fishes, Cartoons and Books

Cartoonist Ted Key recently took a holiday from masterminding the affairs of his famed Hazel (page 106), went fishing in Maine, and removed from the water some landlocked salmon which he vows were of titanic proportions. Returning home, he phoned another angler, Post executive editor Bob Fuoss, and described those fish; but Fuoss expressed the opinion that he was not telling the truth. "Very well," said Key with dignity, "I will bring in a picture to prove it." And there it is, showing Key with one of the smaller salmon. If you approve of this sort of thing, you should know that E. P. Dutton has just published a new collection of about 100 Ted Key works of art. The book is called All Hazel and it's all from the Post.

Another new book is a very mad historical satire titled It All Started With Marx (McGraw-Hill), by Richard Armour, who for years has brought joy to readers of our Post Scripts page. He reports, "As the result of my research, I now know a great deal about Russia and Communism, as anyone who reads the book would never guess." Pictures by Campbell Grant for people unable to read.

How Jim Made $500 on His Day Off

The Yeagers: Lois, Lorraine, Joan, Mrs. Y. and Mr. Y.

One weekend afternoon James Yeager, of Easton, Pa., who enjoys sports, wanted to go to a ball game, but there wasn't any game, so he went to a nearby sports-car race. He took along a camera, and when a car turned upside down right in front of him, click! he had the spectacular Face of America photo on page 34, which earned him $500. About a third of the Post's F.O.A. pictures come in unsolicited, which pleases photography editor Douglas Borgstedt. (The other two thirds are mostly assignment jobs by the old, or young, professional photographers.) Yeager started his career as an accountant, but, being a camera fan, he wound up as an industrial photographer with the Bethlehem Steel Corp., which spoiled his amateur standing as a cameraman. In the picture Mr. and Mrs. Y. and their daughters are having a Sunday picnic in the wide-open spaces. All the Yeagers are associated in one way or another with the Girl Scouts; the father is on the local Scout Council, but he says he never wears a Girl Scout uniform.

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"Our Own Inside Story"

Two famous journalistic brothers—Stewart and Joseph Alsop (see above)—disclose the fascinating tricks of their trade.

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